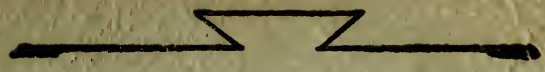


36  
37  
61



CALVARY  
+

SONGS



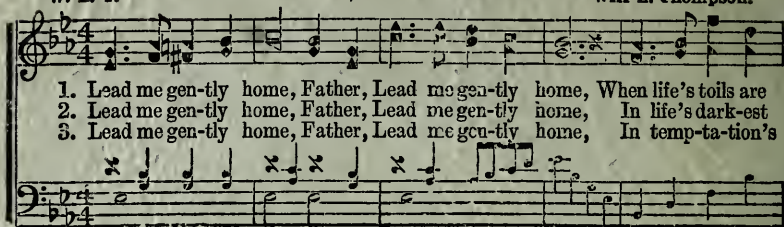
# Lead Me Gently Home, Father

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

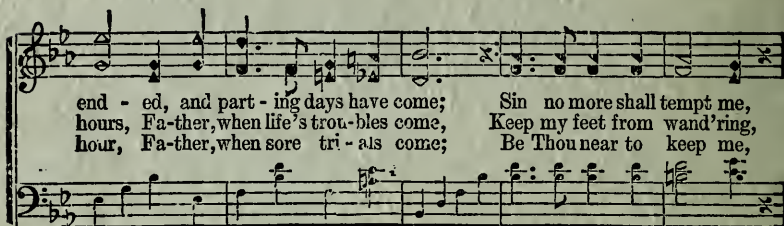
W. L. T.

Solo, Duet or Unison.

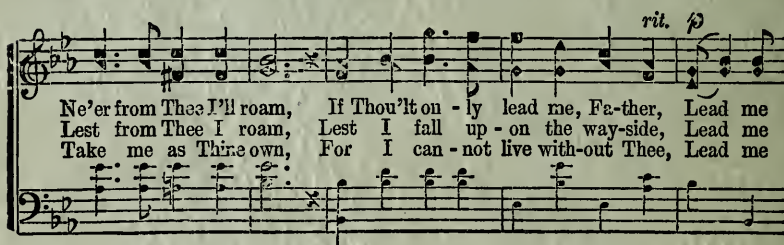
Will L. Thompson.



1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are  
 2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est  
 3. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In temp-tation's

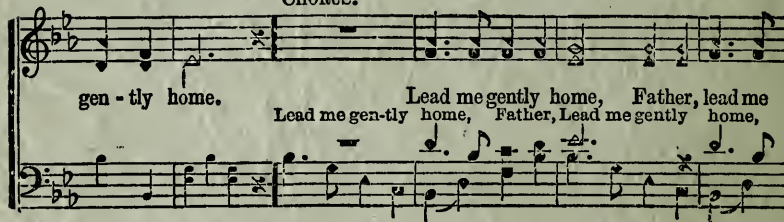


end - ed, and part - ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,  
 hours, Fa-ther, when life's trou-bles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,  
 hour, Fa-ther, when sore tri-als come; Be Thou near to keep me,

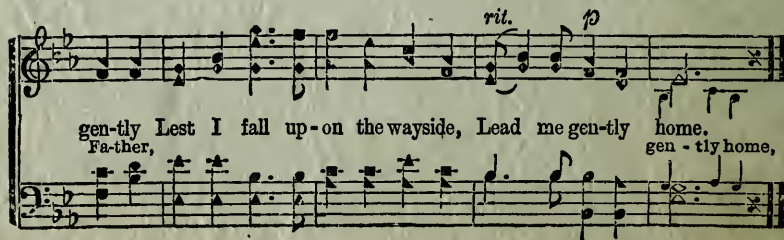


Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me  
 Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me  
 Take me as Thine own, For I can - not live with-out Thee, Lead me

## CHORUS.



gen - tly home. Lead me gently home, Father, lead me  
 Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home,



gen-tly Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.  
 Fa-ther, gen - tly home,

# CALVARY SONGS

A Choice Collection of Gospel Songs, both Old and New,  
Suitable for Religious Work and Worship.

*Compiled by*

HOMER F. MORRIS

*Edited by*

J. R. BAXTER, JR.

31  
37  
61

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# Calvary Songs



## At Calvary

Copyright, 1923, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner

Wm. R. Newell

D. B. Townner

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was  
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem - bled at the  
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him  
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it

cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.  
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turned To Cal - va ry.  
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.  
down to man! Oh, the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

### Chorus

Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

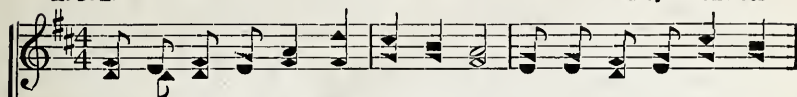


# No. 1 Shine For Jesus Where You Are

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H. D. L.

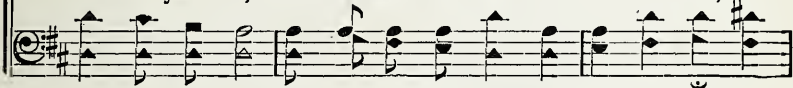
Harry Dixon Loes



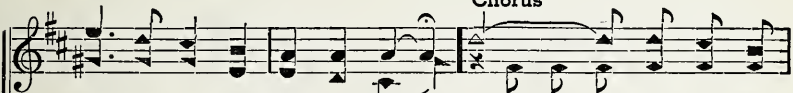
1. Be a faith-ful wit-ness for the Lord,
2. Grace for ev-'ry deed He will pro-vide, Shine for Je-sus where you
3. In your home to-day let kind-ness glow,



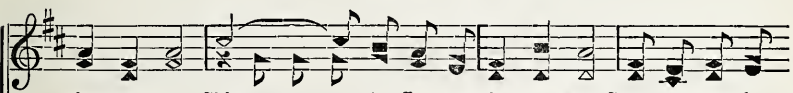
are; You can not an i-dle hour af-ford,  
There are those in need on ev-'ry side, Just  
where you are; Tell some-one of Christ and heal sin's woe,



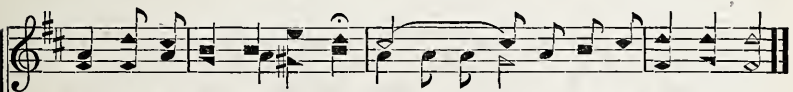
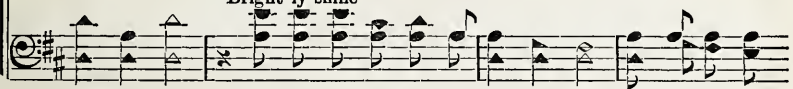
## Chorus



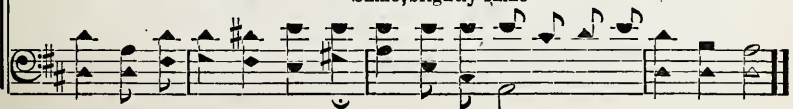
shine for Je-sus where you are. Shine for Je-sus  
Bright-ly shine



where you are, Shine for Je-sus where you are; Some-one lost in  
Bright-ly shine



sin you may guide to glo-ry, Shine for Je-sus where you are.  
Shine, brightly shine



## No. 2

## Alone With Him

Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

J. R. B., Jr.

in "Heaven's Lamp"

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. When sorrows fall a-cross the path I trav-el, When loved ones face the  
 2. When I have tried and failed and lost my courage, Thru bitter tears the  
 3. When comes the time that I must cross the Jordan, My cup of pain filled

si - lent reap-er grim; With aching heart I seek the blessed Savior,  
 way seems ver-y dim; On bend-ed knee I humbly ask for-give-ness,  
 to the ver - y brim; I'll bear it all if He but stay be-side me

**Chorus**

He comforts me when I'm a-lone with Him.  
 He gives me faith when I'm a-lone with Him. A-lone with Him my question  
 And count it joy to be a-lone with Him.

finds the answer, A-lone with Him my heart is sat - is-fied; A-lone with

Him I have the sweet assurance, He keeps my soul what-ev-er may be-tide.

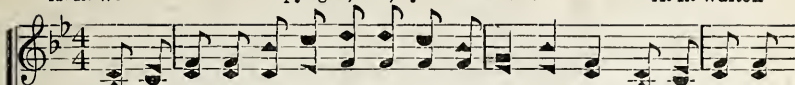
## No. 3

## I've Enlisted

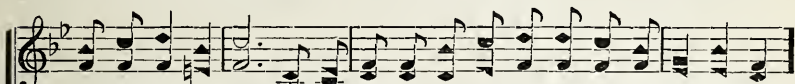
A. R. W.

Copyright, 1914, by A. R. Walton

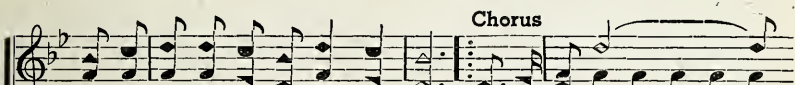
A. R. Walton



1. I've en-list-ed in the ar-my of the Lord to-day, Fight-ing ev-er  
 2. I've en-list-ed as a sol-dier for Im-man-u-el, And I'm go-ing  
 3. I've en-list-ed in the ar-my of the heav'nly King, Tho the bat-tle

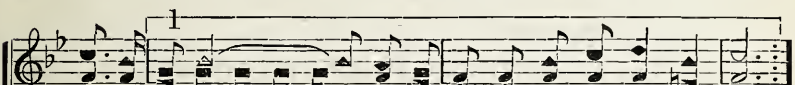


for the truth and right; Safe-ly guid-ed by Je-ho-vah in the King's high way,  
 forth to press the fray, Fight-ing 'neath the gospel ban-ner ev-'ry foe will quell,  
 may be fierce and long; Some day I shall come re-joic-ing and my tro-phies bring,

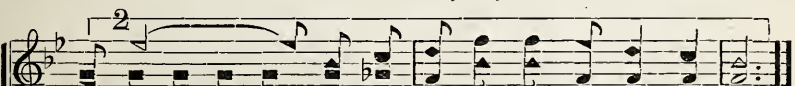


**Chorus**

He will lead His ar-my day and night. I've en-list-ed  
 And I'll gain the vic-t'ry day by day.  
 Then I'll sing and shout the vic-tor's song. in the ar-my,



1  
 in the ar-my, of the King, I am press-ing on-ward day by day;



2  
 ar-my, of the King, And I'm walk-ing in the King's high-way.

## No. 4

## Music in Heaven

Arr. Copyright, 1942, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter

in "Modern Favorite Songs"

T. B. Mosley

1. There is mu - sic in heav - en o'er the saved ones of earth, From the  
 2. In the des - ert, 'mid dan - ger, strays the poor way-ward sheep, Lo, the  
 3. Sin - ner, can you re - bel - lious, wan - der long - er a - way? Je - sus

Bi - ble the sto - ry sweet is known; When the wan - d' rer, re - pent - ing, makes the  
 tempest is gath'ring, hear it moan; But a kind eye is watch - ing and a  
 for your trans - gres - sions did a - tone; Spot - less an - gels are wait - ing, O how

## Chorus

Sav - ior his choice, When the  
 voice calls in love, See the Shepherd brings home His own. There is mu - sic, sweet  
 glad - ly they'll sing, When the

mu - sic, up in heav - en we know, O what int' rest for erring mortals shown; Ho - ly

an - gels re - joic - ing in the presence of God When the Shepherd brings home His own.



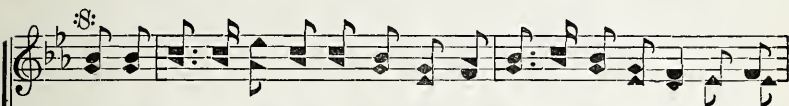
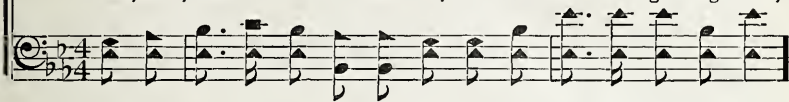
# No. 5 We Shall Know Each Other There

C. E. B., Arr.

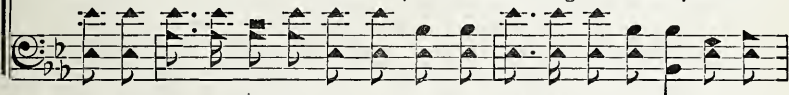
C. H. Crawford



1. When the eve - ning shad - ows gath - er And the long day's work is done,
2. Cher - ished forms who walked be - side us, Down the aisles of by - gone years,
3. Tho a - while from us they're severed, Called from earth - ly hopes and fears,
4. Hush, then, each re - bel - lious murmur, For we too are go - ing home,



When we reach the unknown country, Out be - yond the set - ting sun; Af - ter  
How we watched them fade and vanish, Thru a mist of fall - ing tears; Lov - ing  
To en - joy the bliss of heav - en, Where are wiped away all tears; When the  
There to find e - ter - nal treasures, Nev - er - more a - gain to roam; Safe with -



**D.S.**—We shall know each other bet - ter, We shall know each other there; On the



all the wea - ry wait - ing, In their peaceful rest to share, No more need of anguished  
voic - es hushed in silence, Join - ing now the angel band, Singing glo - ry, hal - le -  
Lord shall bid us en - ter, Thru the pearly portals wide, They will be the first to  
in our Father's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Singing loud our hal - le -



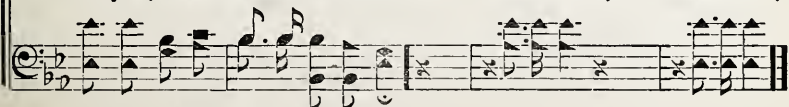
resurrection morning, Free from earthly toil and care, With our blind - ed eyes made

## Fine Chorus

**D.S.**



parting, We shall know each other there. We shall know, we shall know,  
lu - jah, O - ver in the oth - er land.  
meet us O - ver on the oth - er side.  
lu - jahs, We shall know each other there. We shall know, we shall know,



per - fect, We shall know each other there.

F. C. H.

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Frank C. Huston

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is  
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be  
 3. Tho sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may

joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His  
 true what - e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a -  
 come to beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re -

## Chorus

words; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.  
 bide; It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it  
 pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.

pays ev - ry day, It pays ev - ry step of the way; Tho the pathway to  
 ev - ry step of the way;

glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

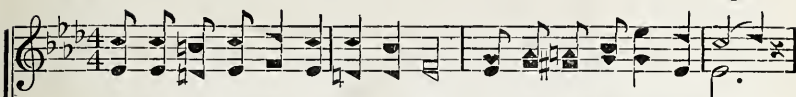
## No. 9

## He Keeps Me Singing

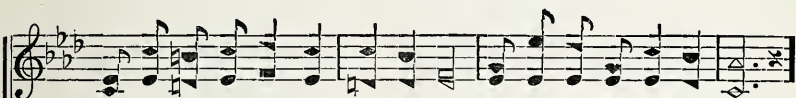
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L. B. B.

L. B. Bridgers



1. There's with-in my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain;
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Rest-ing 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho some-times He leads thru waters deep, Tri - als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



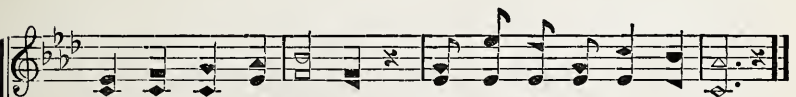
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.  
 Je - sus swept a-cross the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.  
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.  
 Tho sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.  
 I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



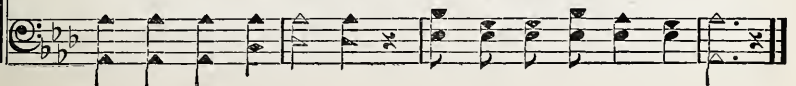
## Chorus



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

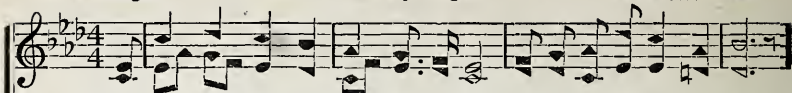


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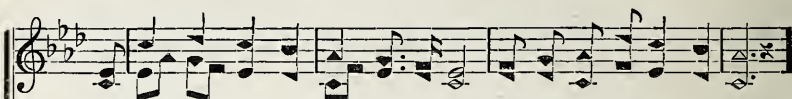
R. M. Morgan

in "Calvary Songs"

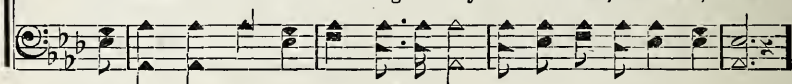
Emmett S. Dean



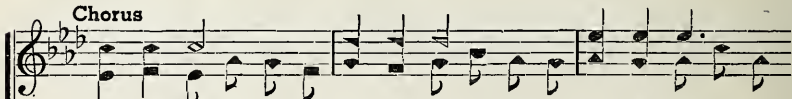
1. When I was wand'ring far, far from God, Go-ing to I knew not where,
2. When clouds o'er hang and cares try my soul, Comes to me this blessed tho't:
3. 'Tis won - der - ful, He rose from the dead, Then ascended to His throue,



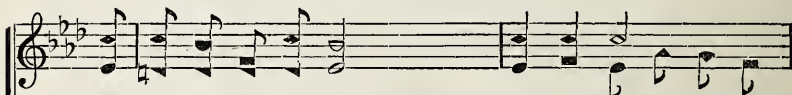
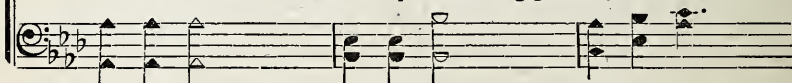
I heard the sto - ry, Christ died for me, That I might His glo - ry share.  
'Tis won - der - ful that Christ died for me, With His blood my soul was bo't.  
And there is in - ter - ced - ing to-day For His blest, His loved, His own.



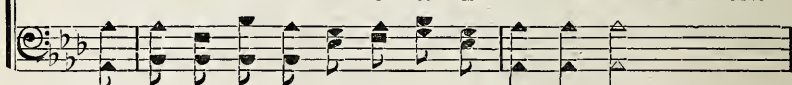
### Chorus



Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Won - der - ful  
that Je - sus died up - on the rug - ged tree, 'Tis won - der - ful



that Je - sus died for me; O it is Won - der - ful, He died that



won - der - ful, Won - der - ful, He died for me.  
all might be from sin set free, 'Tis won - der - ful,





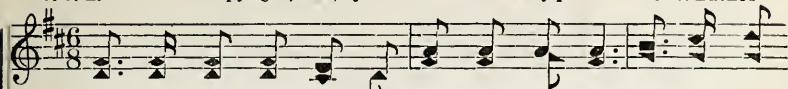
## No. 11

## Beautiful Beckoning Hands

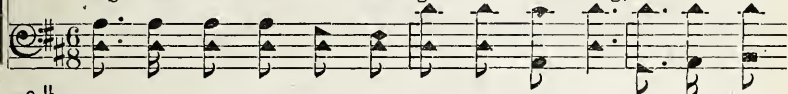
C. C. L.

Copyright, 1893, by C. C. Luther. Used by per.

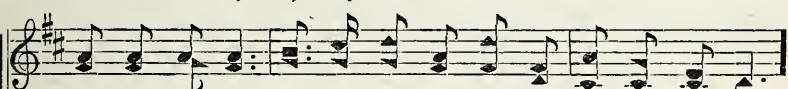
C. C. Luther



1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate - way to - night, Fac - es all
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watch - ing and
5. Bright - est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of



shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon  
 life her de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to  
 call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheeked dar - ling, the  
 wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a  
 all and the theme of their song; Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the



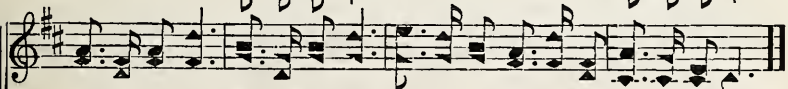
heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck - on - ing "come."  
 mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.  
 light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly is beck - on - ing "come."  
 sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.  
 pierc - ed One stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.



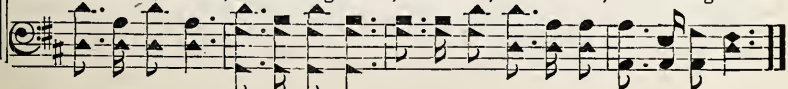
## Chorus



Beau - ti - ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;



Beau - ti - ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beckon - ing hands.



## No. 12

## In the Garden

C. A. M.

Copyright, 1940, Renewal. Rodeheaver Co., owner C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their  
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, Tho' the night a - round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear; The  
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With  
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thru the voice of woe, His

## CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.  
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He  
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

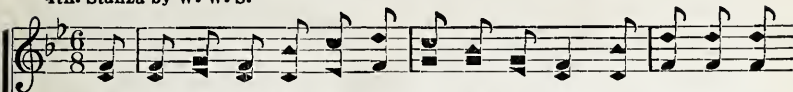
## No. 13

## Someone's Last Day

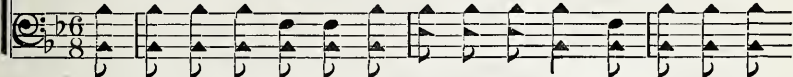
Copyright, 1924, by Quartet Music Co., in "Song Praise"

M. H. M. Controlled by J. E. Thomas  
4th. Stanza by W. W. S.

M. H. McKee



1. This morn - ing the sun in his beau - ty a - rose, To drive night's dark
2. Some - one is now near - ing the dark riv - er's brink, Where bil - lows their
3. Oh, waste not the mo - ments so pre - cious and bright, For noth - ing their
4. Come now to the Sav - ior, ac - cept His free grace, Oh, why will you



shadows a - way; To loved ones his set - ting will sad - ly dis - close,  
 fu - ry dis - play; And soon will be sev - ered this life's dear - est link;  
 loss can re - pay; And some - one will nev - er be - hold morning's light;  
 turn Him a - way? Be read - y to meet Him, why long - er de - lay?



## Chorus

It is some - one's, some - one's last day. It is some - one's, some - one's last



day, ..... With its moments glid - ing a - way; ..... The bright, golden  
 ver - y last day, so swift - ly a - way;



sun - set will sure - ly dis - close, It is some - one's, some - one's last day.



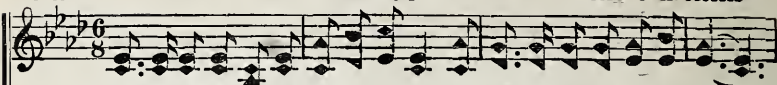
# No. 14 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart

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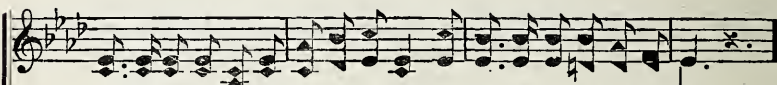
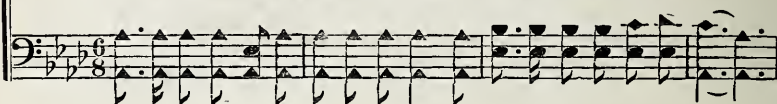
C. H. M.

Used by per.

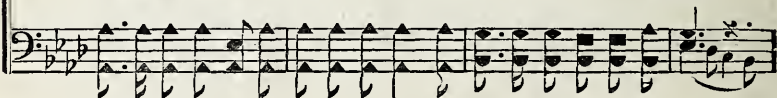
Mrs. C. H. Morris



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;



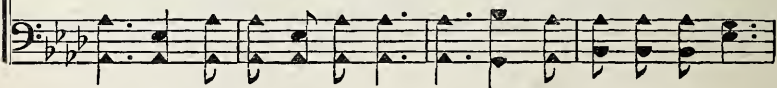
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
If you would enter the man-sions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



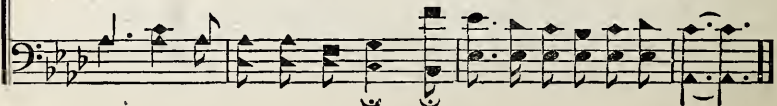
## CHORUS



Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;  
5th v. Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject-ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.





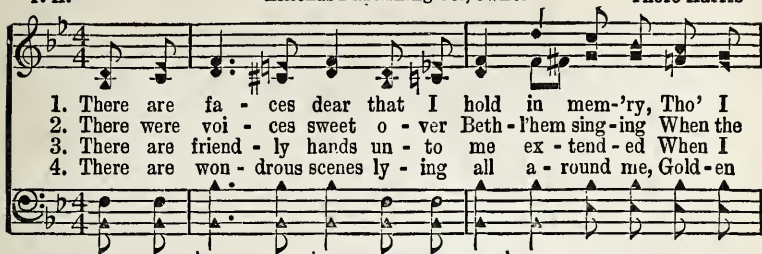
# No. 15 His Face Will Outshine Them All

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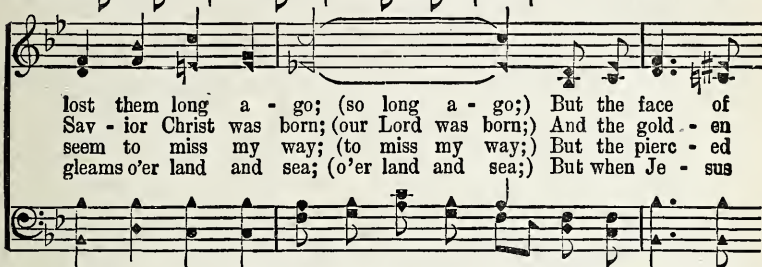
T. H.

Lillenas Publishing Co., owner

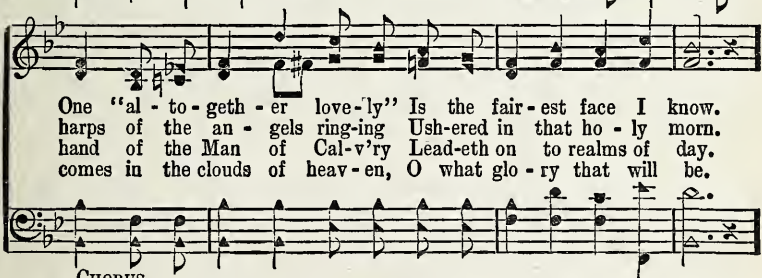
Thoro Harris



1. There are fa - ces dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I  
 2. There were voi - ces sweet o - ver Beth -'hem sing - ing When the  
 3. There are friend - ly hands un - to me ex - tend - ed When I  
 4. There are won - drous scenes ly - ing all a - round me, Gold - en

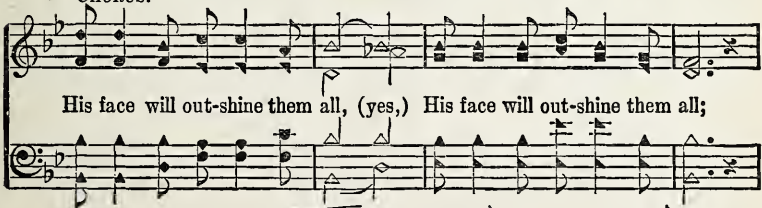


lost them long a - go; (so long a - go;) But the face of  
 Sav - ior Christ was born; (our Lord was born;) And the gold - en  
 seem to miss my way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc - ed  
 gleams o'er land and sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Je - sus



One "al - to - geth - er love - ly" Is the fair - est face I know.  
 harps of the an - gels ring - ing Ush - ered in that ho - ly morn.  
 hand of the Man of Cal - v'ry Lead - eth on to realms of day.  
 comes in the clouds of heav - en, O what glo - ry that will be.

## CHORUS.



His face will out-shine them all, (yes,) His face will out-shine them all;



Glo - ry to the Lamb, hal - le - lu - jah! His face will outshine them all.  
 My Savior's face,

NOTE.—The original and new arrangements of this song is the Copyright property of the LILLENAS Publishing Co.

## No. 16

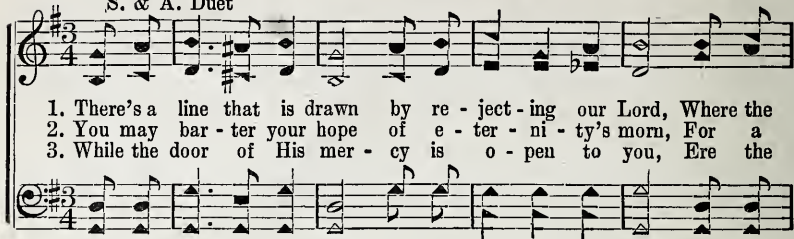
## Have You Counted the Cost?

Copyright, 1923, by A. J. Hodge. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

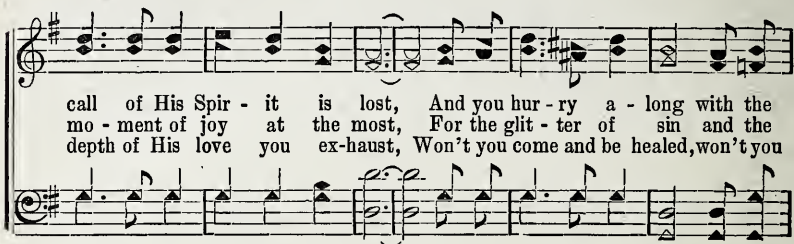
A. J. H.

A. J. Hodge

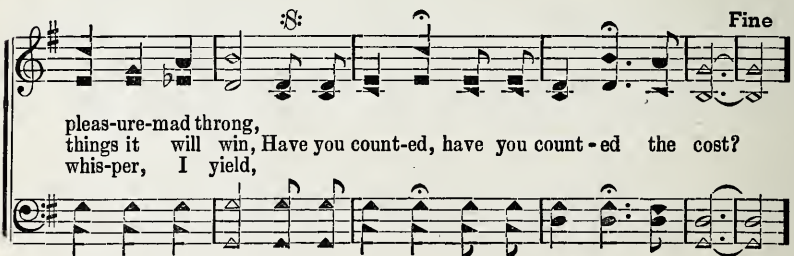
S. &amp; A. Duet



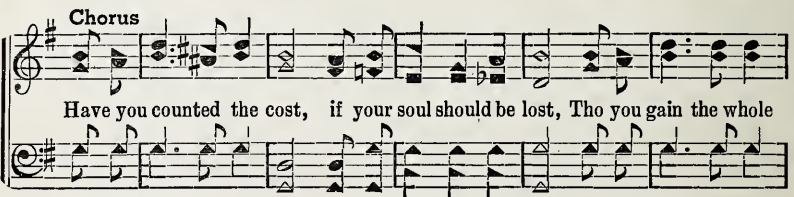
1. There's a line that is drawn by re - ject - ing our Lord, Where the  
 2. You may bar - ter your hope of e - ter - ni - ty's morn, For a  
 3. While the door of His mer - cy is o - pen to you, Ere the



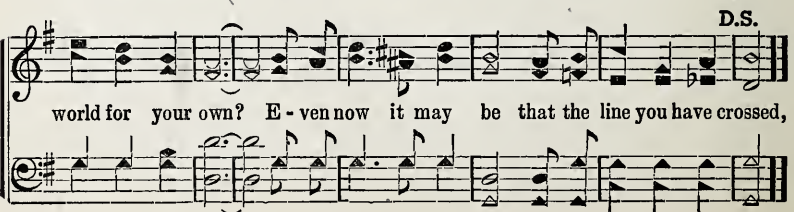
call of His Spir - it is lost, And you hur - ry a - long with the  
 mo - ment of joy at the most, For the glit - ter of sin and the  
 depth of His love you ex - haust, Won't you come and be healed, won't you



pleas - ure - mad throng,  
 things it will win, Have you count - ed, have you count - ed the cost?  
 whis - per, I yield,



**Chorus**  
 Have you counted the cost, if your soul should be lost, Tho you gain the whole



**D.S.**  
 world for your own? E - ven now it may be that the line you have crossed,

## No. 17

## Don't Put Off Salvation Too Long

Arr. Copyright, 1942, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.,

in "Modern Favorite Songs"

V. O. Fossett

1. The Sav-ior is ten-der-ly call-ing, Don't put off sal-va-tion too  
 2. While loved ones are ear-nest-ly pray-ing,  
 3. It may be too late if you tar-ry,  
 4. You may not be liv-ing to-mor-row, sal-va-tion too long;

The night shades for you may be fall-ing,  
 The an-gels in heav-en are say-ing, Don't  
 Your bur-dens to Je-sus now car-ry,  
 Just lay at His feet all your sor-row,  
 sal-va-tion too long;

put off sal-va-tion too long. O come to the  
 sal-va-tion too long. O come to the Sav-ior, no

Sav-ior, Don't put off sal-va-tion too long; Find par-  
 long-er de-lay, sal-va-tion too long; Find par-don and

don and fa-vor, Don't put off sal-va-tion too long.  
 fa-vor with Je-sus to-day, sal-va-tion too long.

## No. 18

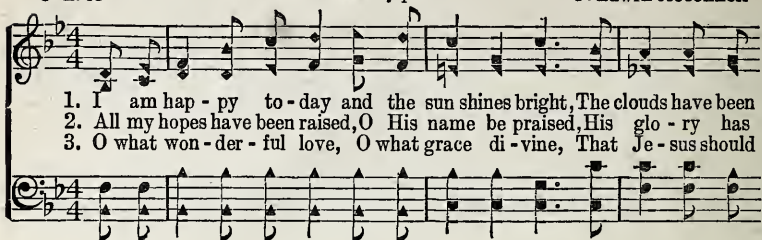
## "Whosoever" Meaneth Me

Copyright, 1941, Renewal. John T. Benson, Jr., owner, Nashville, Tenn.

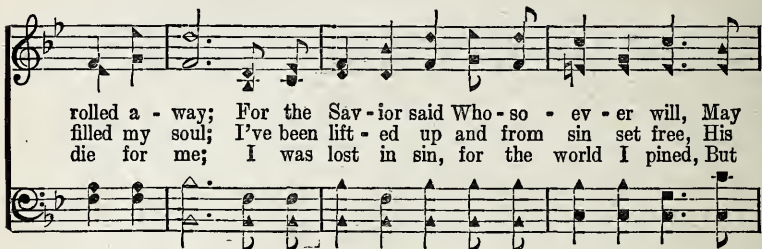
J. E. M.

Used by per.

J. Edwin McConnell

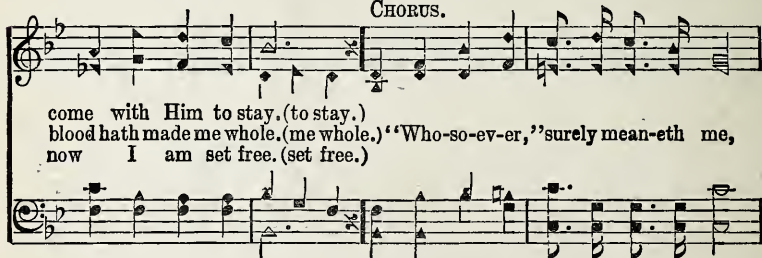


1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been  
 2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has  
 3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

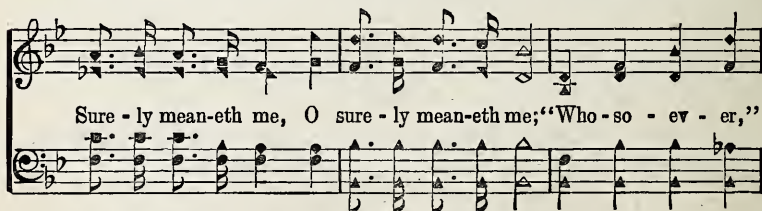


filled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May  
 filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His  
 die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

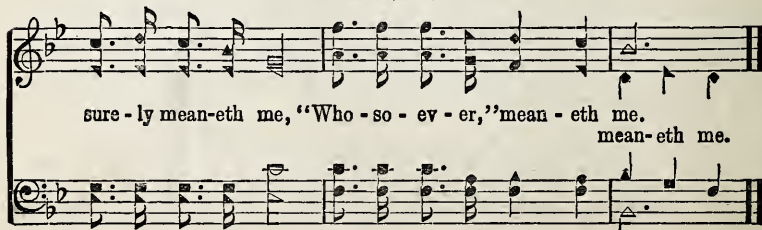
## CHORUS.



come with Him to stay. (to stay.)  
 blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so-ev-er," surely mean-eth me,  
 now I am set free. (set free.)



Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er,"



sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean - eth me.  
 mean-eth me.

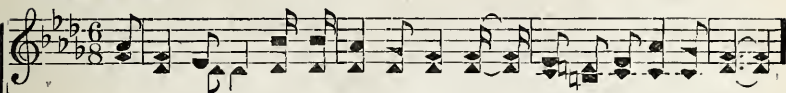


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Frank E. Graeff

The Rodeheaver Co., owner

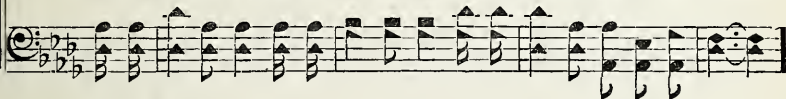
J. Lincoln Hall



1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "goodby" To the dearest on earth to me,



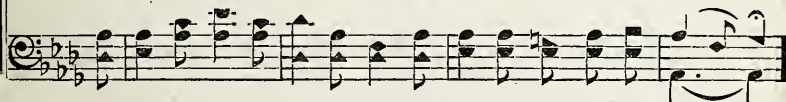
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?  
 As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?  
 When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks, Is it aught to Him? does He see?



## Chorus

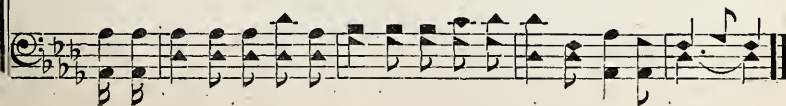


O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; . . .



When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.

He cares.




# No. 20 God Shall Wipe Away All Tears


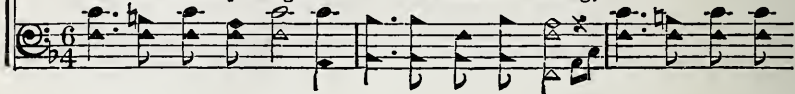
Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

J. R. Baxter, Jr., sug. W. H. D. in "Super Specials"

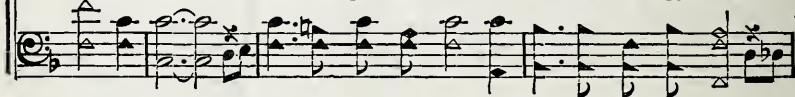
Wesley H. Daniel



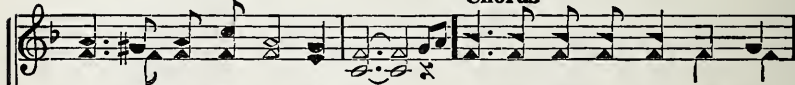
1. When we reach that home and lay our bur-dens down,  
2. When the pearl-y gates un-fold for you and me, God shall wipe a -  
3. When we sweet-ly sing with all that ransomed throng,





way all tears; When we join the saints and wear a robe and crown,  
When we see the Christ who set the cap-tive free,  
No more partings come to mar that hap-py song,




**Chorus**



God shall wipe a - way all tears. God shall wipe a - way all the



tears from ev'-ry eye, Give us joy for all our fears; When we meet Him



in that home be-yond the sky, God shall wipe a - way all tears.



## No. 21

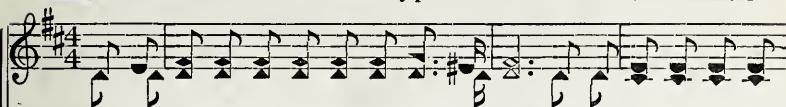
## We are Going Down the Valley

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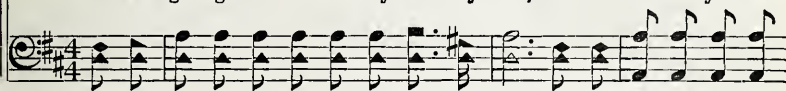
Jessie H. Brown

Used by per.

J. H. Fillmore



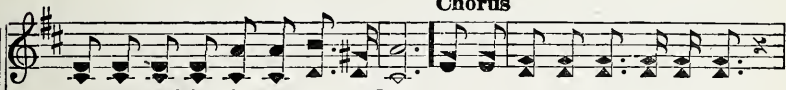
1. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, With our faces tow'rd the  
 2. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, When the la-bors of the  
 3. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, Hu-man comrade you or



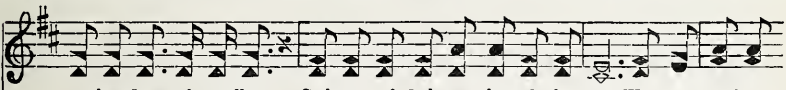
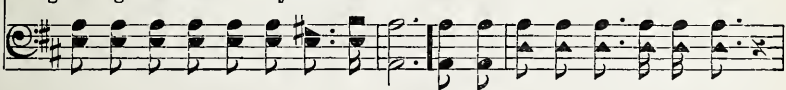
set-ting of the sun; Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows, Where the  
 wea-ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past, We shall  
 I will there have none, But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall, Christ is



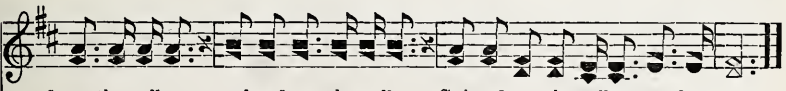
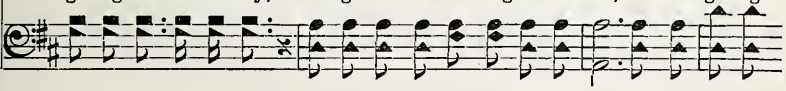
## Chorus



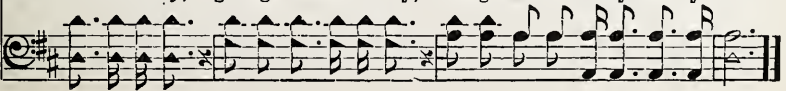
stream of death in si-lence onward flows.  
 stand up-on the riv-er bank at last. We are go-ing down the val-ley,  
 go-ing down the val-ley with us all.



go-ing down the valley, Going tow'rd the setting of the sun; We are go-ing



down the valley, go-ing down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

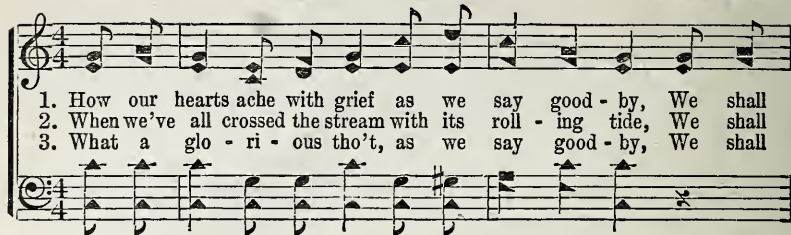


Written in memory of my beloved friend, F. L. Eiland

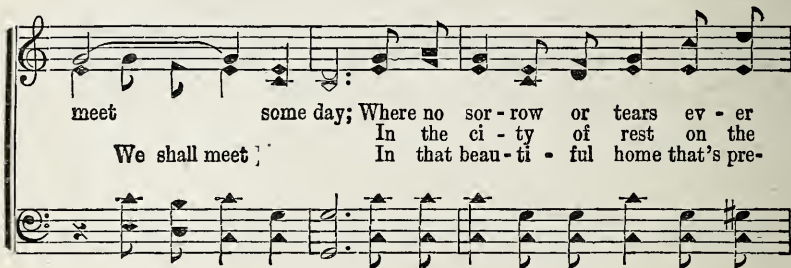
T. S. T.

By per. of T. S. Teddlie, owner

Tillet S. Teddlie



1. How our hearts ache with grief as we say good - by, We shall  
 2. When we've all crossed the stream with its roll - ing tide, We shall  
 3. What a glo - ri - ous tho't, as we say good - by, We shall



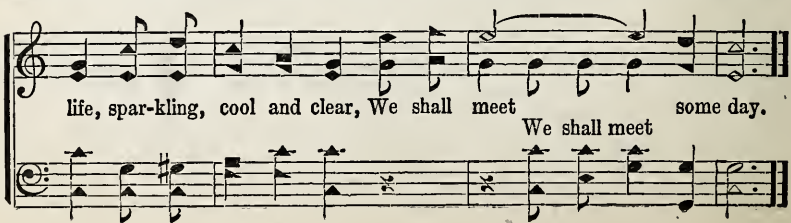
meet some day; Where no sor - row or tears ev - er  
 In the ci - ty of rest on the  
 We shall meet, In that beau - ti - ful home that's pre-



**Chorus**  
 dim the eye, We shall meet some day. We shall meet where no  
 oth - er side, We shall meet We shall meet  
 pared on high,



storm-clouds gather, We shall meet some day; By the riv - er of  
 shall meet



life, spar - kling, cool and clear, We shall meet some day.  
 We shall meet



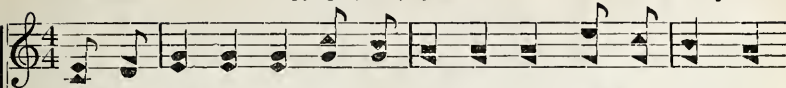
## No. 23

## The Reaping Time is Coming

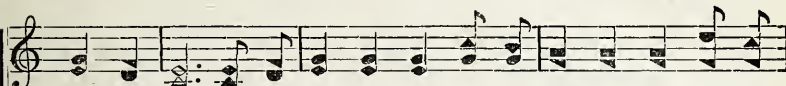
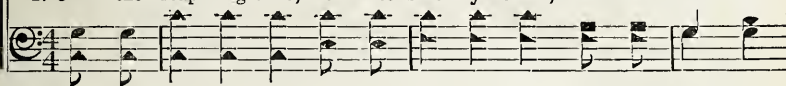
L. E. Jones

Copyright, 1919, by A. E. Walton

John R. Bryant



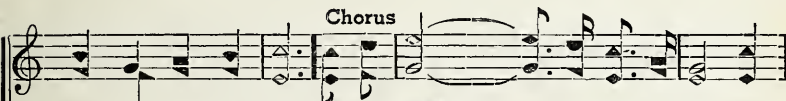
1. There are days of toil in the sow - ing time, There is need to
2. There are wea - ry hours when the seed is sown, And the weeds spring
3. There are bit - ter tears o'er this fall - ing grain, There are pray'rs that
4. O the reap - ing time, it must sure - ly come, For the Mas - ter's



work and pray; There are fields to scat - ter with pre - cious seed, Ere the  
up so fast; There are days when bar - ren the field ap - pears; Yet the  
soon may grow; But the meas - ure yet that the soil will yield, Aught but  
word is giv'n; That the grain from seed that the faith - ful sow, Shall be

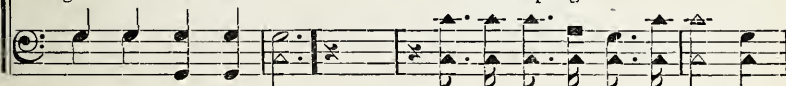


## Chorus

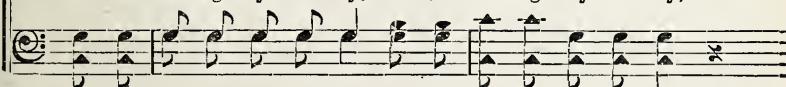


day - light fades a - way. O the reap - - ing time is com - ing  
har - vest comes at last.  
har - vest time can show.  
gar - nered home in heav'n.

O the reaping

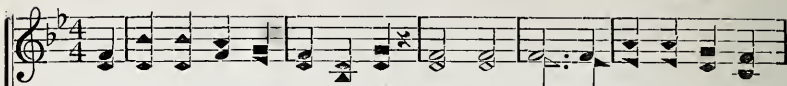


It is com - ing by and by, It is com - ing by and by; O the

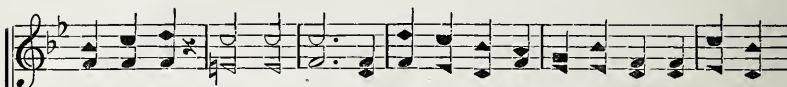
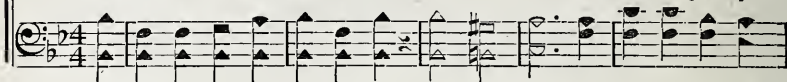


reap - - - ing time is com - ing For the har - vest home on high.  
O the reaping -

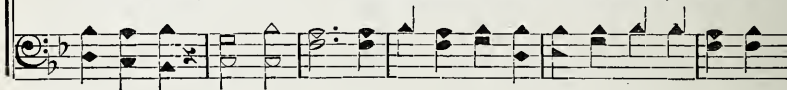




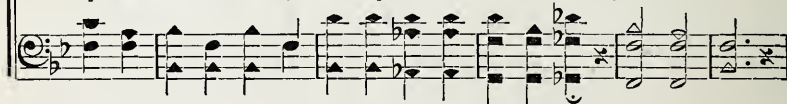
1. In ev-'ry thing you do or say, Tho rough or smooth may  
 2. When you are tempted to do wrong, Put God first; If sin - ful men a -  
 3. When sorrows winds a-round you blow, Tho all His plans you



be the way, He see - eth ev -'ry thing you do, As swift life's  
 round you throng, Put God first; It nev - er pays the right to yield, Tho Sa-tan's  
 do not know, He holds the fu-ture in His hands, The winds o -



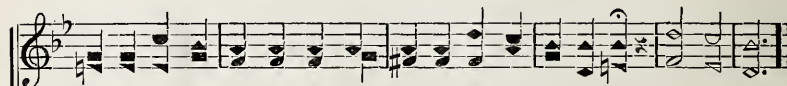
jour-ney you pur-sue, Be care - ful lest you prove un-true,  
 hordes may take the field, Your all for good be glad to yield, Put God first,  
 bey His blest commands, Your ver-y soul be - fore Him stands,



## Chorus



Put God first, Put God first; 'Tis He a-lone can hold you fast, Can  
 Put God first, Put God first;



guide your feet till storms are past And lead you safely home at last, Put God first.

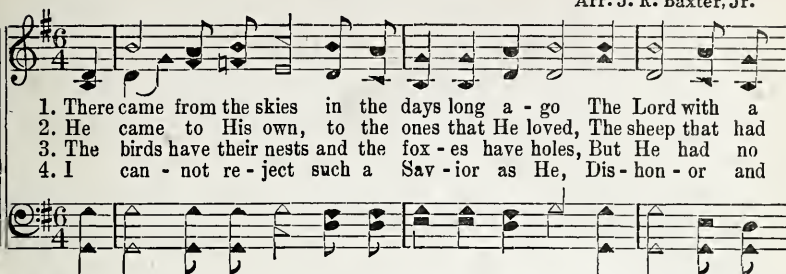


## No. 25

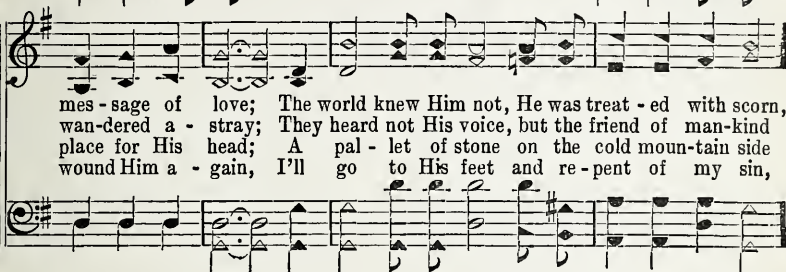
## The Heart That was Broken for Me

Arr. Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
J. W. V. in "Calvary Songs"

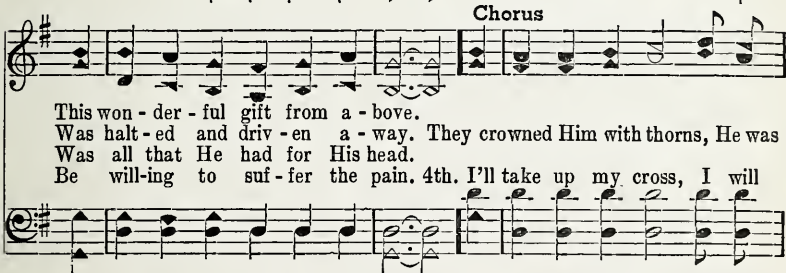
J. W. Van De Venter  
Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.



1. There came from the skies in the days long a - go The Lord with a
2. He came to His own, to the ones that He loved, The sheep that had
3. The birds have their nests and the fox - es have holes, But He had no
4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav - ior as He, Dis - hon - or and

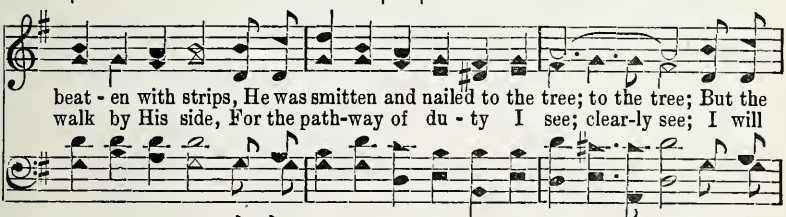


mes - sage of love; The world knew Him not, He was treat - ed with scorn,  
wan - dered a - stray; They heard not His voice, but the friend of man - kind  
place for His head; A pal - let of stone on the cold moun - tain side  
wound Him a - gain, I'll go to His feet and re - pent of my sin,



## Chorus

This won - der - ful gift from a - bove.  
Was halt - ed and driv - en a - way. They crowned Him with thorns, He was  
Was all that He had for His head.  
Be will - ing to suf - fer the pain. 4th. I'll take up my cross, I will



beat - en with strips, He was smitten and nailed to the tree; to the tree; But the  
walk by His side, For the path - way of du - ty I see; clear - ly see; I will



pain in His heart was the hardest to bear, The heart that was broken for me.  
fol - low my Lord and a - bide in His heart,

## No. 26

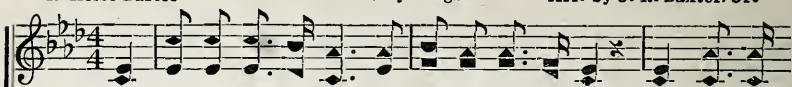
## Where the Living Waters Flow

Arr. Copyright, 1943 by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg Co.

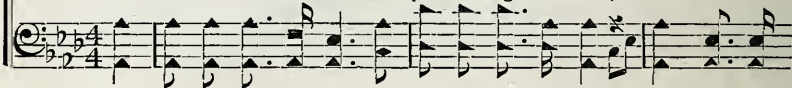
R. Kelse Barter

in "Calvary Songs"

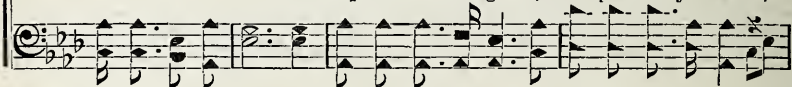
Arr. by J. R. Baxter, Jr.



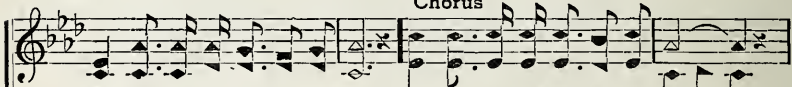
1. Rest to the wea - ry soul and ach-ing breast is giv'n,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee the priceless joys were bought, Down here the
3. Come with the ransomed train, the Sav-ior's praises sing,
4. And soon be - fore His face we'll praise in light a - bove,



Grace makes the wounded whole, love fills our hearts with heav'n,  
 liv-ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer-cy free that Christ on earth has brought,  
 Re-joice, the Lamb was slain, a-dore, He reigns as King,  
 Tri-um-phant thru His grace, made perfect by His love,



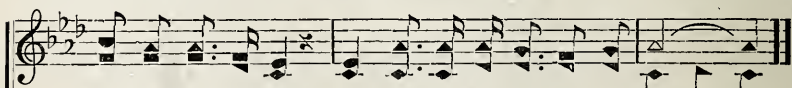
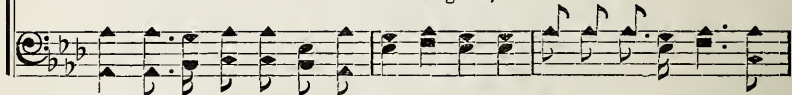
## Chorus



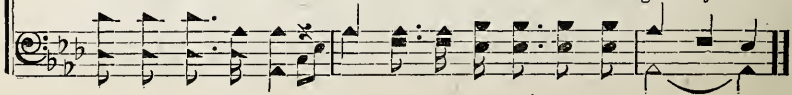
Down where the living wa-ters flow, Down where the living waters flow,  
 gen-tly flow,



Down where the tree of life, doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light of  
 ev - er grow,



Je - sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wa - ters flow.  
 gen - tly flow.





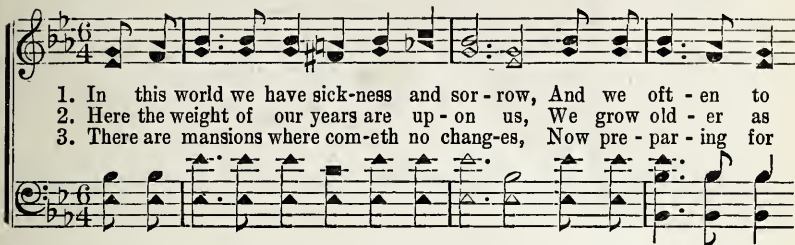
Rev. 21: 1-5

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

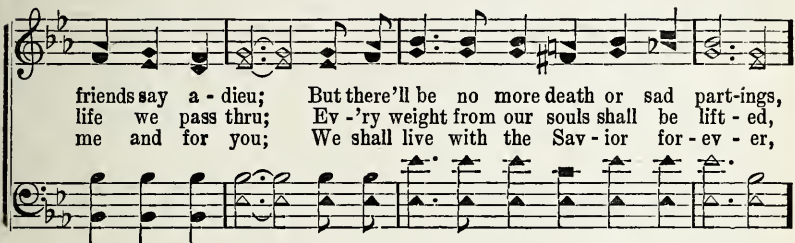
B. B. E.

in "Harbor Bells No. 4"

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston

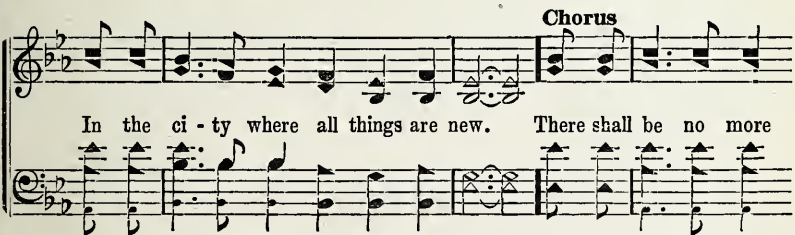


1. In this world we have sick-ness and sor-row, And we oft-en to  
 2. Here the weight of our years are up-on us, We grow old-er as  
 3. There are mansions where com-eth no chang-es, Now pre-par-ing for

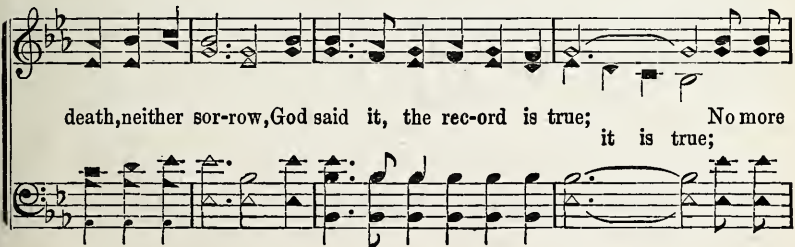


friends say a - dieu; But there'll be no more death or sad part-ings,  
 life we pass thru; Ev-'ry weight from our souls shall be lift-ed,  
 me and for you; We shall live with the Sav-ior for-ev-er,

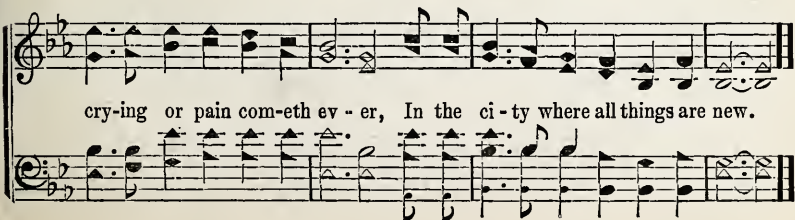
**Chorus**



In the ci - ty where all things are new. There shall be no more



death, neither sor-row, God said it, the rec-ord is true; No more  
 it is true;



cry-ing or pain com-eth ev-er, In the ci - ty where all things are new.

## No. 28

## The Garden of Eden in Glory

Copyright, 1932, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

C. W. Ambrester

in "Singer's Choice"

**J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

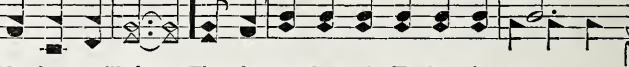
Soprano and Alto Duet. Bass and Tenor may hum to chorus

1. There's a gar-den of E-den in glo-ry, That our Sav-ior has gone to pre-  
2. There's a gar-den of E-den in glo-ry, 'Tis the beau-ti-ful heav-en-ly  
3. There's a gar-den of E-den in glo-ry, 'Tis more lovely than eye here has  
4. There's a gar-den of E-den in glo-ry, O dear sinner, don't you want to


pare, Where with all the redeemed in bright mansions, His sweet presence and  
goal; What a joy it will be to as - sem - ble With the Sav - ior who  
seen, For the walls are all built of pure jas - per And the flow - ers for -  
go? Then just give up your sins and trust Je - sus, He will wash your soul

### Chorus

**Chorus**



bliss-ings we'll share. There's a garden of E-den in glo-ry,  
res-cued my soul.  
ev-er are green.  
whit-er than snow. glo-ry, in glo-ry,



I am jour-ney-ing on to that place      Where I'll meet all the saints of the  
wonderful place

a - - ges And shall look on my Savior's bright face.  
 a - ges, all a - ges His bright face.

# No. 29 We Shall See the King Some Day

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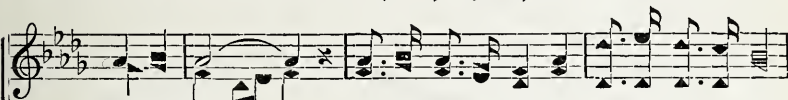
L. E. J.

Nazarene Publishing House, owner

L. E. Jones



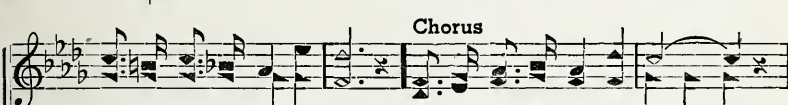
1. Tho the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear,
2. Af - ter pain and anguish, af - ter toil and care, We shall see the
3. Af - ter foes are con-quer-ed, af - ter bat - tles won,
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore,



King some day;

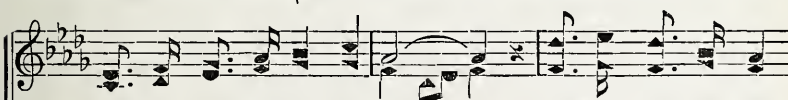
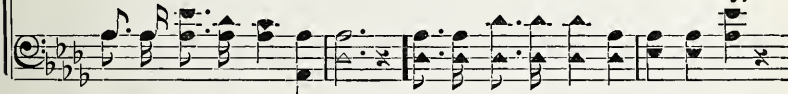
some day;

On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;  
Thru the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,  
Af - ter strife is o - ver, af - ter set of sun,  
Sor - row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,



## Chorus

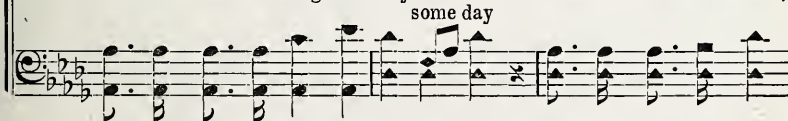
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day,  
some day,



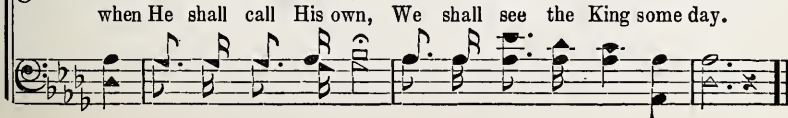
We shall shout and sing some day

some day

Gathered 'round the throne,

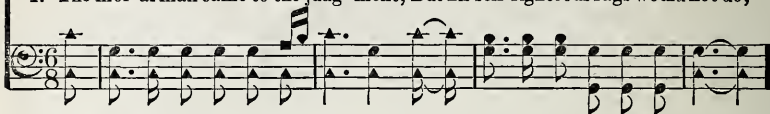


when He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

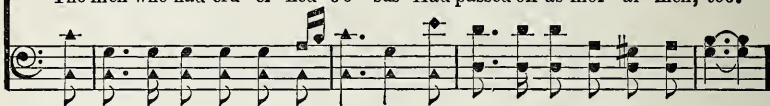




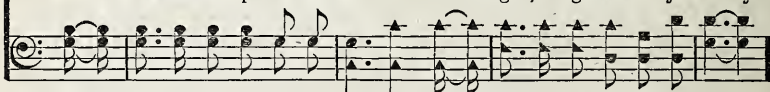
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way,
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judg-ment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne.  
A pau-per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.  
No sor-row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.  
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men, too.



From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,  
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind;  
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink,  
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved bye-and-bye:

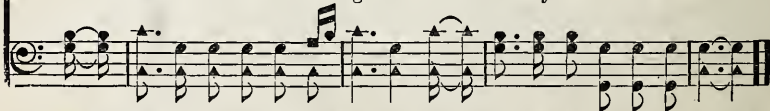


D. S.—And oh, what a weeping and wailing When the lost ones were told of their fate!

D. S.



And said, with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no longer to be.  
The an-gel that opened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.  
With the peo-ple who gave him the license—To - geth - er in hell they did sink.  
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.



*They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayers were too late*



## No. 31

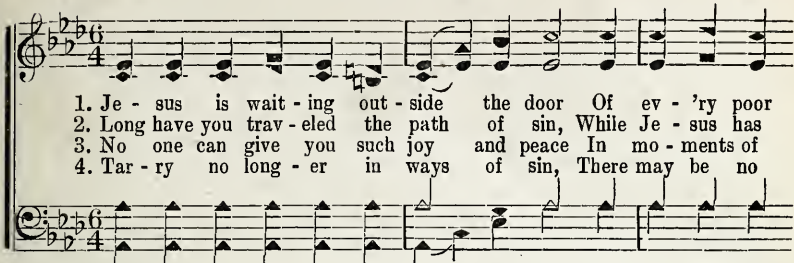
## Open the Portals

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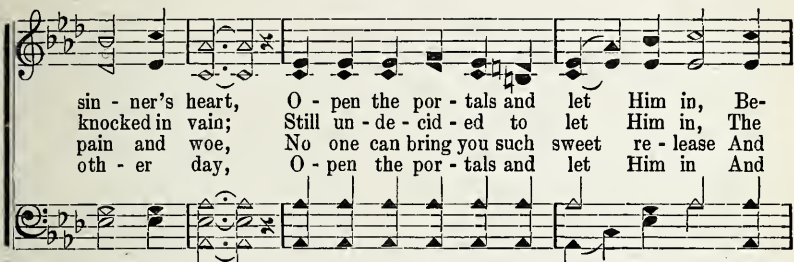
Rev. Alfred Barratt

"In Calvary Songs"

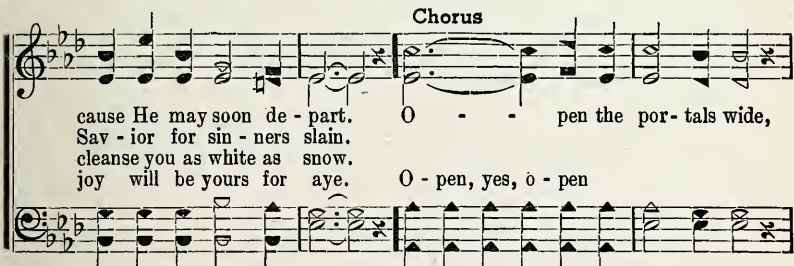
Homer F. Morris



1. Je - sus is wait - ing out - side the door Of ev - 'ry poor  
 2. Long have you trav - eled the path of sin, While Je - sus has  
 3. No one can give you such joy and peace In mo - ments of  
 4. Tar - ry no long - er in ways of sin, There may be no

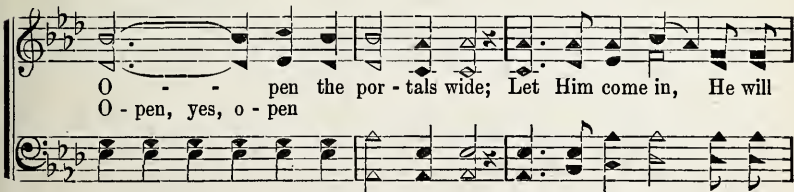


sin - ner's heart, O - pen the por - tals and let Him in, Be-  
 knocked in vain; Still un - de - cid - ed to let Him in, The  
 pain and woe, No one can bring you such sweet re - lease And  
 oth - er day, O - pen the por - tals and let Him in And

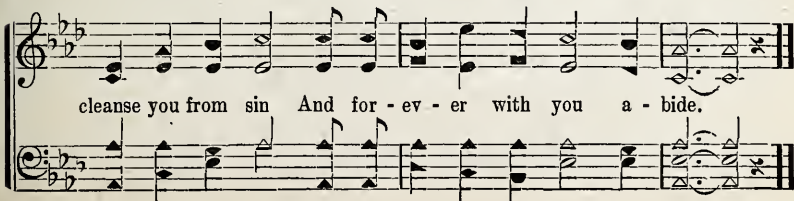


**Chorus**

cause He may soon de - part. O - - - pen the por - tals wide,  
 Sav - ior for sin - ners slain.  
 cleanse you as white as snow.  
 joy will be yours for aye. O - pen, yes, o - pen



O - - - pen the por - tals wide; Let Him come in, He will  
 O - pen, yes, o - pen



cleanse you from sin And for - ev - er with you a - bide.

Copyright, 1939, Renewal. John T. Benson, Jr., owner, Nashville, Tenn.

James Rowe

Used by per.

Howard E. Smith

M. 69 = J

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly  
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed  
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea  
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true  
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.  
 Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.  
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

## CHORUS.

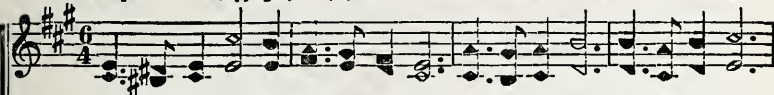
Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!..... When noth-ing  
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

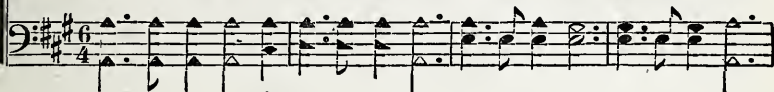
W. T. Sleeper.

Copyright, 1914, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

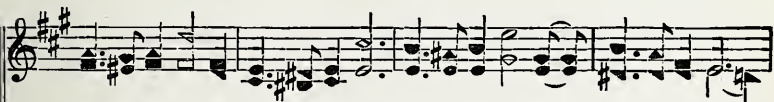
Geo. C. Stebbins.



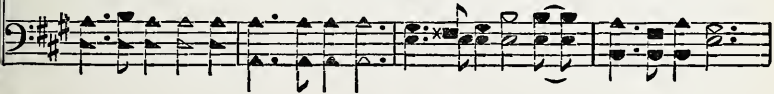
1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;



In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

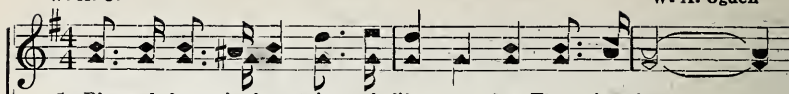


Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to raptures a - bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,




Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of distress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Ev - er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee. A - men.






1. Bless-ed be the foun-tain of life to - day Flow - ing free,  
 2. Man - y have been cleansed in that fount from sin,  
 3. Lin - ger not a - way from this foun-tain pure, Flow-ing free,

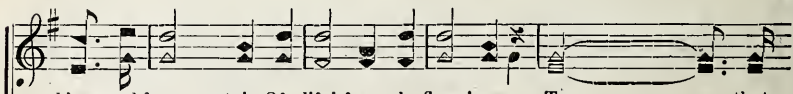


flow-ing free; There the soul may wash all its guilt a - way,  
 Man - y yet will come and will wash there-in,  
 flow-ing free, so free; For the guilt - y soul 'tis a won-drous cure,

Chorus

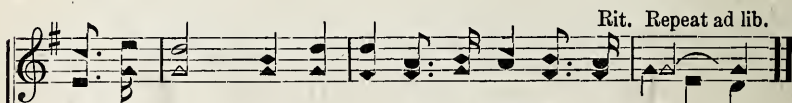


In that foun-tain of life, flow - ing free. O the  
 Bless-ed foun-tain of life, flow - ing free.  
 Bless-ed foun-tain of life, flow - ing free. the bless - ed fount,



bless - ed foun - tain Of life! free - ly flow-ing, To . . . . . that  
 the bless-ed fount that bless-ed fount,

Rit. Repeat ad lib.



bless - ed foun - tain I'll go and I'll wash and be clean.  
 the fount of life, I'll be made clean.



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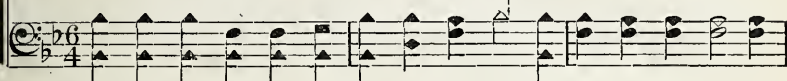
James Rowe

in "Calvary Songs"

Homer F. Morris



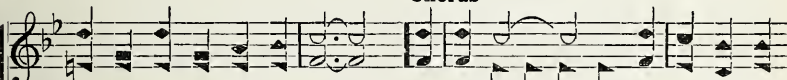
1. Je - sus has brightened and glad-dened your life, Tell oth-ers tell  
 2. Je - sus now makes all your tri - als His own,  
 3. All the way home He will walk at your side, to - day,



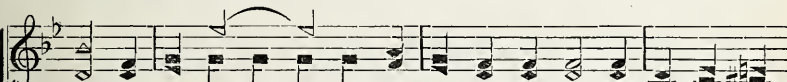
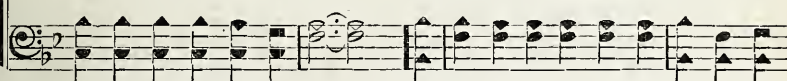
oth-ers; He is your strength and your shield in the strife, Tell  
 Dai - ly His won - der - ful good-ness is shown, Tell  
 to - day; He is your light and the on - ly true guide, Tell



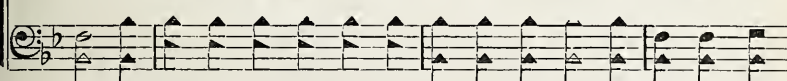
## Chorus



oth - ers, tell oth-ers to - day. Tell oth-ers the sto - ry to -  
 the beau-ti - ful



day, Show oth-ers the heav - en - ly way; He hides your dark  
 the beau - ti - ful

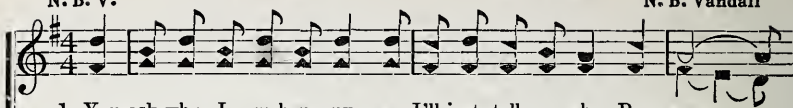


past, you face home at last, Tell oth-ers, tell oth-ers to-day.....  
 the sto - ry to - day.

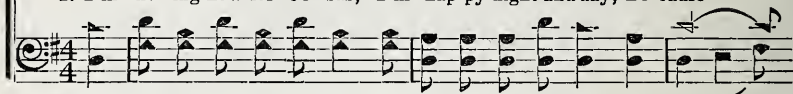


N. B. V.

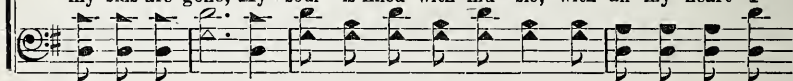
N. B. Vandall



1. You ask why I am hap - py so I'll just tell you why, Be - cause
2. 'Twas at the old time al - tar where God came in my heart And now,
3. When Sa-tan comes to tempt me and tries to make me doubt, I say,
4. I'm liv - ing now for Je - sus, I'm hap - py night and day, Be-cause

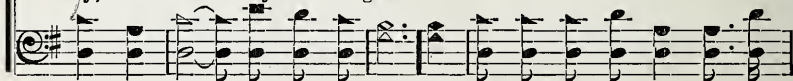


my sins are gone; And when I meet the scof - fers who ask me where they  
 my sins are gone; The Lord took full po - ses - sion, the dev - il did de -  
 my sins are gone; You got me in - to trou - ble, but Je - sus got me  
 my sins are gone; My soul is filled with mu - sic, with all my heart I

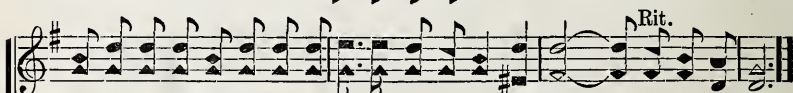


## Chorus

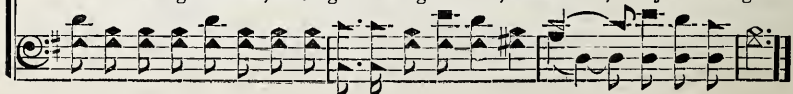
are, I say, my sins are gone.  
 part, I'm glad my sins are gone. They're un - der - neath the Blood, on the  
 out, I'm glad my sins are gone.  
 say, I know my sins are gone.



Cross of Cal - va - ry, As far re - moved as dark - ness is from dawn; In the



sea of God's forgetfulness, that's good enough for me, Praise God, my sins are gone.



## No. 37

## The Best is Yet to Come

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Rev. Alfred Barratt

in "Grateful Praise"

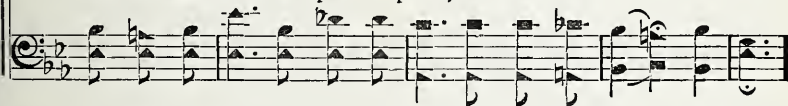
W. L. Harmon



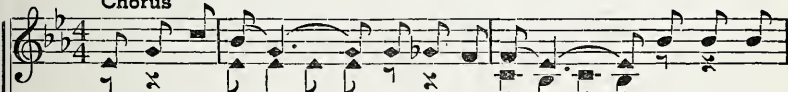
1. Sometimes the skies o'er head are gray And dark and gloom-y is the day;
2. Sometimes we fail to un - der-stand The ways of life that God has planned;
3. When heav-y is the cross you bear, Yield not to doubt and dark de-spair;
4. From sin and pain there is re - lease, The storms of life shall some day cease;



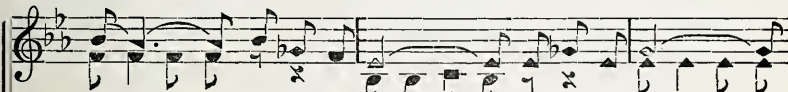
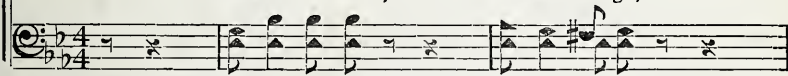
But soon the mist will pass a - way,  
 'Tis best to fol - low His com-mand, The best is yet to come.  
 In yon - der home so bright and fair  
 Then we shall share that per-fect peace,



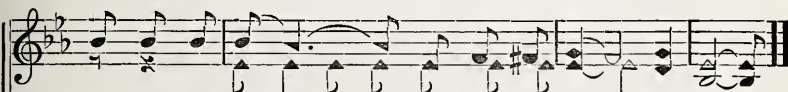
## Chorus



Let sor - rows come, let sor-rows go, Let days be  
 Let sor-rows come, let sor-rows go,

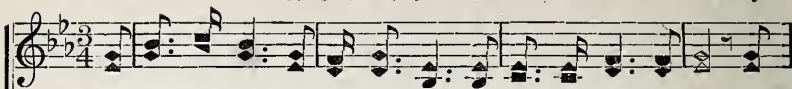


fraught with weal or woe, It mat-ters not,  
 Let days be fraught with weal or woe, It mat-ters not,

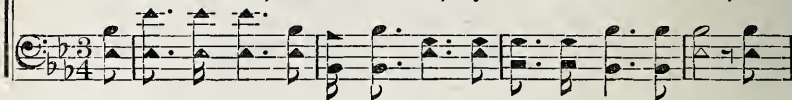


for this we know, The best is yet to come.  
 for this we know,

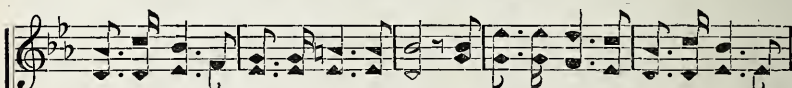
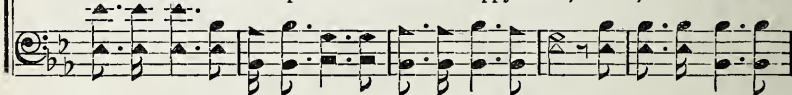




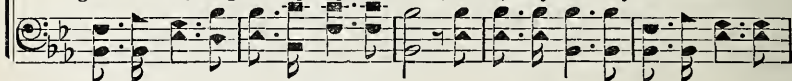
1. I sat a - lone at mid-night hour, And watched the star-lit sky, And
2. "He's gone tho now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; O
3. A - las! dear friends, 'twas but a dream, My moth-er's here no more; She



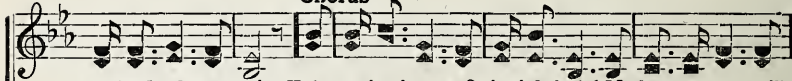
dreamed I heard my moth-er say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he  
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my distant child, No fa - ther there to  
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's happy shore, Lord, send a mes-sen-



is to-night, He crossed the troubled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He'll  
guide him now, No brother with a cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No  
ger of love, To guide my way-ward feet, I too, may meet my mother there In-

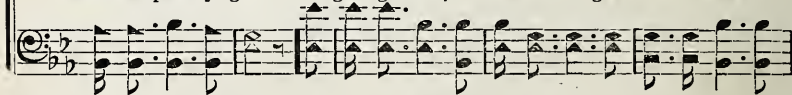


## Chorus

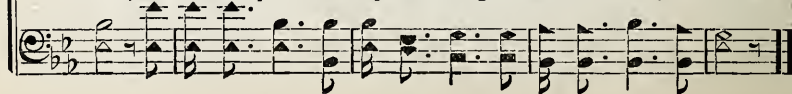


wan-der back a - gain. He's coming home, O joyjul tho't! My boy no more will  
sis - ter with her tear." 3rd verse.

side the pearl-y gate. I'm go-ing home, 'twill not be long Ere I shall cease to



roam; A let - ter here, says: "Mother, dear, I'm coming, com - ing home."  
roam; And then I'll join re-demp-tion's song, With mother dear, at home.





## No. 39

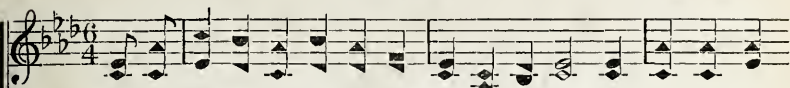
## I'll Not Be a Stranger Up There

Copyright, 1944, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

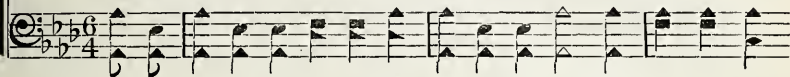
F. C. P.

in "Calvary Songs"

F. Clark Perry



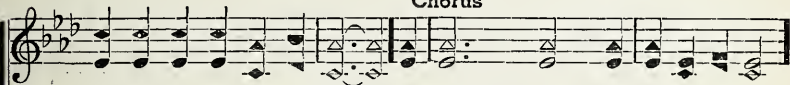
1. There's a beau-ti - ful home in the land of the blest, A ci - ty all
2. Man - y loved ones have gone to that heav-en - ly land, Its rich - es and
3. On that heav-en - ly shore man-y friends gone be-fore, In gar-ments all



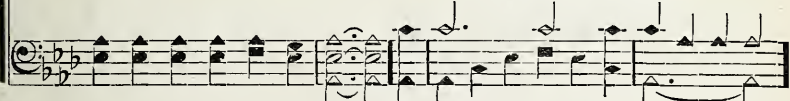
glo-rious and fair; And when in its por-tals my spir - it shall rest, I shall  
 glo - ry to share; They're waiting for me on the glit-ter-ing strand, Then I'll  
 spot-less and fair; With Je - sus a - wait just in - side the gate, So I'll



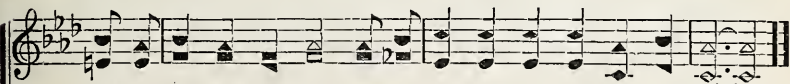
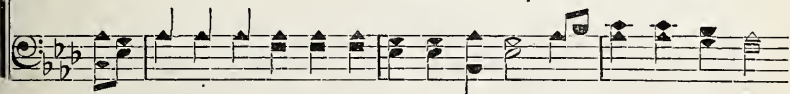
## Chorus



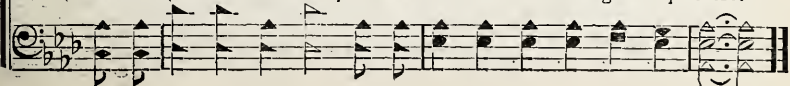
not be a stran-ger up there. I'll not be a stranger up there,  
 be a stranger up there,



Nor have an - y sor-row or care, The tho't is so sweet,  
 no sor-row or care,



when in heav-en we meet, I shall not be a stran-ger up there.



## No. 40

## To Christ Be True

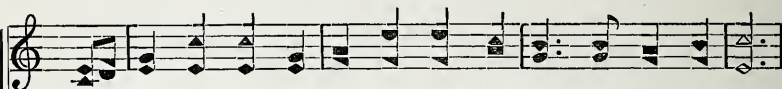
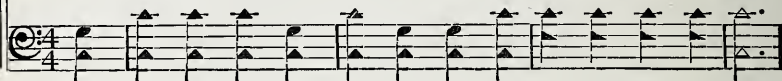
Copyright, 1928, Gospel Advocate Co., Renewal

Elisha A. Hoffman

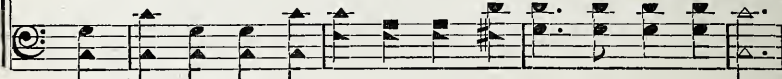
Dr. D. M. Wilson



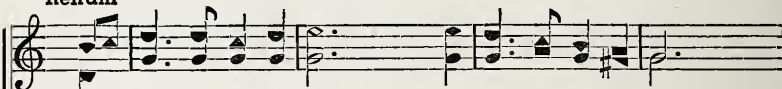
1. To Christ be loy - al and be true; His ban - ner be un - furled,
2. To Christ be loy - al and be true; He needs brave vol - un - teers
3. To Christ be loy - al and be true; In no - ble serv - ice prove
4. To Christ be loy - al and be true; And He will be your friend,



And borne a - loft till is se - cured The con - quest of the world.  
 To stand a - gainst the pow'rs of sin, Moved not by frowns or fears.  
 Your faith and your fi - del - i - ty, The fer - vor of your love.  
 De - fend - ing and pro - tect - ing you To life's tri - umph - ant end.



## Refrain



To Christ, the Lord, be true, For He will go with you,  
 ev - er true, For He will ev - er go with you,



And help you all your con - flicts thro'; To Christ, the Lord, be true.  
 ev - er true.



## No. 41

## Keep Close to Jesus

Arr. Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

J. L.

in "Calvary Songs" John Lane arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. When you start for the land of un - end - ing heav'n - ly rest,  
 2. Nev - er mind threat - 'ning storms or the tri - als as you go, Keep close to  
 3. To be safe from the darts of the dark and e - vil one,  
 4. We shall reach our new home up in heav - en by and by,

He's a true, faith - ful guide and the way He knows the best,  
 Je - sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy when His fa - vor we can know,  
 Take the shield of true faith till the vic - to - ry is won,  
 Where with those whom we love we shall never weep nor sigh,

**Chorus**

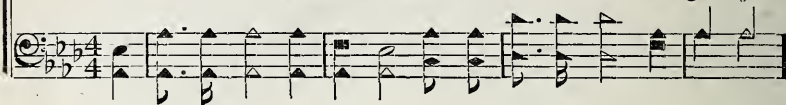
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus, keep close to

Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By day or by  
 all the way;

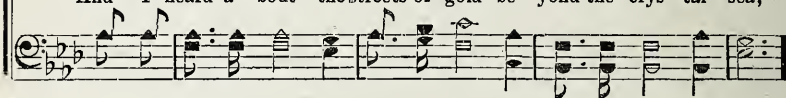
night nev - er turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.  
 all the way.



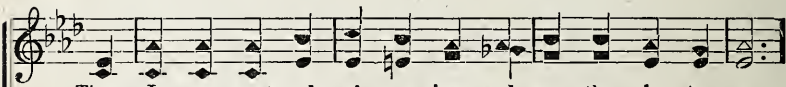
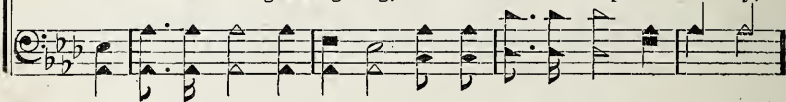
1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,
2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleansing pow'r re - veal - ing,
3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,



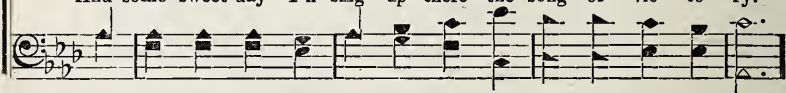
How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me;  
 How He made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see;  
 And I heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea;



I heard a - bout His groan - ing, of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,  
 And then I cried "dear Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it,"  
 A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,



Then I re - pent - ed of my sins and won the vic - to - ry.  
 And some - how Je - sus came and bro't to me the vic - to - ry.  
 And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.



## Chorus

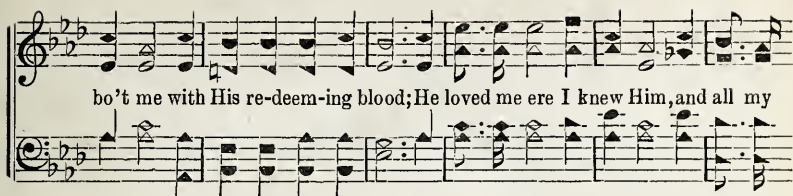


O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for - ev - er, He sought me and





# Victory In Jesus Concluded



bo't me with His re-deem-ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my



love is due Him, He plunged me to vic - to - ry, be-neath the cleansing flood.

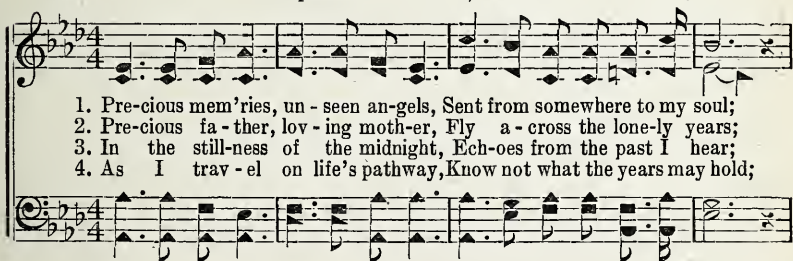
## No. 43

## Precious Memories

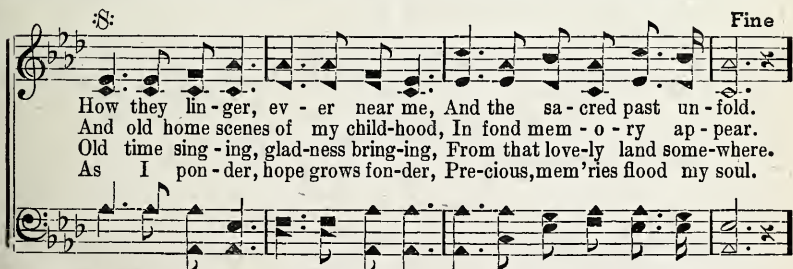
J. B. F. W.

Stamps-Baxter Music Co., owners.

J. B. F. WRIGHT



1. Pre-cious mem'ries, un - seen an-gels, Sent from somewhere to my soul;
2. Pre-cious fa - ther, lov - ing moth-er, Fly a - cross the lone-ly years;
3. In the still-ness of the midnight, Ech-oes from the past I hear;
4. As I trav - el on life's pathway, Know not what the years may hold;

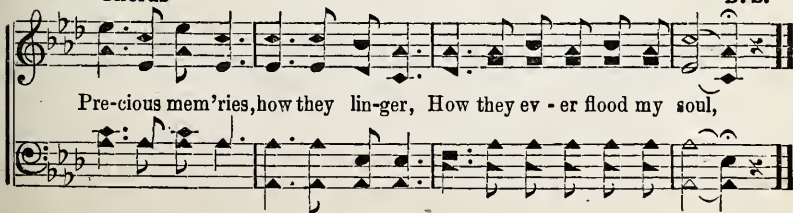


How they lin-ger, ev - er near me, And the sa - cred past un - fold.  
 And old home scenes of my child-hood, In fond mem - o - ry ap - pear.  
 Old time sing - ing, glad-ness bring-ing, From that love-ly land some-where.  
 As I pon - der, hope grows fon-der, Pre-cious, mem'ries flood my soul.

D. S.—In the still - ness of the mid-night, Pre-cious, sa-cred scenes un - fold.

### Chorus

D. S.



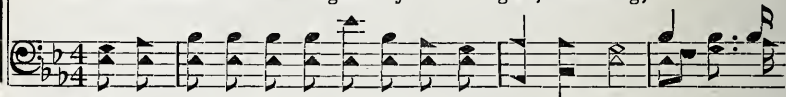
Pre-cious mem'ries, how they lin-ger, How they ev - er flood my soul,

Fanny J. Crosby

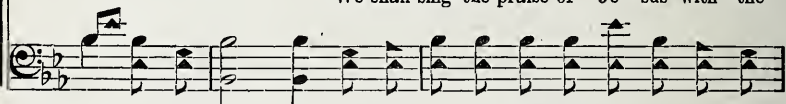
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



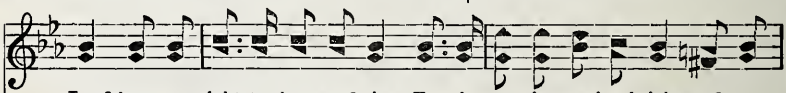
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song,
2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love, Glo - ry to
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold,
4. We shall shout re - deem - ing mer - cy in a glad, new song,



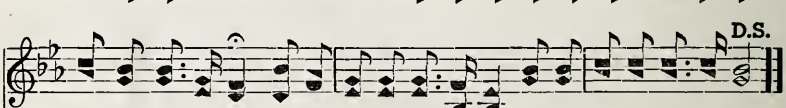
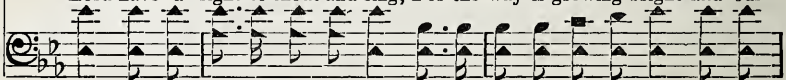
God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ev - er, with our  
 We are ris - ing on its pin - ions to the  
 Where the King in all His splendor we shall  
 We shall sing the praise of Je - sus with the



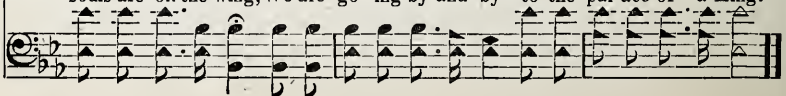
faith more strong,  
 hills a - bove, Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! O the children of the  
 soon be - hold,  
 hap - py throng,



Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the way is growing bright and our



souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and by to the pal - ace of a King!



## It Was Jesus

Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

James Rowe

in "Calvary Songs"

Homer F. Morris

1. I was lost and sad, now I'm saved and glad, Sin no long - er  
 2. Dis-con - tent, un - rest, dai - ly filled my breast, Hard in - deed had  
 3. O ye souls a-stray, look to Him to-day, He will an - swer

can ap - pall; Ev - 'ry stain has gone and I face the dawn,  
 been my fall; But I'm all right now, saved, I don't know how,  
 plea or call; I'm on high - - er ground since this friend I've found,

**Chorus**

It was Je - sus did it all. It was Je - sus did it all,  
 did it all,

It was He who heard my call; I have ceased to roam  
 my call;

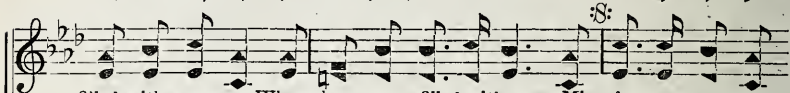
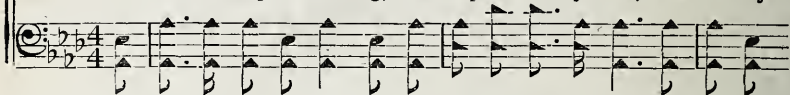
and am go - ing home, It was Je - sus did it all.  
 did it all.

## Diamonds in the Rough

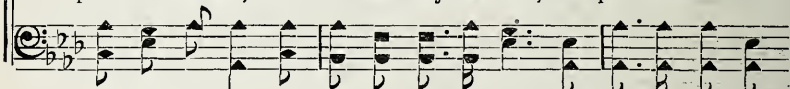
Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman. · Charlie D. Tillman



1. Ah, man - y hearts are ach-ing, We find them ev'ry-where, Whose cups are
2. One day, my pre-cious com-rade, You, too, were lost in sin, But oth-ers
3. So let us keep it burn-ing, The lamp of ho - ly love, To ev'ry



filled with sor-row, Whose homes are filled with care; Mis - for - tune o - ver -  
sought your res-cue And Je - sus took you in; So, when you're tried and  
per - se - cu - tor, Point out the way a - bove; The pre-cious blood of



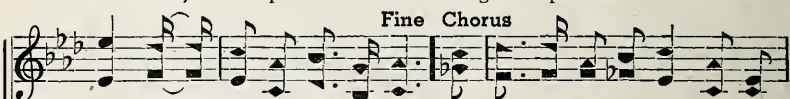
D.S.— let us dig and



takes them, The world gives them a cuff, Or sends them to per - di -  
tempt - ed, By the scof-fer's keen re - buff, Don't turn a - way in an -  
Je - sus Was shed for that poor tough, O let us tell him of

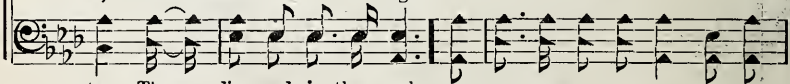


find them, God's pow - er is e - nough To pol - ish in - to beau -

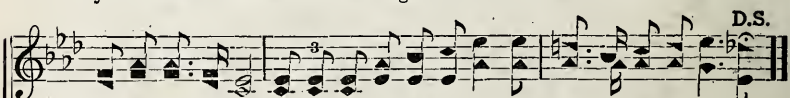


## Fine Chorus

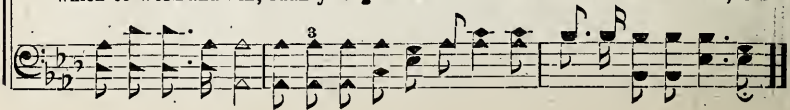
tion, Those diamonds in the rough.  
ger, He's a diamond in the rough. The day will soon be o - ver, In  
it, That diamond in the rough.



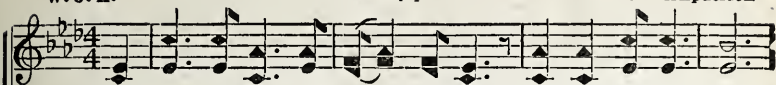
ty Those diamonds in the rough.



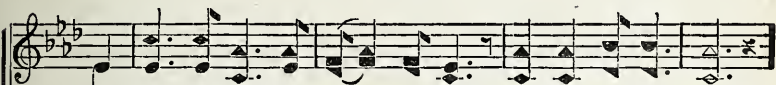
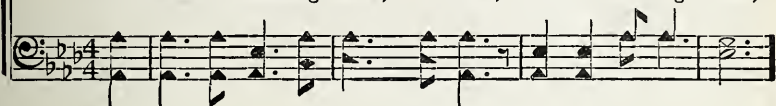
which to work and win, Man-y a gem lies hidden Be-neath the dross of sin, O







1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



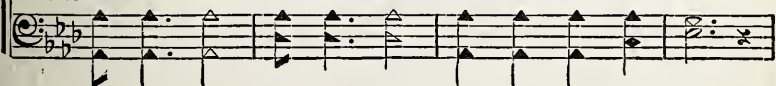
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 O wash me whi - ter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



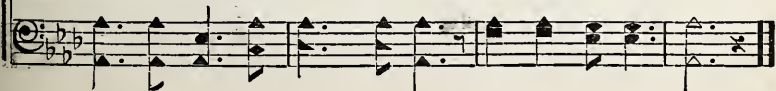
## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

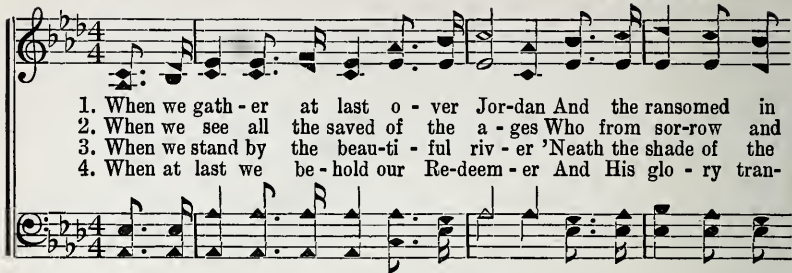


O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

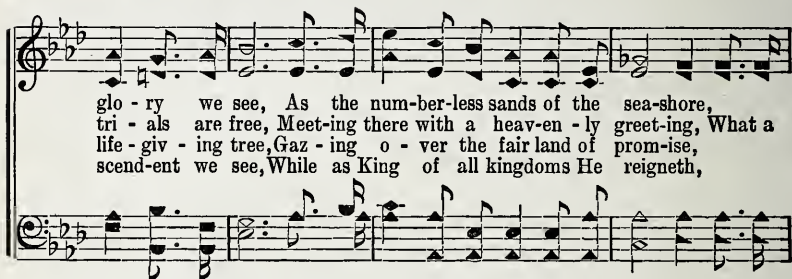


F. A. B, arr.

F. A. Blackmer, arr.

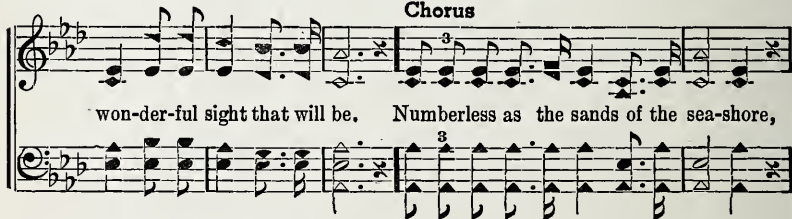


1. When we gath - er at last o - ver Jor - dan And the ransomed in  
 2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges Who from sor - row and  
 3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er 'Neath the shade of the  
 4. When at last we be - hold our Re - deem - er And His glo - ry tran -

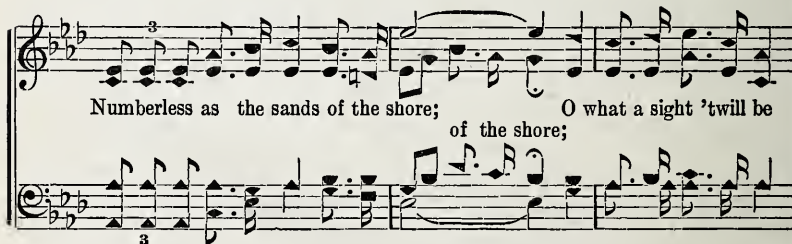


glo - ry we see, As the num - ber - less sands of the sea - shore,  
 tri - als are free, Meet - ing there with a heav - en - ly greet - ing, What a  
 life - giv - ing tree, Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of prom - ise,  
 scend - ent we see, While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth,

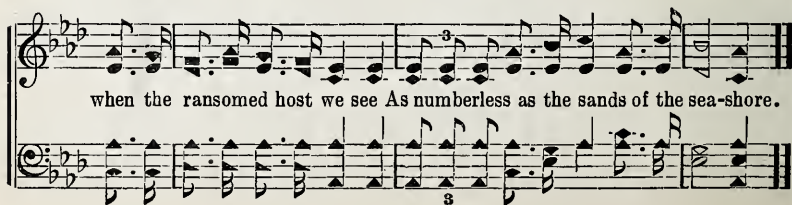
## Chorus



won - der - ful sight that will be. Numberless as the sands of the sea - shore,



Numberless as the sands of the shore; O what a sight 'twill be  
 of the shore;



when the ransomed host we see As numberless as the sands of the sea - shore.

## No. 49

## In the Strength of the Lord

Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.


Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond

in "Calvary Songs"

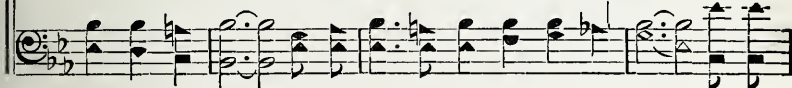
Homer F. Morris



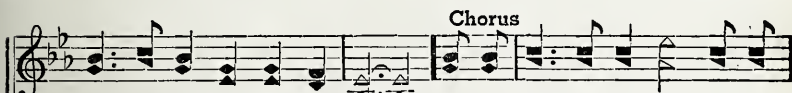
1. In the strength of the Lord I will go, For I know He is  
 2. In the strength of the Lord I will go, He is choos - ing the  
 3. In the strength of the Lord I will go, Striving ev - er His

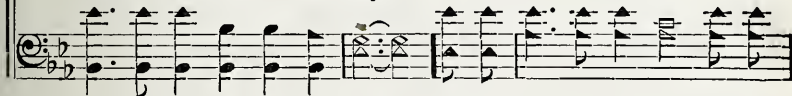
lead - ing me on, 'Tho the paths may seem rug - ged be - low, I will  
 way that I take, Rich - est bless - ings my cup o - ver - flow, He who  
 word to o - bey, What is best for my good He'll be - stow, Till I




Chorus



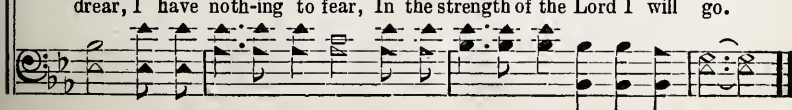
fol - low where Je - sus has gone.  
 leads me will nev - er for - sake. In the strength of the Lord, in the  
 come to the end of the way.




strength of the Lord With a song in my heart I will go, Though the way may be

dear, I have noth - ing to fear, In the strength of the Lord I will go.

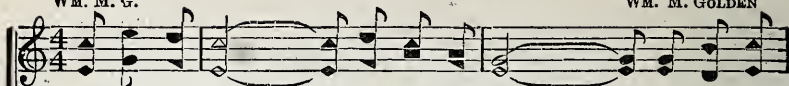


## No. 50

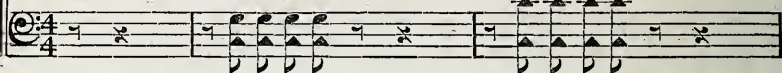
WM. M. G.

## A Beautiful Life

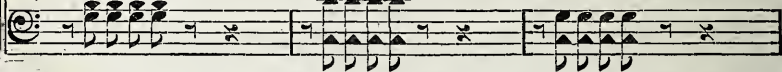
WM. M. GOLDEN



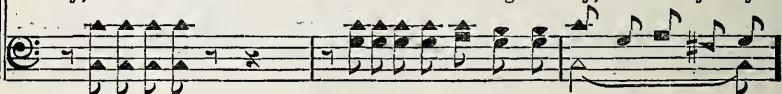
1. Each day I'll do..... a gold-en deed,..... By help-ing  
 2. To be a child..... of God each day,..... My light must  
 3. The on-ly life..... that will en-dure,..... Is one that's  
 4. I'll help some one. .... in time of need,..... And jour-ney  
 5. While go-ing down..... life's wea-ry road,..... I'll try to



those..... who are in need;..... My life on earth..... is but a  
 shine..... a-long the way;..... I'll sing His praise..... while a - ges  
 kind ..... and good and pure;..... And so for God..... I'll take my  
 on..... with rap-id speed;..... I'll help the sick..... and poor and  
 lift..... some trav'ler's load;.... I'll try to turn..... the night to



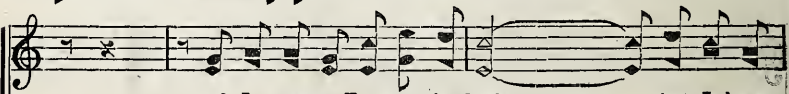
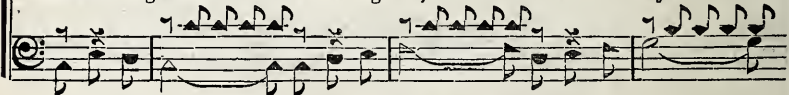
span,..... And so I'll do..... the best I can, the best I can.  
 roll..... And strive to help..... some troubled soul, some troubled soul.  
 stand,..... Each day I'll lend..... a help-ing hand, a help-ing hand.  
 weak,..... And words of kind - - ness to them speak, kind words I'll speak.  
 day,..... Make flowers bloom..... a-long the way, the lone-ly way.



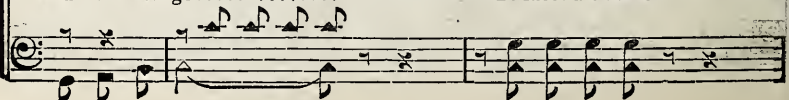
## Chorus



Life's evening sun is sinking low, A few more days  
 Life's evening sun ..... is sink-ing low, ..... A few more days .....



and I must go To meet the deeds..... that I have  
 and I must go..... To meet the deeds





# A Beautiful Life

done, . . . . . Where there will be . . . . . no set-ting sun. . . . .  
that I have done, Where there will be no set-ting sun.

No. 51

## I Am Praying for You

S. O'MALEY CLUFF

IRA D. SANKEY

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-  
2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-  
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-  
4. When Christ has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness  
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in  
ior-is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

*f* Chorus  
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.  
heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am  
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiving one too!  
glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered-'twas answered for you!

*p* *f* *pp* Rall.  
pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

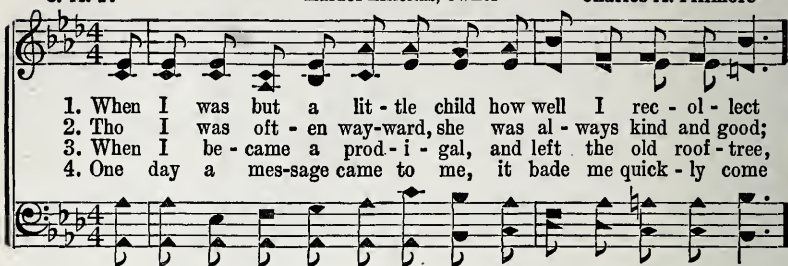
## Tell Mother I'll be There

Copyright, 1926, by Charles H. Fillmore. Renewal

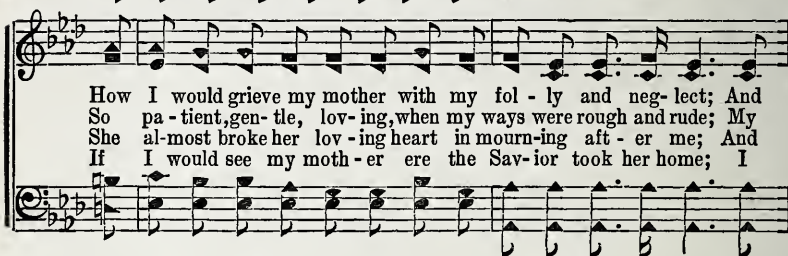
C. M. F.

Haldor Lillenas, owner

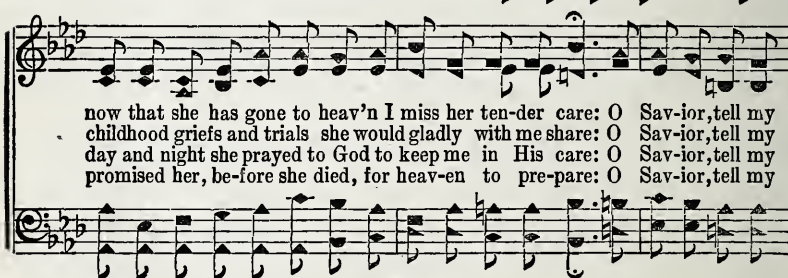
Charles M. Fillmore



1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect  
 2. Tho I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good;  
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,  
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come



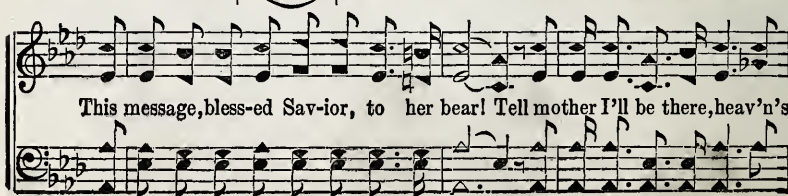
How I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And  
 So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My  
 She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And  
 If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav - ior, tell my  
 promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare: O Sav - ior, tell my



*Rit.* **Chorus**  
 moth - er I'll be there! Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r;  
 I'll be there!



This message, bless - ed Sav - ior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

# Tell Mother I'll be There

*Rit.*

joys with her to share: Yes, tell my dar-ling mother I'll be there!

I'll be there!

## No. 53      Shake Hands with Mother Again

W. A. B.

W. A. Berry

1. If I should be liv - ing when Je - sus comes And could know the day
2. I'd like to say "Moth-er, this is your boy, You left when you
3. There's coming a time when I can go home To meet my
4. There'll be no more sor - row or pain to bear In that home be-

and the hour, I'd like to be stand-ing at moth-er's tomb  
 went a - way; And now my dear moth-er it gives me great joy  
 loved ones up there; There I can see Je - sus up - on His throne  
 yond the sky; O glo - ri - ous tho't when we all get there,

**Fine Chorus**

When Je - sus comes in His pow'r.  
 To see you a - gain to - day." 'Twill be a won-der - ful hap - py day  
 In that bright ci - ty so fair.  
 We nev - er will say "good-by."

D.S. - "Shake hands with mother again."

**D.S.**

Up there on the gold-en strand; When I can hear Je-sus my Sav - ior say,



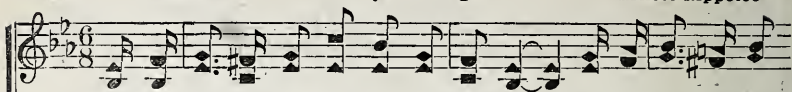
# No. 54 When I've Glimbed the Last Mountain

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Rev. W. A. Washburn

in "Joyful Songs"

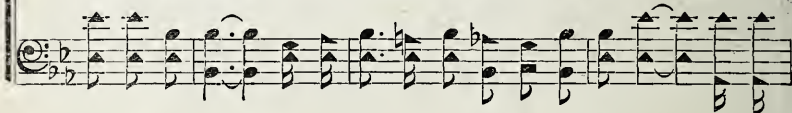
Ernest Rippetoe



1. Man - y meun-tains I face on my jour - ney, Thru the brambles, o'er
2. Here so oft - en I fal - ter and stum - ble, Must be care-ful of
3. When I stand on the top of the moun-tain And I view those bright



bould-ers I climb, But all sor-row and care will be end-ed, When I've  
sin stains and grime, So I still will press on-ward and up-ward, Till I've  
man-sions sub-lime, Then with rap-ture I'll shout, ha-le-lu-jah, When I've



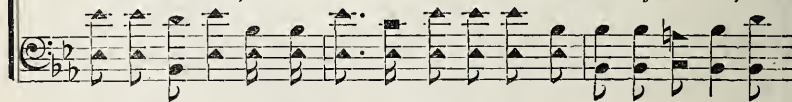
## Chorus



climbed the last moun-tain of time. When I've climbed the last mountain of  
last



time, When I see that fair coun-try sub-lime; How  
mountain of time, fair country sub-lime;



happy I'll be, what joy waits for me, When I've climbed the last mountain of time.



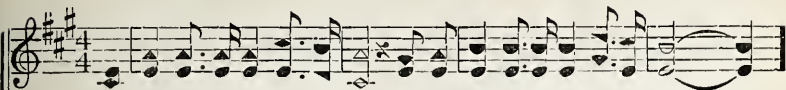


## No. 55 O Think of the Home Over There

**D. W. C. Huntington**

By per.' of T. C. O'Kane

**T. C. O'Kane**



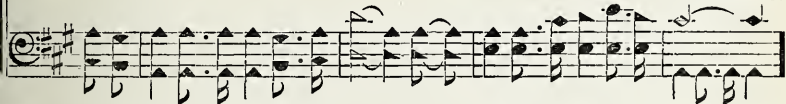
1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,  
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,  
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see;

o-ver there,



Where the saints all immortal and fair    Are robed in their garments of white.  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,    In their home in the palace of God.  
Then a-way from my sorrow and care,    Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
Man - y dear to my heart o-ver there    Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.



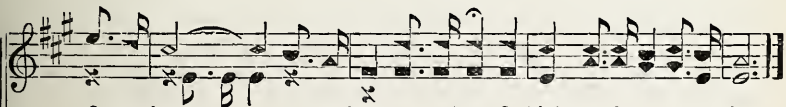
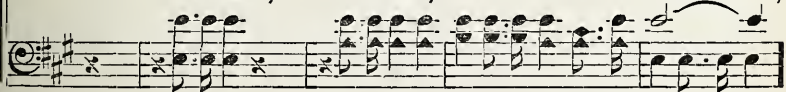
## Chorus



O-ver there, -	o-ver there,	O think of the home over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O think of the friends over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

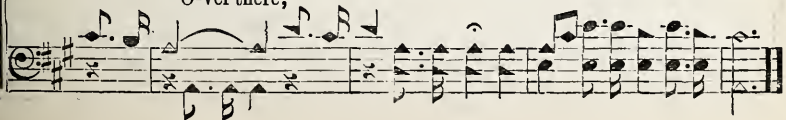
Over there,                      over there,

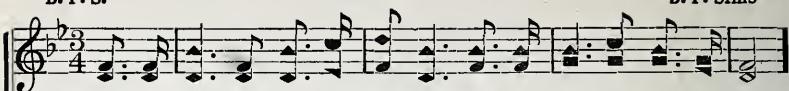
o-ver there,



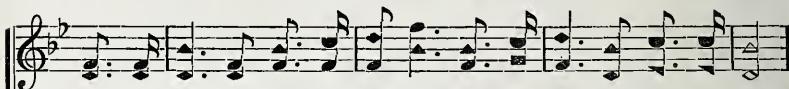
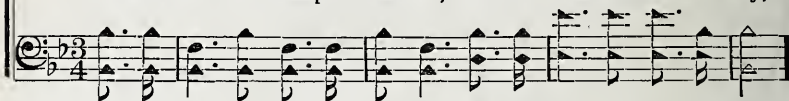
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there.  
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.  
O-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.  
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there,

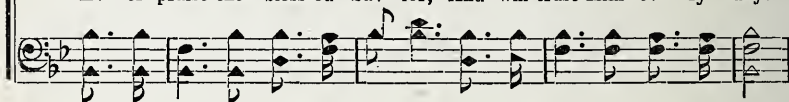




1. I am go - ing to the foun-tain That is flow-ing full and free,
2. I am go - ing to the foun-tain, There to plunge be-neath its wave,
3. Those who en - ter that pure foun-tain, And there wash their sins a - way,



And it flows from Calv'ry's mountain, Flows for sin - ful men like me.  
 For I know that Je - sus loves me, And He longs my soul to save.  
 Ev - er praise the bless-ed Sav - ior, And will trust Him ev - 'ry day.



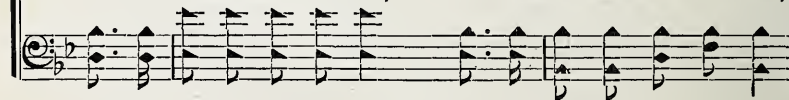
## Chorus



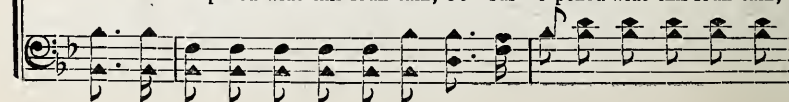
I am go - - - ing to the foun-tain,  
 go - ing to the fountain, I am go - ing to the fountain,



O how sweet the tho't to know, O how sweet the tho't to know,  
 the tho't to know, the tho't to know,



Je - sus o - - - pened wide this fountain,  
 o-pened wide this foun-tain, Je - sus o-pened wide this foun-tain,



# I am Going to the Fountain

And it wash - - - es white as snow.  
wash - es white as snow, yes, it wash - es white as snow.

No. 57

## Is It Worth While?

James Rowe

Copyright, 1931, by Homer F. Morris  
Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

Homer F. Morris

1. E - vil gives pleas-ure but leav-eth a stain,  
2. Grieving the spir - it, you wan-der thru life, Is it worth while, is it worth while?  
3. Heav-en re-nounc-ing for sin's lit - tle day,

Turns you from Heaven, which all wish to gain,  
Weak and un-loved, with all goodness at strife, Is it soul, is it worth while?  
Know-ing the cost which at last you must pay,

### Chorus

Is it worth while the life-crown to lose? Gone is your song, fad - ed your smile;

End - less de-spair is the fu-ture you choose, Is it, O is it worth while?

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to receive from my Lord,  
 2. I was humbly kneeling at the cross, Fearing naught but God's angry frown,  
 3. In the book 'tis written, "Saved by grace;" O the joy that came to my soul!

This was free-ly giv - en, and I found That He always kept His word.  
 When the heavens opened and I saw That my name was written down.  
 Now I am for-giv - en, and I know, By the blood I am made whole.  
 kept His word.

## Chorus

There's a new name written down in glory, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!  
 And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

And the white-robed angels sing the story, "A sin - ner has come home;"  
 has come home;

For there's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's  
 And it's mine,



# A New Name In Glory

minel With my sins for-giv-en I am bound for heaven, Nevermore to roam.  
yes, it's minel

## No. 59

## The Darkest Day

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Mrs. Verda Cookwright in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2" Frank H. Stamps

Duet

1. The sun re-fused to shine a-bove, When Je-sus died to prove His love;
2. Me-thinks I hear the rab-ble jeer At weeping loved ones standing near,
3. I seem to hear Him pleading now, With cru-el thorns up-on His brow;
4. I seem to see them take Him down And cast a-way the blood-stained crown;

And all the birds re-fused to sing, When sin-ners cru-ci-fied the King.  
When Je-sus wore the thorn-y crown And with the eyes of love looked down.  
"Forgive!" it came in ac-cents true, "Forgive! They know not what they do."  
And, O I see up-on that brow A crown of fade-less glo-ry now.

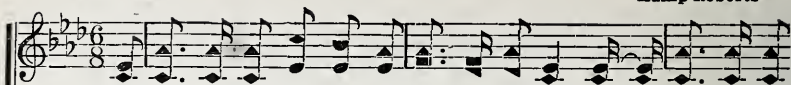
### Chorus

The dark-est day the world has known Was when He suf-fered all a-lone?

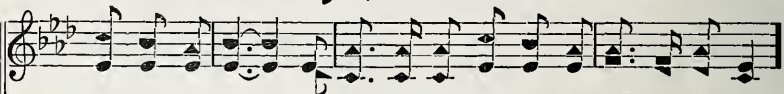
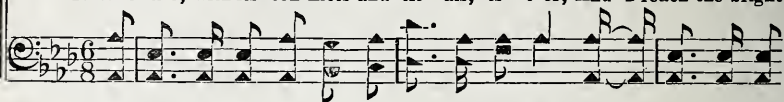
When on the cross of Cal-va-ry The Sav-ior died for you and me.

H. F. Morris

Hamp Roberts



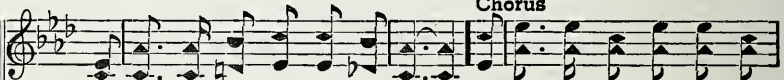
1. I have a sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to-night, How He left the bright
2. O won - der - ful sto - ry, O how could it be, That He would such
3. I'll nev - er for - sake Him, nor faithless will prove, No, nev - er, as
4. When life, with its con - flicts and tri - als, is o'er, And I reach the bright



man-sions a - bove, And came to re-deem me from sor-row's dark night,  
 bless-ings be - stow? That we from sin's bond-age might ev - er be free,  
 long as I live; He's nev - er for-got - ten to cheer with His love,  
 man-sions a - bove, This won - der - ful sto - ry I'll sing o'er and o'er,



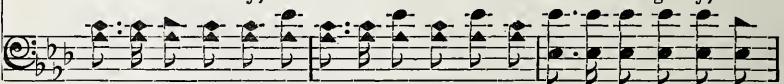
## Chorus



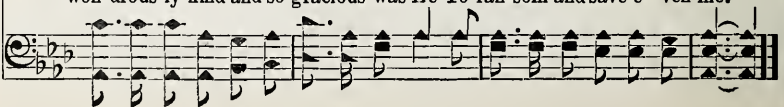
And fill my poor heart with His love.  
 His love and His fa - vor to know? O won - der - ful, won - der - ful  
 Nor meas - ure - less bless - ings to give.  
 This won - der - ful sto - ry of love.



sto - ry, He left the bright mansions of glo - ry; So  
 won - der - ful sto - ry, the man-sions of glo - ry;



won-drous-ly kind and so gracious was He To ran-som and save e - ven me.



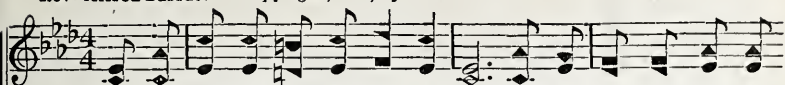
## No. 61

## The End of The Road

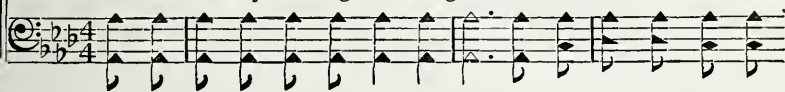
Rev. Alfred Barratt

Copyright, 1931, by H. F. Morris

Homer F. Morris



1. Tho my heart may sometimes wea-ry grow When I tread the drear-y
2. Tho at times the day is lone and long And my voice has lost its
3. While I'm walk-ing in the paths of right Je-sus makes my heav-y
4. I am sweet-ly trust-ing in His grace For I know He has pre-



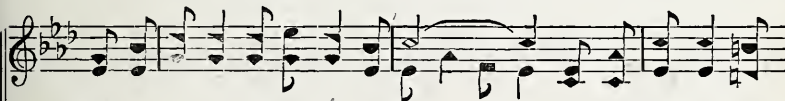
paths of woe; There is joy a-wait-ing me I know—  
 joy-ful song; I shall join the happy blood-bo't throng—When I come to the  
 bur-den light; All my faith at last will turn to sight—  
 pared a place; Where my eyes shall look up-on His face—



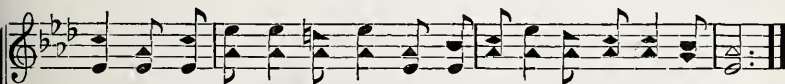
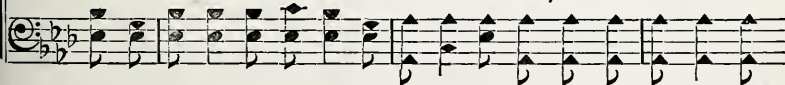
## Chorus



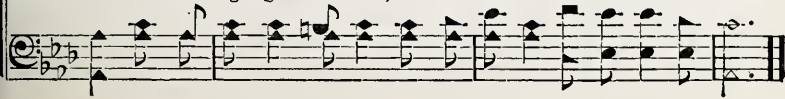
end of the road. When I come to the end of the road,  
 the end of the road,



When I come to the end of the road, I shall dwell ev-er-  
 the end of the road,



more On that bright gold-en shore, When I come to the end of the road.



## No. 62

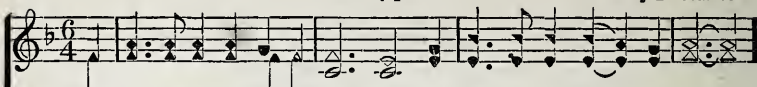
## Into my Heart

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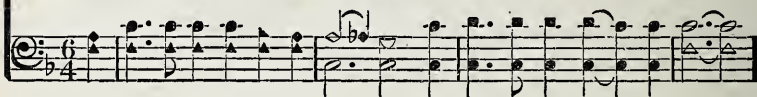
H. D. C.

Used by per.

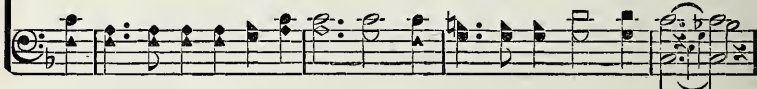
Harry D. Clarke



1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, Come in - to my heart, I pray;
2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;
3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, And take all my guilt a - way;
4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;



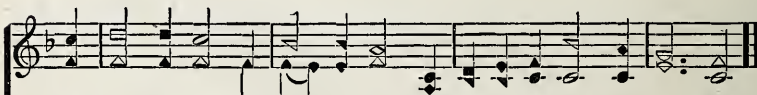
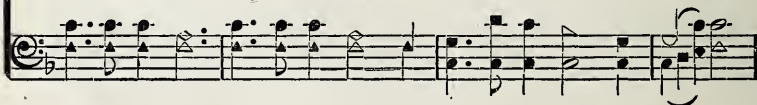
My soul is so troubled and wea - ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.  
 The bur - den of sin is so heav - y, Come in - to my heart to stay.  
 Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e - ter - nal day.  
 Fill me with Thy won - der - ful Spir - it, Come in and take full con - trol.



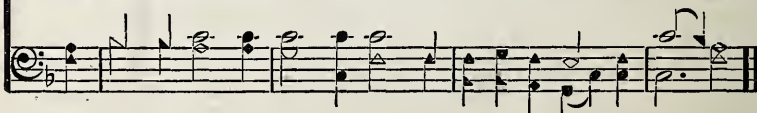
## CHORUS.



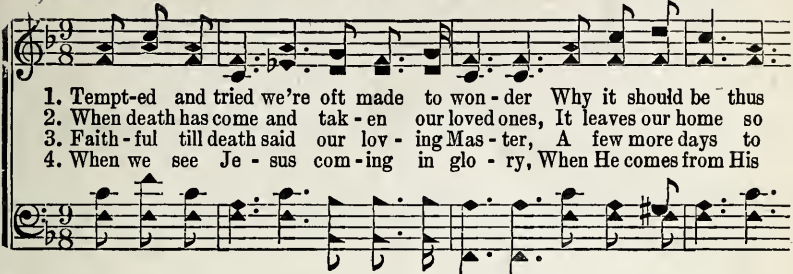
In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

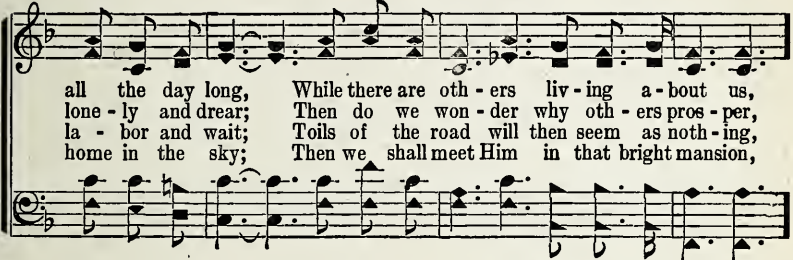


Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.



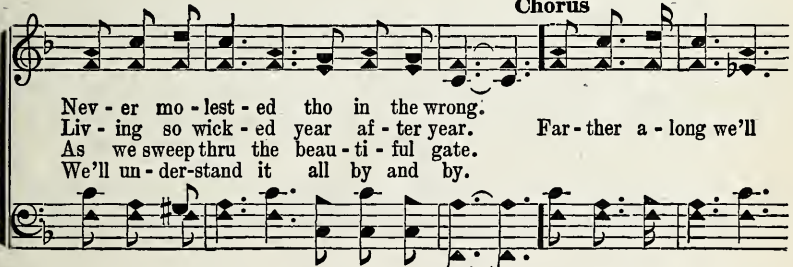


- 
1. Tempt-ed and tried we're oft made to won - der Why it should be thus
  2. When death has come and tak - en our loved ones, It leaves our home so
  3. Faith - ful till death said our lov - ing Mas - ter, A few more days to
  4. When we see Je - sus com - ing in glo - ry, When He comes from His

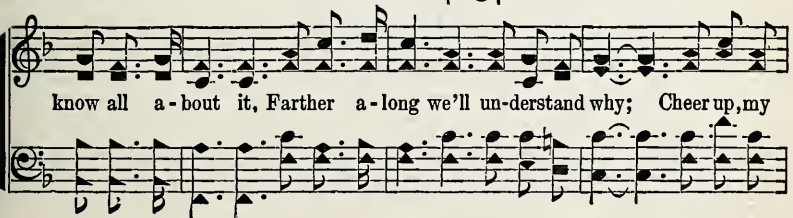


all the day long, While there are oth - ers liv - ing a - bout us,  
lone - ly and drear; Then do we won - der why oth - ers pros - per,  
la - bor and wait; Toils of the road will then seem as noth - ing,  
home in the sky; Then we shall meet Him in that bright mansion,

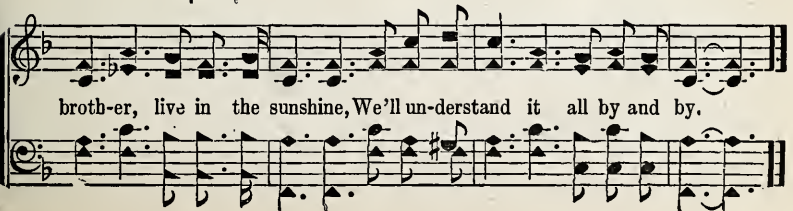
## Chorus



Nev - er mo - lest - ed tho in the wrong.  
Liv - ing so wick - ed year af - ter year. Far - ther a - long we'll  
As we sweep thru the beau - ti - ful gate.  
We'll un - der - stand it all by and by.



know all a - bout it, Farther a - long we'll un - der - stand why; Cheer up, my



broth - er, live in the sunshine, We'll un - der - stand it all by and by.

## No. 64

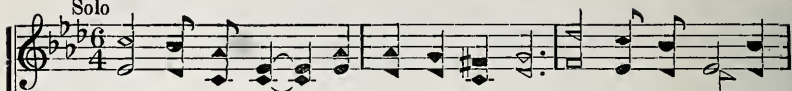
## That One Lost Sheep

L. Phillip Knox

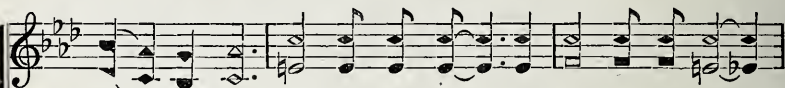
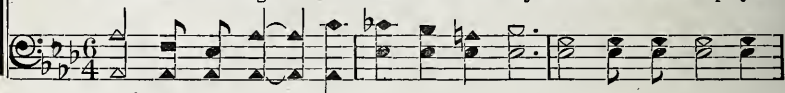
Copyright, 1924, by E. Toral Seat

E. Toral Seat

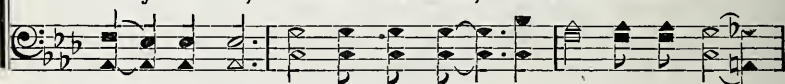
Solo



1. Safe were the nine-ty and nine in the fold, Safe tho the night was
2. Al - tho His feet were wea - ry and worn, And tho His hands were
3. There in the night He heard a faint cry From the lost sheep just



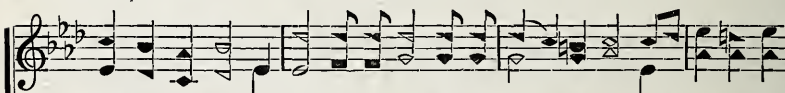
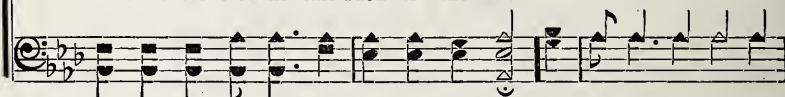
storm-y and cold; But said the shepherd, when count-ing them o'er,  
rent and torn; E'en tho the road was rug - ged and steep,  
read - y to die; Then in His arms, to shield from the cold



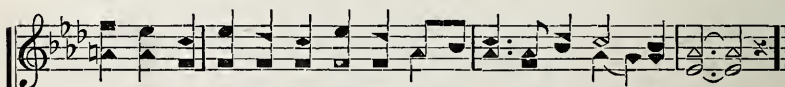
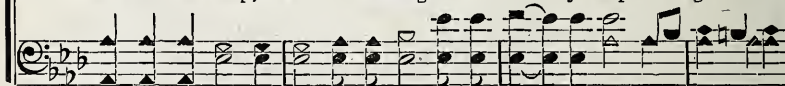
Chorus



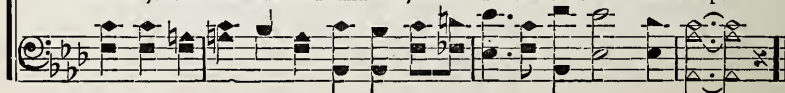
"One sheep is missing; there should be one more!"  
Still the good shepherd sought long for His sheep. The shepherd went out to  
He bro't the lost one safe back to the fold.



search for His sheep, And all thru the night on the rock - y steep He sought till He



found him, with lovebands He bound him, And I was that one lost sheep.



Mrs. C. V. Martin.

By permission

W. Stillman Martin.

1. They call me old-fash-ioned be-cause I be-lieve That the Bi-ble is  
 2. Old-fash-ioned, because I be-lieve and ac-cept On-ly what has been  
 3. Old-fash-ioned, because I am bound to do right, To walk in the  
 4. Old-fash-ioned, because I am look-ing a-bove To Je-sus, my

God's Ho-ly Word, That Je-sus, who lived a-mong men long a-go,  
 spo-ken from heav'n; Old-fash-ioned, be-cause at the cross I was saved,  
 straight narrow way; Be-cause I have giv-en my whole life to God,  
 glo-ri-fied Lord; Be-cause I be-lieve He is com-ing a-gain,

## CHORUS.

Is di-vine, and the Christ of God.  
 At the cross had my sins for-giv'n. My sin was old-fashioned, My  
 Old-fash-ioned, be-cause I pray.  
 Ful-fill-ing His Ho-ly Word.

guilt was old-fashioned, God's love was old-fashioned, I know; And the way I was

saved Was the old-fashioned way, Thro' the blood that makes whiter than snow.

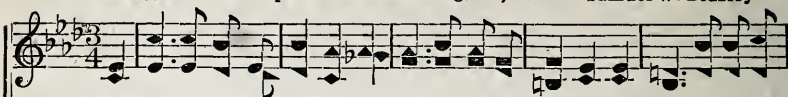
## No. 66

## Be Ye Therefore Ready

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."

T. O. Chisholm

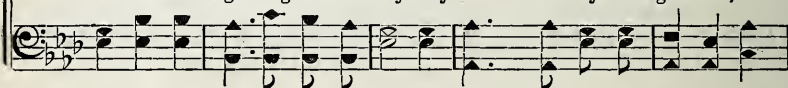
Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co., owner Samuel W. Beazley



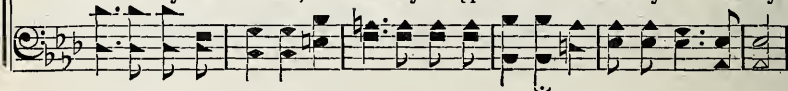
1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will be the
2. With-out a moment's warning, Swift as an eye-lid's closing, Such will be His ap-
3. Faith-ful is He that promised, Surely He cometh quickly, But some are drinking,
4. O day of earth's redemption And of the new creation, When sorrow's tears will



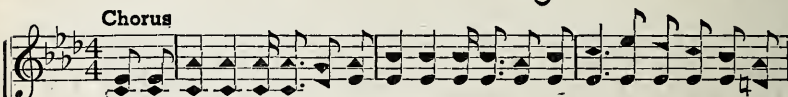
last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho-ly an-gels, Will  
pear-ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, re-main-ing, They  
feast-ing, Who think that hour delayed; But while the Bride-groom tarries, Be  
van-ish And sigh-ing flee a-way! Day of all days the greatest, Of



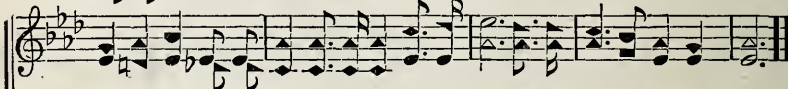
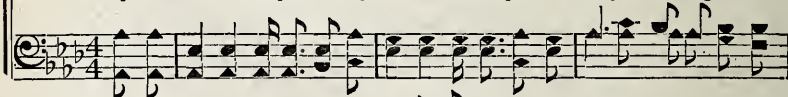
come in clouds of glory, "And ev-'ry eye shall see Him" O advent hour sublime!  
who in Him are sleeping, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"  
always watching, praying, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!  
des-ti-ny e-ter-nal, How swift-ly it approacheth! Be read-y for that day!



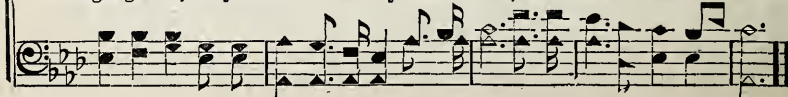
## Chorus



"Be ye therefore read-y!" "Be ye therefore ready!" If it be [at morning or in



midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come.





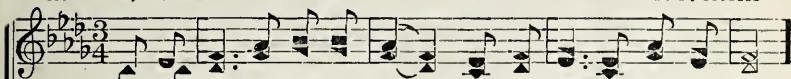
## When we all Shall Meet Again

Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

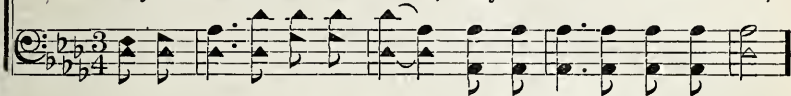
Arr. H. F. Morris

in "Comfort and Consolation"

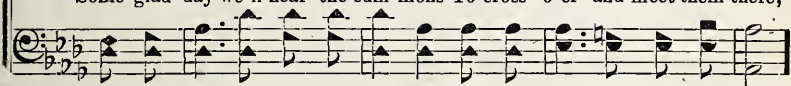
F. P. Morris



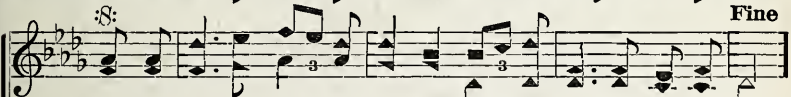
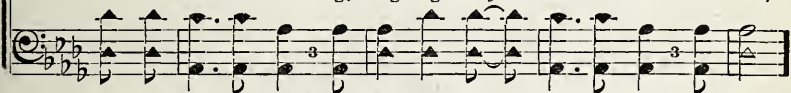
1. O how sad to part with loved ones, Who from us are called a - way,
2. They are gone, for - ev - er gone, On that ev - er on - ward track,
3. They are free from sin and sor - row, They are free from toil and care,



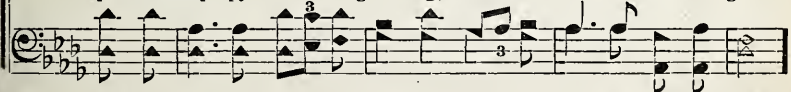
They have crossed the mys-tic riv - er To the realms of end - less day;  
Where the trav-'ler, wea - ry trav-'ler, Goes and nev - er - more comes back;  
Some glad day we'll hear the sum-mons To cross o'er and meet them there;



But we hope a - gain to meet them, This tho't dis - pels the pain,  
In that hap - py home-land yon-der, Where the heav'nly hosts do reign,  
O the anx ious wait-ing, long-ing May it not be all in vain,



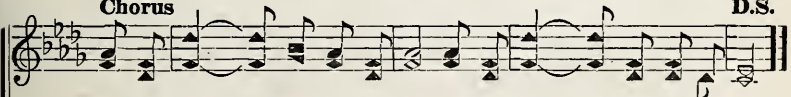
And we fond-ly view the fu - ture, When we all shall meet a - gain.  
We will strike glad hands for - ev - er Re - u - nit - ed all a - gain.  
Speed the hap - py hour of greet-ing, When we all shall meet a - gain.



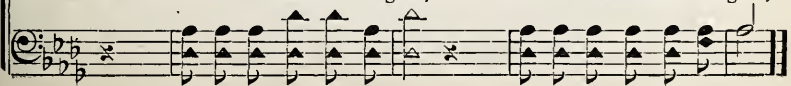
D.S.—What a hap - py, hap - py greet-ing! When we all shall meet a - gain.

## Chorus

D.S.



When we all . . . . shall meet a - gain, When we all . . . . shall meet a - gain;



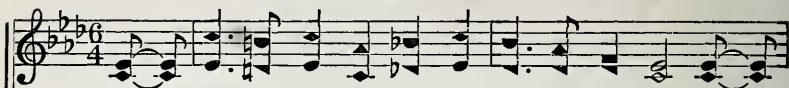
Arr. Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

D. D. Jones

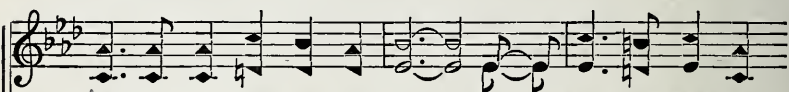
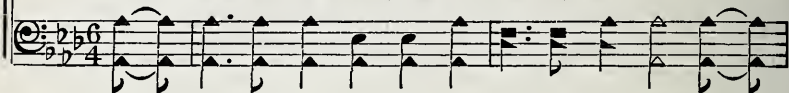
Arr.

in "Comfort and Consolation"

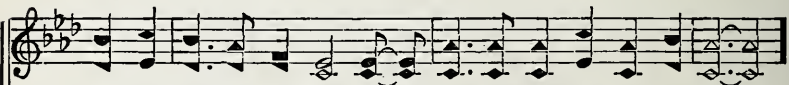
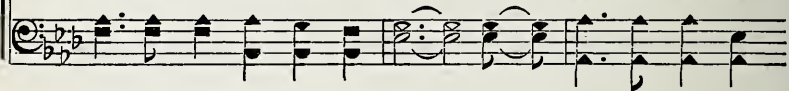
Arr. H. F. M.



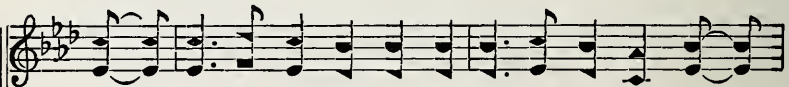
1. I have treas-ures laid up in the ci - ty of God, Bright
2. The feet that went down in the riv - er of death, As I
3. The hands that once lov - ing - ly clung to my own, As they
4. Old earth, with its fra-grance, and beau - ty, and bloom, To



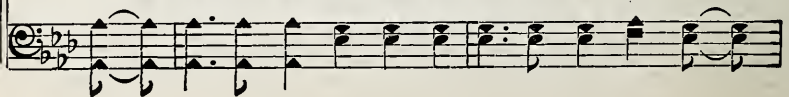
jew - els that nev - er can rust; For a - while they were dwell-  
 stood on life's des - o - late sand, Are walk - ing in glad-  
 grew in death pulse-less and cold, Are bear - ing fresh palms  
 me is ex - quis - ite - ly fair, But heav - en is dear-



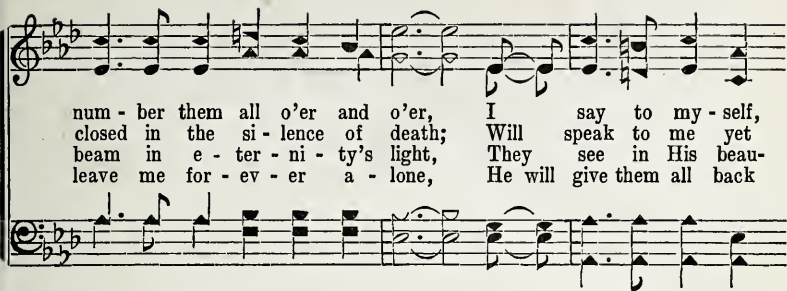
ers in cask-ets of clay, But those cask-ets are now in the dust.  
 ness the streets of bright gold, That run thru the beau - ti - ful land.  
 thru the ci - ty of God, Or sweep-ing o'er harpstrings of gold.  
 er and sweet-er to me, For my treas-ures so pre-cious are there.




And as here in the light of that beau - ti - ful morn, I  
 The lips that so ten - der - ly whis-pered my name, E'er they  
 The eyes that turned on me with love to the last, Now  
 The dear Fa - ther who gave them and took them a - way, Will not



# My Treasures



num - ber them all o'er and o'er, I say to my - self,  
 closed in the si - lence of death; Will speak to me yet  
 beam in e - ter - ni - ty's light, They see in His beau-  
 leave me for - ev - er a - lone, He will give them all back

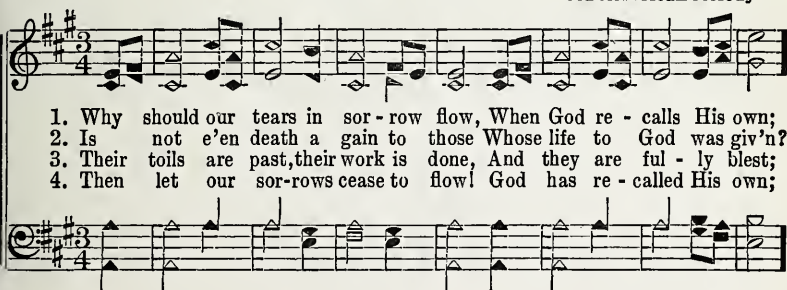


“in that ci - ty a - bove, I will find my lost jew - els once more.”  
 in the E - den of love, When life is no lon - ger a breath.  
 ty the King on His throne, And gaze on His face with de - light.  
 to my bos - om a - gain, When I stand on that shore by the throne.

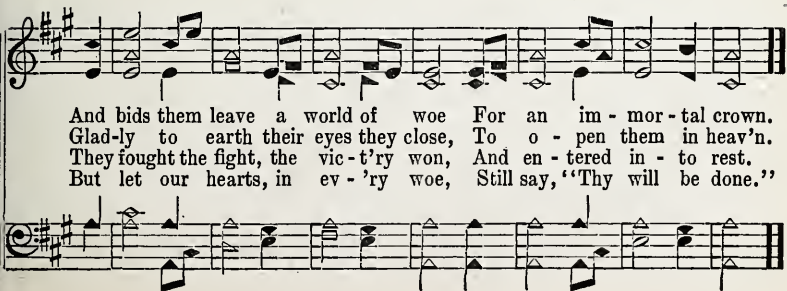
No. 69

Solon. G. M.

Old American Melody



1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God re - calls His own;  
 2. Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was giv'n?  
 3. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest;  
 4. Then let our sor - rows cease to flow! God has re - called His own;

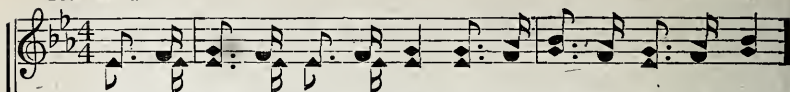


And bids them leave a world of woe For an im - mor - tal crown.  
 Glad - ly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heav'n.  
 They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - tered in - to rest.  
 But let our hearts, in ev - 'ry woe, Still say, “Thy will be done.”

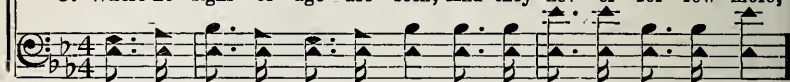
From "Grateful Praise," by permission of Fillmore Bros.

E. R. Latta

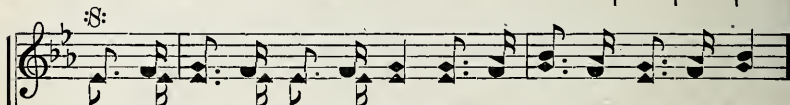
J. H. Fillmore



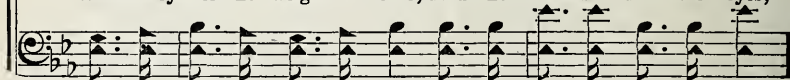
1. Where life's crys-tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,
2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasped the part-ing hand;
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more,



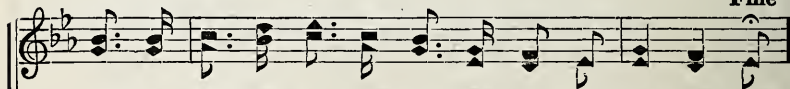
Where no chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom;  
 Fa - thers, moth - ers, chil - dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand;  
 Where no sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r;



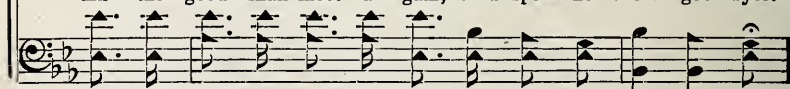
Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thru all the cloud - less skies,  
 There no tem - pests e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal clouds a - rise,  
 Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes,



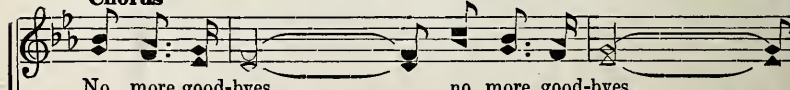
**D.S.**—'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be - yond the skies,

**Fine**

There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.  
 And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good-byes.  
 All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good-byes.



Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

**Chorus**

No more good-byes, no more good-byes, no more good-byes,  
 No more good-byes, no more good-byes, no more good-byes,





# No More Good-Byes

D.S.

O bless - ed thought! no more good-byes;  
O bless - ed thought! no more good-byes;

## No. 71

## We'll Never Say, Good-By

Mrs. E. W. Chapman

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

J. H. Tenney

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok - en In yon - der home so fair,

Yea ev - er comes the tho't of sad - ness, That we must say good - by.  
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With Them shall ev - er be.  
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

### Chorus

We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-by;  
good-by;

Repeat chorus *pp*

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good-by.

This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson.  
The closing words of the chorus in his own language

Kate Cameron

R. M. McIntosh

1. When our work is end - ed we shall sweet - ly rest, With the saint - ed spir - its  
2. Earth hath man - y sor - rows, but they can - not last, And our great - est troubles  
3. When the storm is o - ver, sweet will be the calm, Aft - er life's long bat - tle

safe on Je - sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall gladly sing, "Grave where  
quick - ly will be past; If we look to Je - sus He will give us strength; By His  
bright the victor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weights us down; We'll ex -

## Chorus

is thy vic - t'ry, death where is thy sting."  
grace we shall be con - quer - ors at length. Tho' the dark waves roll high, We will  
change in heav - en for a shin - ing crown.

be un - dis - mayed; "Let us pass o - ver the riv - er and rest un - der the

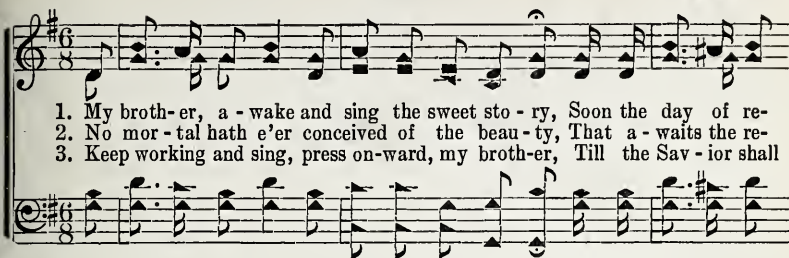
shade, Rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade of the trees."

# No. 73 When All Redeemed Singers Get Home

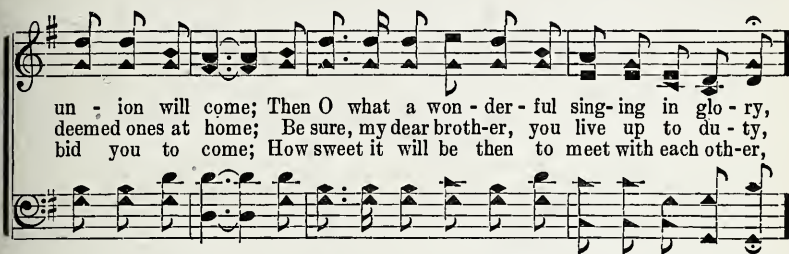
J. B. V.

Used by per.

J. B. Vaughan

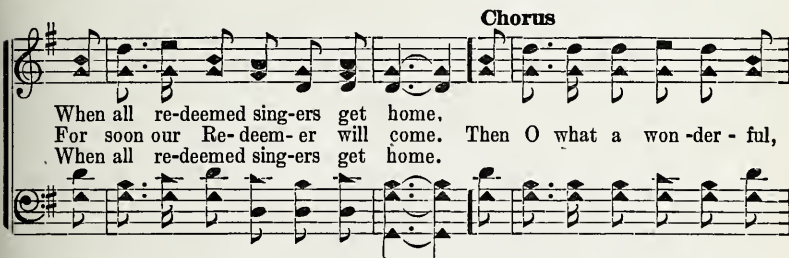


1. My broth-er, a - wake and sing the sweet sto - ry, Soon the day of re-  
 2. No mor - tal hath e'er conceived of the beau - ty, That a - waits the re-  
 3. Keep working and sing, press on - ward, my broth-er, Till the Sav - ior shall



un - ion will come; Then O what a won - der - ful sing - ing in glo - ry,  
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du - ty,  
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth-er,

**Chorus**



When all re-deemed sing-ers get home,  
 For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then O what a won-der - ful,  
 When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.



won-der - ful sing-ing, When all redeemed sing-ers get home; Re - un - ion, re -

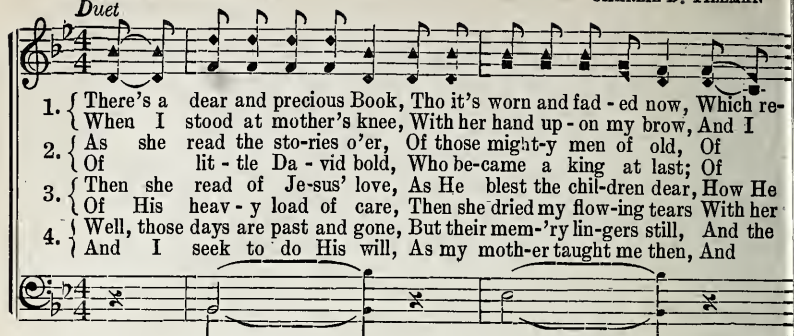


un - ion, thru a - ges still ring-ing, When all redeemed sing-ers get home.

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

## Duet



1. { There's a dear and precious Book, Tho it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re-  
When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand up - on my brow, And I

2. { As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of  
Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be-came a king at last; Of

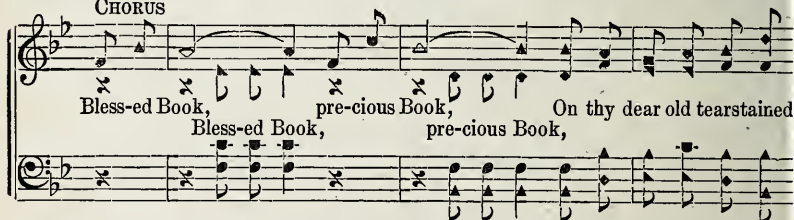
3. { Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He  
Of His heav - y load of care, Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her

4. { Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the  
And I seek to do His will, As my moth-er taught me then, And




1 calls those happy days of long ago; heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
Jo - seph and of Daniel and their trials; Sa-tan with his man-y wick-ed wiles.  
suffered, bled and died upon the tree; kiss-es as she said it was for me.  
dear old Book each day has been my guide; ev - er in my heart His words abide.

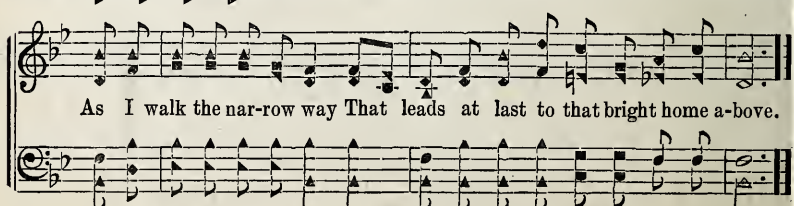
## CHORUS



Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book, On thy dear old tearstained  
Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book,



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a-bove.



Arr. Copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman

Words by

B. B. McKinney

Arr. by B. B. McKinney

From Hawaiian Folk Song

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the  
 2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row To dwell in that  
 3. Wea - ry soul, to Je - sus come con - fess - ing, Re - demp-tion from

lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown.  
 land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-  
 sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a

go - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.  
 mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.  
 bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!

## Chorus

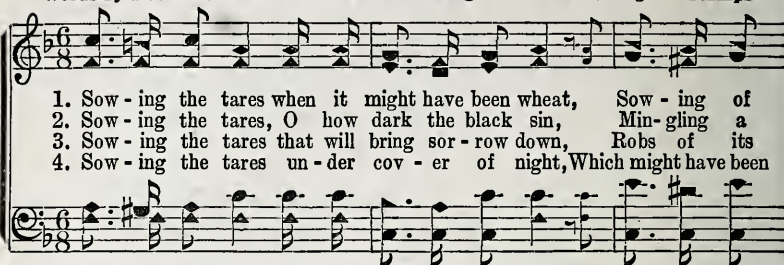
He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o - ver sin and all its

stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.

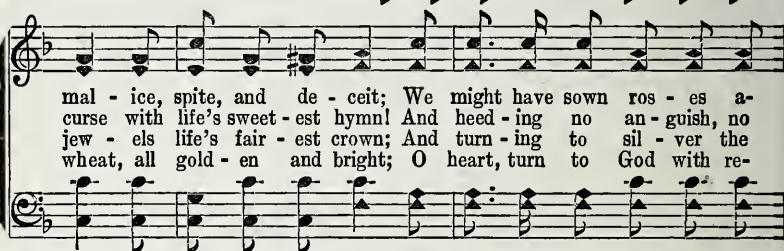
## Sowing the Tares

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

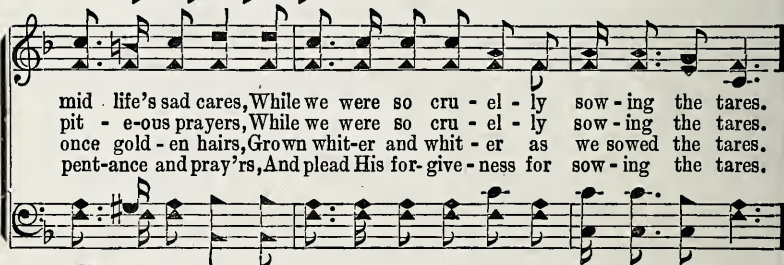
Words by a Convict in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2" Arr. Virgil O. Stamps



1. Sow - ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of  
 2. Sow - ing the tares, O how dark the black sin, Min - gling a  
 3. Sow - ing the tares that will bring sor - row down, Robs of its  
 4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been

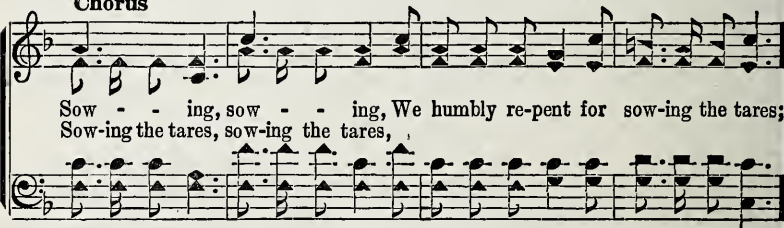


mal - ice, spite, and de - ceit; We might have sown ros - es a -  
 curse with life's sweet - est hymn! And heed - ing no an - guish, no  
 jew - els life's fair - est crown; And turn - ing to sil - ver the  
 wheat, all gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re -

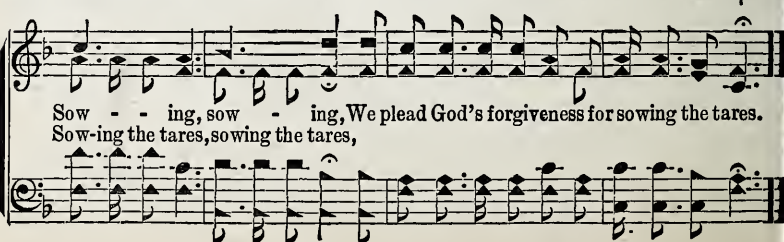


mid - life's sad cares, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 pit - eous prayers, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 once gold - en hairs, Grown whit - er and whit - er as we sowed the tares.  
 pent - ance and pray'rs, And plead His for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

## Chorus



Sow - - ing, sow - - ing, We humbly re - pent for sow - ing the tares;  
 Sow - ing the tares, sow - ing the tares,



Sow - - ing, sow - - ing, We plead God's forgiveness for sowing the tares.  
 Sow - ing the tares, sowing the tares,

# No. 77 I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone

To my friend V. O. Stamps—C. E. D.

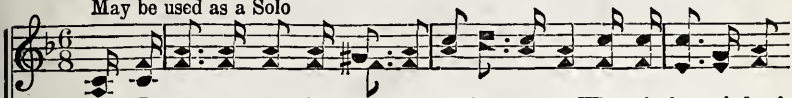
Copyright, 1934, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., in "Leading Light"

Thomas Ramsey

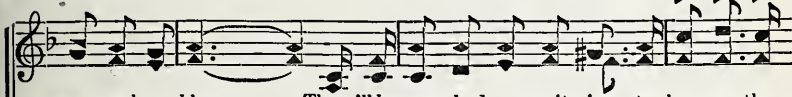
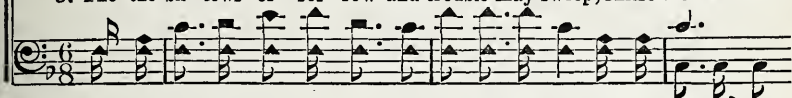
Robt. H. Coleman, owner

Chas. E. Durham

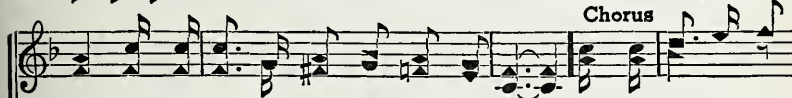
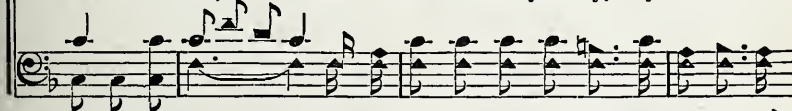
May be used as a Solo



1. When I come to the riv - er at end - ing of day, When the last winds of
2. Oft - en - times I'm for - sak - en, and wea - ry and sad, When it seems that my
3. Tho the bil - lows of sor - row and trouble may sweep, Christ the Savior will

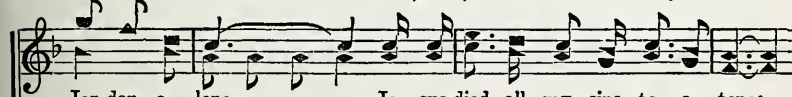


sor - row have blown; ..... There'll be some - bod - y wait - ing to show me the  
friends have all gone; ..... There is one tho't that cheers me and makes my heart  
care for His own; ..... Till the end of the jour - ney, my soul He will

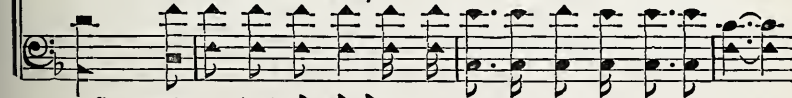


## Chorus

way, I won't have to cross Jor - dan a - lone. I won't have to cross  
glad, I won't have to cross Jor - dan a - lone.  
keep, I won't have to cross Jor - dan a - lone. I won't have



Jor - dan a - lone, ..... Je - sus died all my sins to a - tone;  
to cross Jor - dan a - lone,



Solo ad lib.

Parts

When the darkness I see, He'll be waiting for me, I won't have to cross Jordan alone.

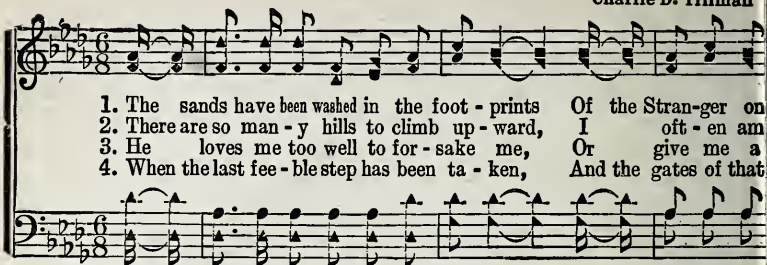
Hum.....

Hum.....



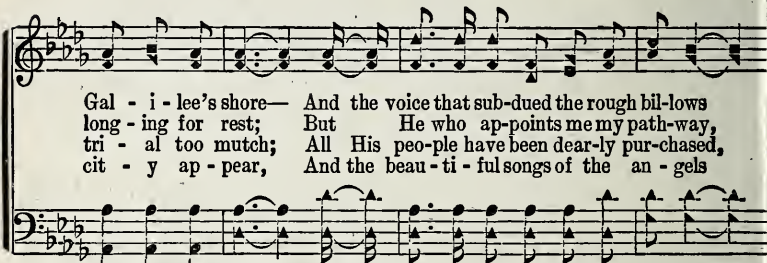
# No. 78 When I Get to the End of the Way

Charlie D. Tillman



1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on  
 2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am  
 3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a  
 4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that

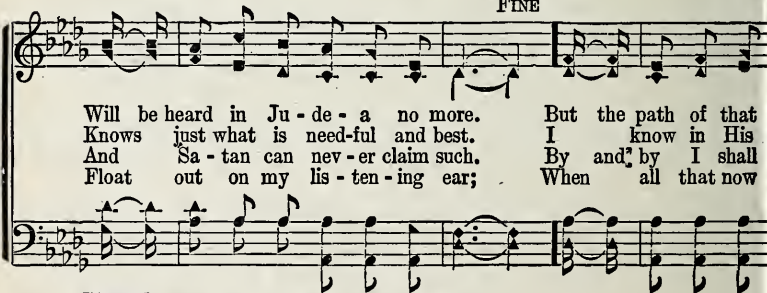
*D.C.*—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the



Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows  
 long - ing for rest; But He who ap-oints me my path-way,  
 tri - al too much; All His peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased,  
 cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

FINE



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that  
 Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His  
 And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall  
 Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now

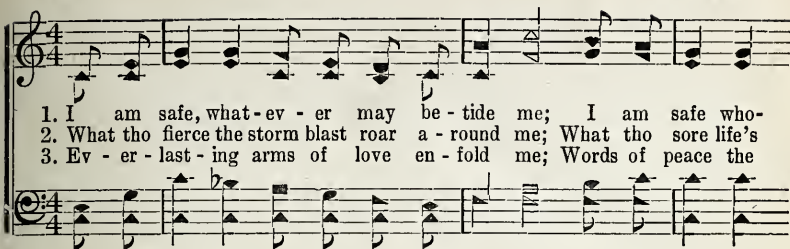
When I get to the end of the way.

*D. C.*

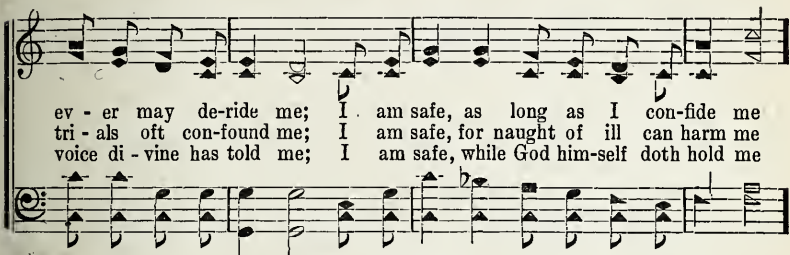


lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;  
 word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be - as my day;"  
 see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end-ing day;  
 seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day;



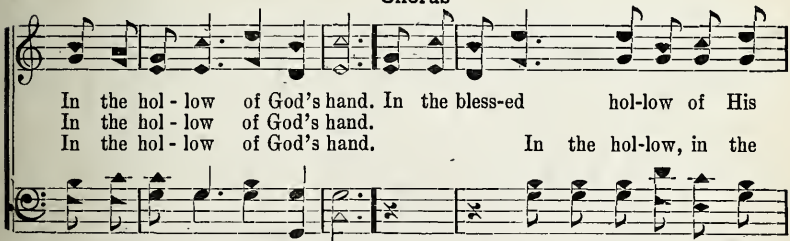


1. I am safe, what-ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who-  
 2. What tho fierce the storm blast roar a - round me; What tho sore life's  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

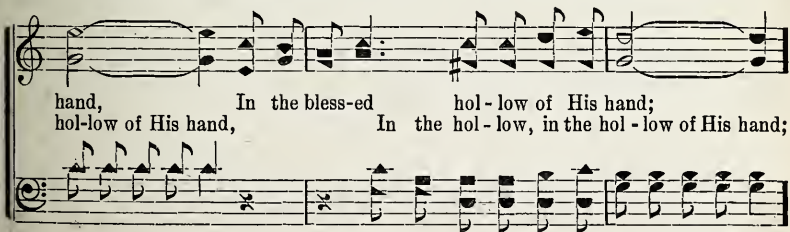


ev - er may de-ride me; I am safe, as long as I con-fide me  
 tri - als oft con-found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can harm me  
 voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while God him-self doth hold me


## Chorus



In the hol - low of God's hand. In the bless-ed hol-low of His  
 In the hol - low of God's hand.  
 In the hol - low of God's hand. In the hol-low, in the



hand, In the bless-ed hol-low of His hand;  
 hol-low of His hand, In the hol - low, in the hol - low of His hand;



I am safe while God him-self doth hold me In the hol-low of His hand.

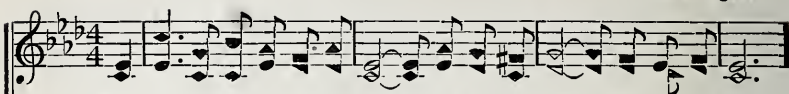
## No. 80

## Some Day, it Won't be Long

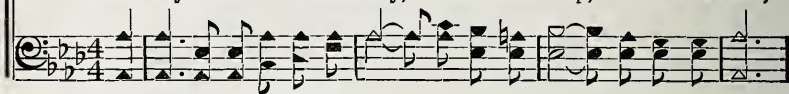
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L. B. B.

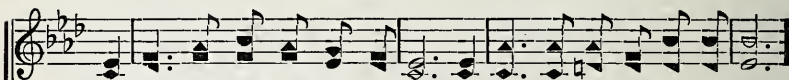
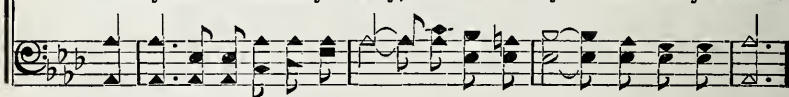
L. B. Bridgers



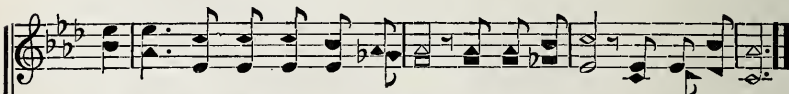
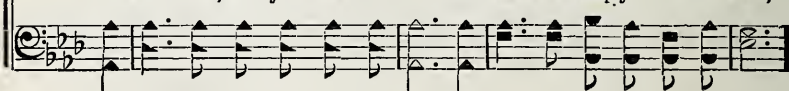
1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mortal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el ou life's way, Thru waters deep, or bil-lows foam,



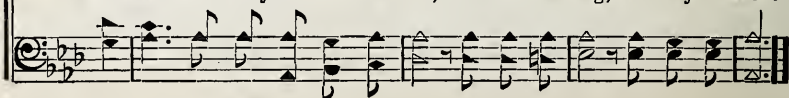
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;  
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be- soon;  
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;  
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold - en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev - er-more,  
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,  
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,  
 O broth - er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,



I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 I'll know no sor - row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.  
 Till heav-en's door you en - ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

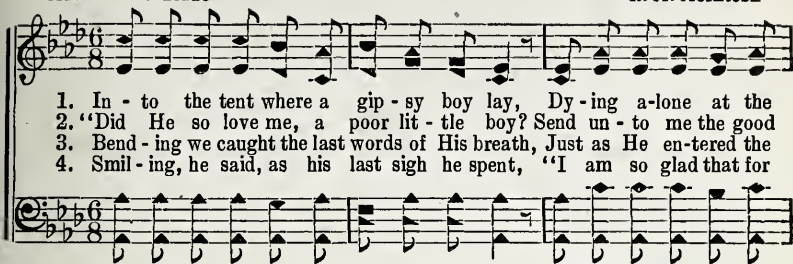


## No. 81

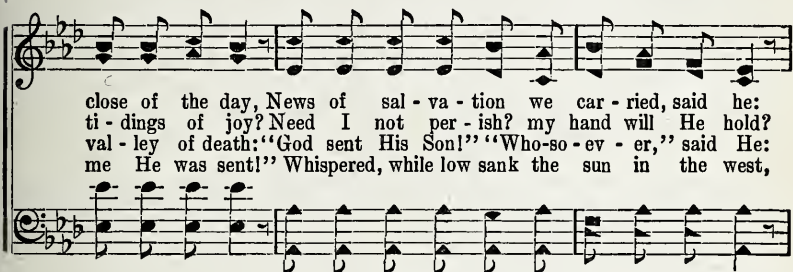
## Tell It Again

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

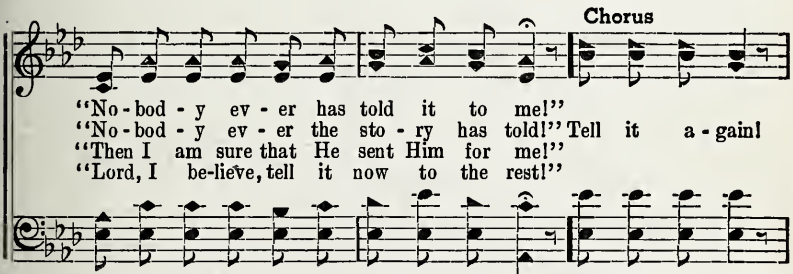
R. M. McIntosh



1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a-lone at the  
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good  
 3. Bend - ing we caught the last words of His breath, Just as He en - tered the  
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for



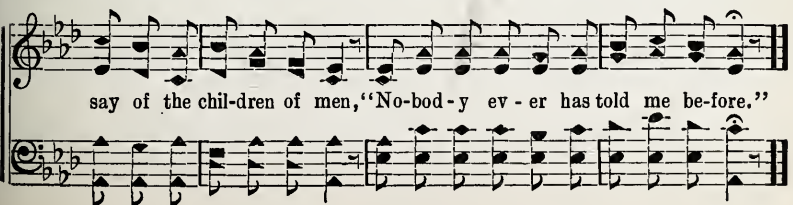
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried, said he:  
 ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?  
 val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!" "Who-so-ev - er," said He:  
 me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,



**Chorus**  
 "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 "No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain!  
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"  
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er; Till none can



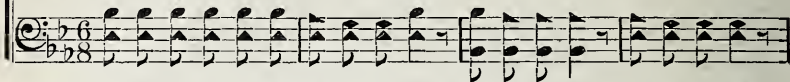
say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

Henrietta E. Blair

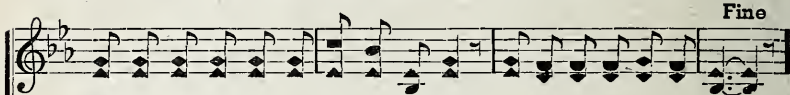
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



1. Thanks be to Je-sus, His mer-cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mercy is free, mer-cy is free;
3. Think of His goodness, His patience and love,
4. Yes, there is par-don for all who be-lieve,



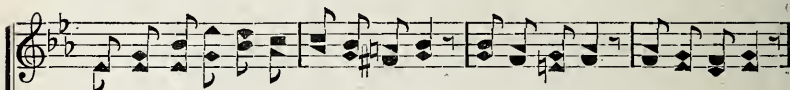
CHO.-Je-sus the Sav-ior is look-ing for thee, Looking for thee, looking for thee;



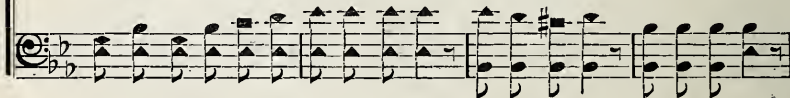
Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for thee,  
Gen-tly the Spir-it is call-ing, Come home, Mercy is boundless and free.  
Pleading thy cause with His Father a - bove,  
Come, and this moment a bless-ing re - ceive,



Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly, call-ing for thee, Call-ing and look-ing for thee.



If thou art will-ing on Him to be-lieve,  
Thou art in darkness, O come to the light, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;  
Come, and re-pent-ing, O give Him thy heart,  
Je - sus is wait-ing, O hear Him proclaim,



D. C. CHORUS



Life ev - er-last-ing thy soul may receive,  
Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save you tonight, Mer-cy is boundless and free.  
Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art,  
Cling to His mer-cy, be-lieve in His name,





## The Old Rugged Cross

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard, Words and music

G. B.

Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

Rev. Geo. Bennard

Solo and Chorus

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

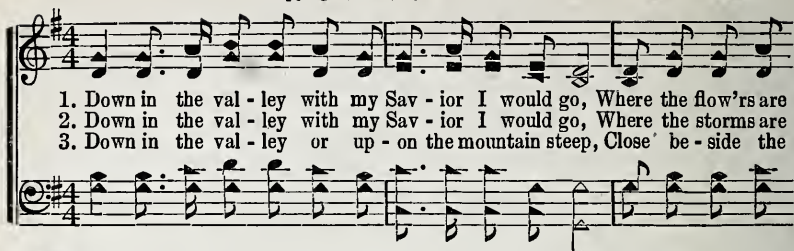
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best  
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

Chorus

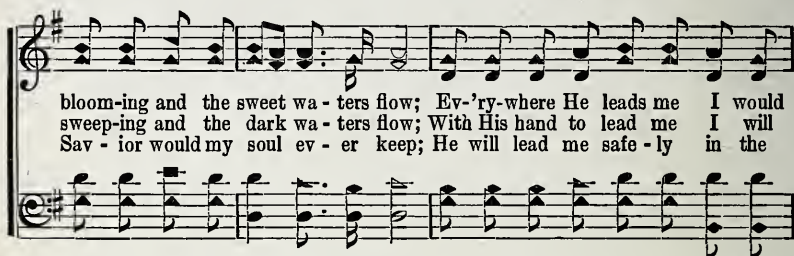
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.  
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

cross, ..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,

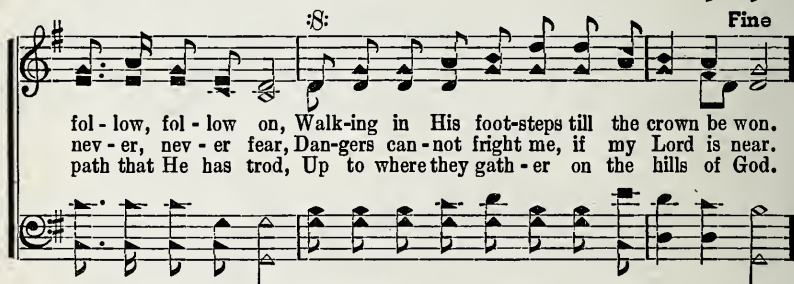
old rug-ged cross, ..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,



1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are  
 2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are  
 3. Down in the val - ley or up - on the mountain steep, Close' be - side the



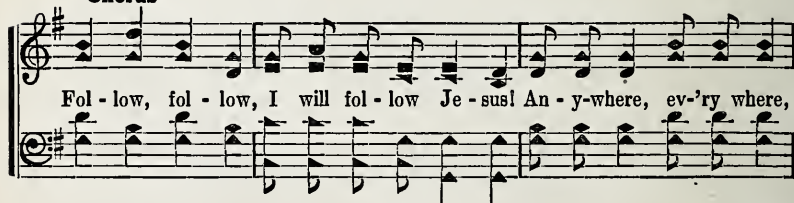
bloom-ing and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would  
 sweep-ing and the dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
 Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the



fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.  
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can - not fright me, if my Lord is near.  
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God.

D.S.—Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I will fol - low on.

Chorus



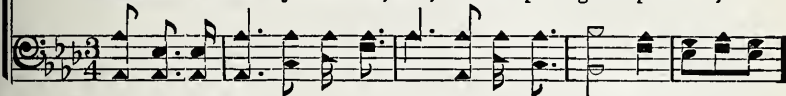
Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry where,



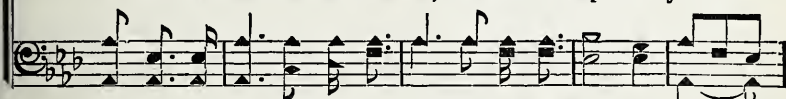
I will fol - low on; Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus!



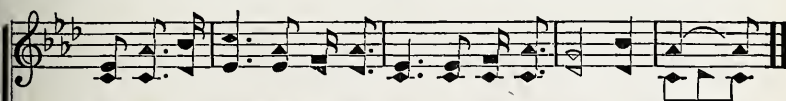
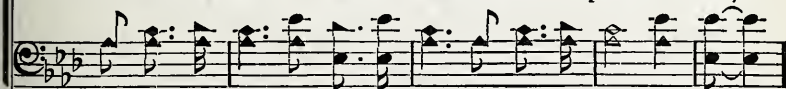
1. Well, wife, I've found the mod - el church, And worshipped there to - day;
2. The sex-ton did not set me down A-way back by the door,
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring;
4. My deafness seemed to melt a - way, My spir - it caught the fire;
5. I tell you, wife, it did me good To sing that hymn once more;
6. 'Twas not a flow-'ry ser-mon, wife; But sim-ple gos - pel truth;



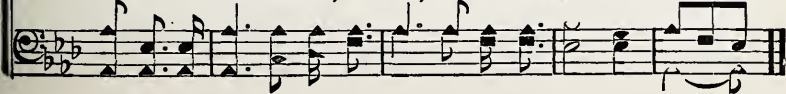
It made me think of good old-times, Be-fore my hair was gray.  
 He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor.  
 The preacher said, with trum-pet voice: "Let all the peo - ple sing!"  
 I joined my fee - ble trembling voice With that me - lo - dious choir;  
 I felt like some wrecked marin-er Who gets a glimpse of shore.  
 It fit - ted hum - ble men like me, It suit - ed hope - ful youth.

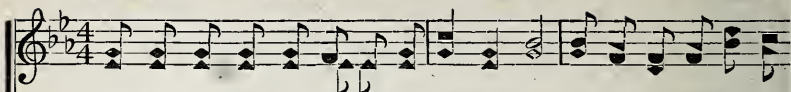


The meet - ing house was fin - er built Than they were years a - go,  
 He must have been a Chris-tian man, He led me bold - ly thru  
 "Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune, The mu - sic up - ward rolled,  
 And sang, as in my youth-ful days, "Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
 I al - most want to lay a - side This weather - beat - en form,  
 To win im - mor - tal souls to Christ The earn - est preach-er tried;

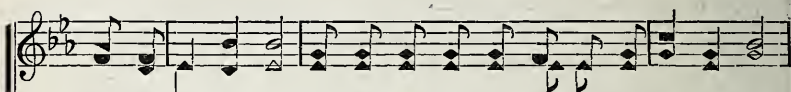
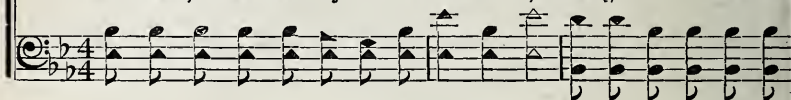


But then I found, when I went in, It was not built for show.  
 The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas - ant pew.  
 I tho't I heard the an - gel choir Strike all their harps of gold.  
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all."  
 And an - chor in the bless - ed port, For - ev - er from the storm.  
 He talked not of him - self, or creed; But Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

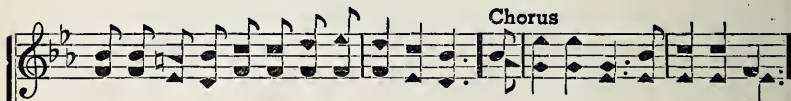
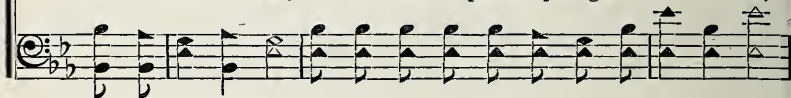




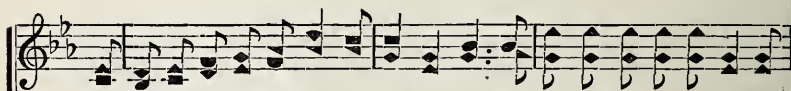
1. Bless-ings fall - ing 'round us like the summer show'rs, Nature's voices ringing
2. Balm-y breez-es blowing where the streamlets glide, Fragrant buds and blossoms
3. Moun-tain, hill and val-ley full of life and cheer, Showing forth the mer-cies



thru the sha - dy bow'rs, Birds in tune-ful meas-ures sing-ing glad and free,  
in the grass-es hide, Riv - ers sweep-ing on-ward to the broad blue sea,  
of our Fa-ther dear; One of thank-ful praise my song shall ev - er be,



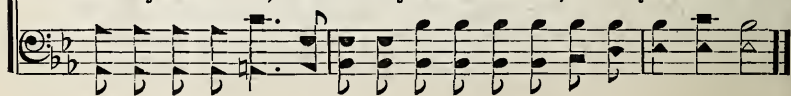
This is such a good world, and it just suits me. It just suits me, it just suits me,



In ev-'ry bud and blos-som His love we see; This world is good to live in, and



sun - ny as can be; Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther made it, and it just suits me.





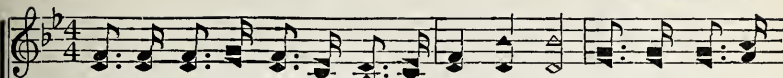
## No. 87

## Standing On the Promises

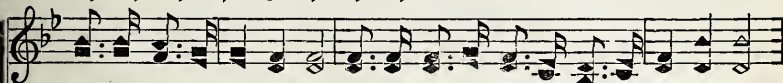
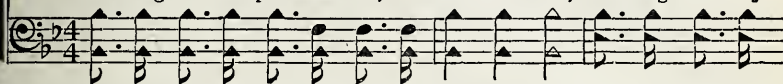
R. K. C.

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood

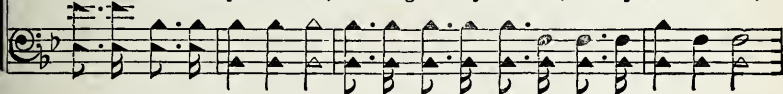
R. Kelso Carter



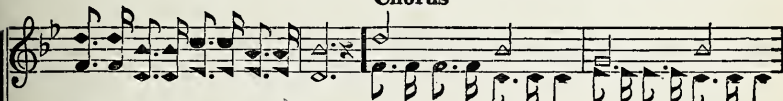
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thru e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see, Per-fect, pres-ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, I can-not fall, List'ning ev-'ry



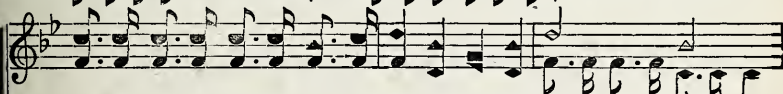
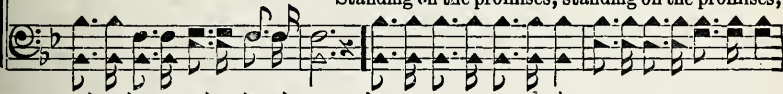
a-ges let His prais-es ring, Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 cleans-ing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,  
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword,  
 mo-ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



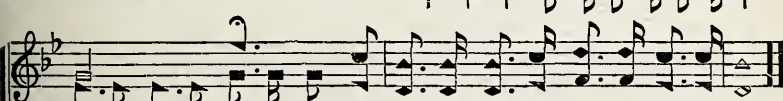
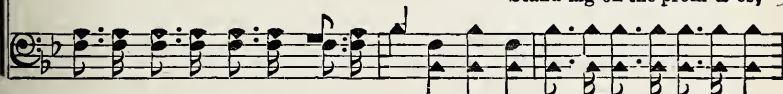
## Chorus



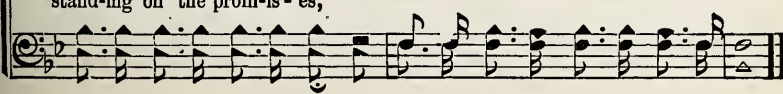
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

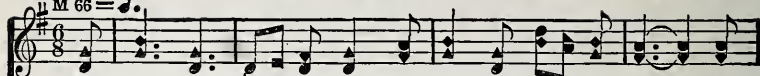


Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, my Sav-ior, Stand - - ing,  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

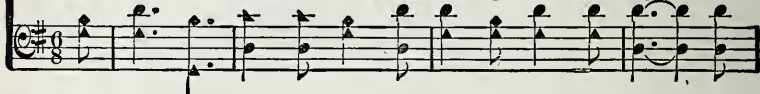



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.  
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

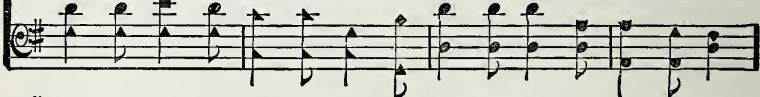
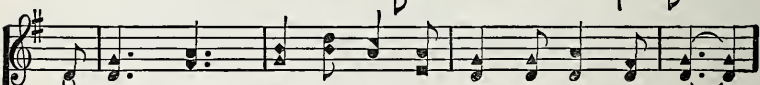


M 66 = 


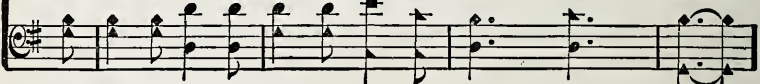
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

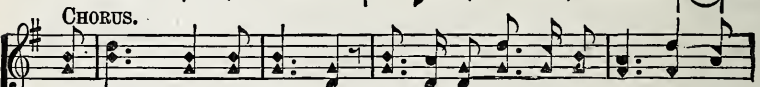
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,  
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,  
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,  
 narching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground,

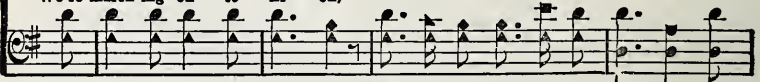
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.  
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,




march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875

W. H. Doane

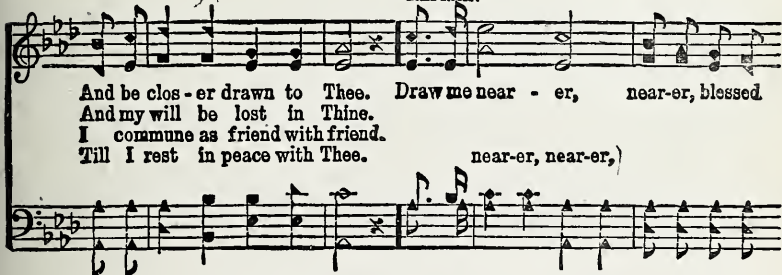


1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of  
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

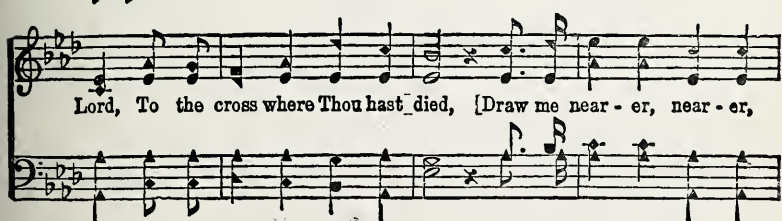


love to me, But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,  
 throne I [spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,  
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

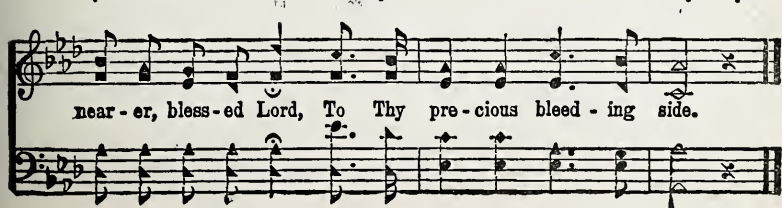
## REFRAIN



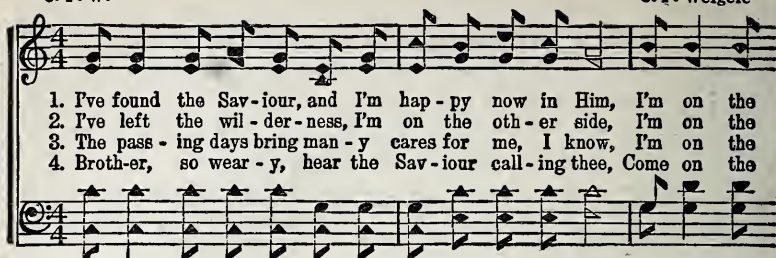
And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed  
 And my will be lost in Thine.  
 I commune as friend with friend.  
 Till I rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,)



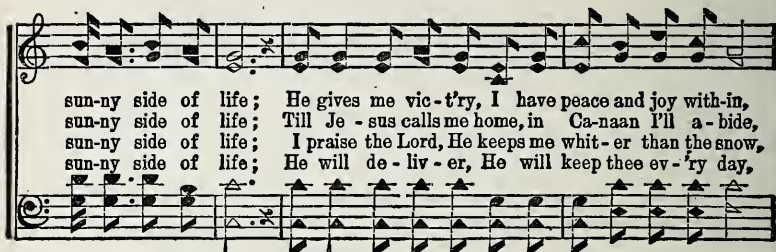
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died, {Draw me near - er, near - er,



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side.

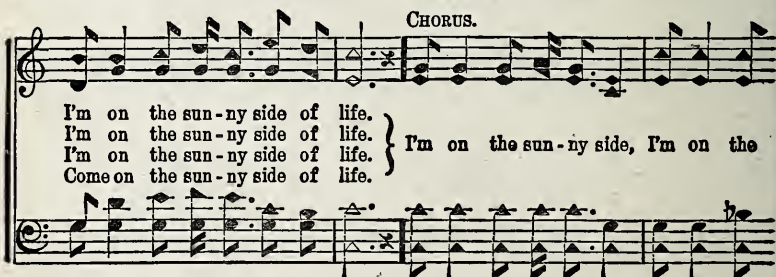


1. I've found the Sav-iour, and I'm hap-py now in Him, I'm on the  
 2. I've left the wil-der-ness, I'm on the oth-er side, I'm on the  
 3. The pass-ing days bring man-y cares for me, I know, I'm on the  
 4. Broth-er, so wear-y, hear the Sav-iour call-ing thee, Come on the




sun-ny side of life; He gives me vic-t'ry, I have peace and joy with-in,  
 sun-ny side of life; Till Je-sus calls me home, in Ca-naan I'll a-bide,  
 sun-ny side of life; I praise the Lord, He keeps me whit-er than the snow,  
 sun-ny side of life; He will de-liv-er, He will keep thee ev-ry day,

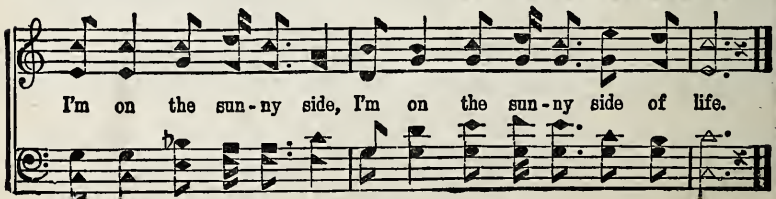
## CHORUS.



I'm on the sun-ny side of life.  
 I'm on the sun-ny side of life. } I'm on the sun-ny side, I'm on the  
 I'm on the sun-ny side of life.  
 Come on the sun-ny side of life.



sun-ny side, I'm on the sun-ny side of life; I'm on the sun-ny side,



I'm on the sun-ny side, I'm on the sun-ny side of life.



J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield

1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,..... His  
 2. He saves me from ... ev-'ry sin and harm,.... Se-  
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell....how He  
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His  
 love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me....and I'll

lift - ed me... And what His grace can do for you.....  
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....  
 lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....

## CHORUS.

Saved by His pow'r di-vine, Saved to new life sub-lime!  
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. rit.  
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

## The Old, Old Story

Copyright, 1944, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

N. W. Allphin

in "Calvary Songs"

Ernest Rippetoe

1. The old, old sto-ry, the sto-ry of the cross, How God in mer-cy, to  
 2. The old, old sto-ry, the sweetest ev-er told, En-treats the wand'ers to  
 3. The old, old sto-ry, so old, yet ev-er new, Can soothe and com-fort, as

save the world from loss, Here as a ran-som, did give His on-ly Son,  
 come back to the fold, Where safe from tem-pests and dan-gers they may be,  
 noth-ing else can do, O sin-ner, hark-en, its man-dates to o-bey,

**Chorus**

That thru His dy-ing sal-va-tion might be won,  
 And safe-ly sheltered thru all e-ter-ni-ty. The old sto-ry of  
 And it will lead you in-to the liv-ing way. old

God's glo-ry, We'll keep telling to earth's un-numbered throng, With hopes  
 great on grown

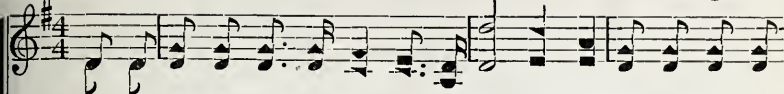
fon-der, some day yon-der, With glad voic-es, we'll sing redemption's song.  
 up free


## No. 93

## Look and Live

W. A. O.

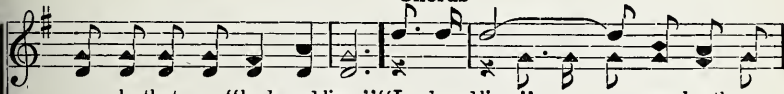
W. A. Ogden

- 
1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to
  2. I've a mes-sage full of love, hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my
  3. Life is of - fered un - to you, hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life thy
  4. I will tell you how I came, hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus when He



you I'll give; 'Tis re-cord - ed in His word, hal - le - lu - jah! It is  
friend, for you; 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus  
soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him, hal - le - lu - jah! Look to  
made me whole: 'Twas believ - ing on His name, hal - le - lu - jah! I

## Chorus

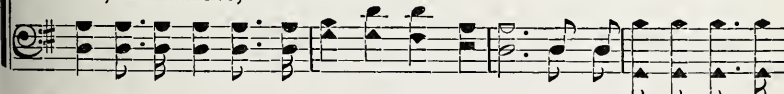


on - ly that you "look and live." "Look and live," my broth - er,  
said it, and I know 'tis true.  
Je - sus who a - lone can save.  
trust - ed and He saved my soul.

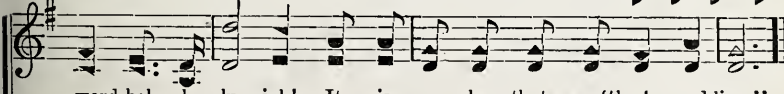
"Look and live," my broth - er,



live, Look to Je - sus now and live; 'Tis re-cord - ed in His  
live, "look and live,"



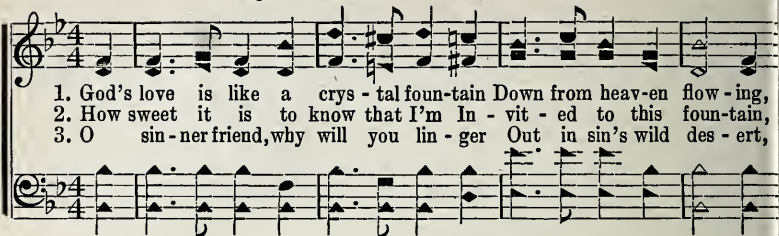
word, hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."



C. C. S.

Copyright, 1920, by C. C. Stafford  
Stamps-Baxter Music & Printing Co., owners

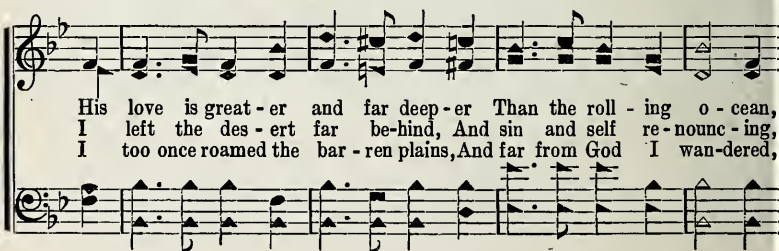
C. C. Stafford




1. God's love is like a crys - tal foun - tain Down from heav - en flow - ing,  
2. How sweet it is to know that I'm In - vit - ed to this foun - tain,  
3. O sin - ner friend, why will you lin - ger Out in sin's wild des - ert,



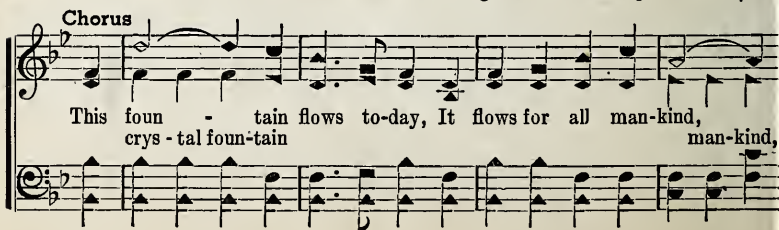
It flows for you, it flows for me, Like light its wa - ters shine;....  
That Je - sus said "come un - to Me, And drink of love di - vine;"....  
When there's a stream that flows for you, Where joy and peace com - bine?....



His love is great - er and far deep - er Than the roll - ing o - cean,  
I left the des - ert far be - hind, And sin and self re - nounc - ing,  
I too once roamed the bar - ren plains, And far from God I wan - dered,



This stream.... of love.... doth flow... In - to this soul of mine.  
I found.... this stream.... of love,.... To bless this soul of mine.  
But now.... His love.... flows straight.. In - to this soul of mine.



**Chorus**  
This foun - tain flows to-day, It flows for all man - kind,  
cry - tal foun - tain man - kind,



# God's Love

'Twill fill your life with peace, With joy your face will shine;  
'twill fill will shine;

'Tis flow - ing from God's heart, And sweeter grows each day,  
Yes, it is flow-ing each day,

O yes, it flows so free In - to this soul of mine.  
O yes, it flows so free

No. 95

## Little Ones Like Me

Geo. B. Holsinger

1. Je-sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mer-cy  
2. Mothers then the Savior sought, In the places where He taught, Un-to Him their  
3. Did the Sav-ior say them nay! No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffered none to  
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him, and

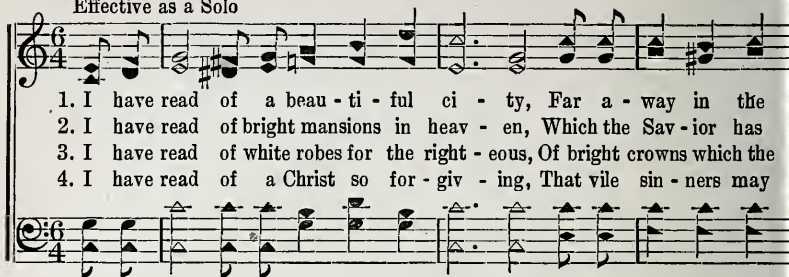
Fine Chorus

D. S.

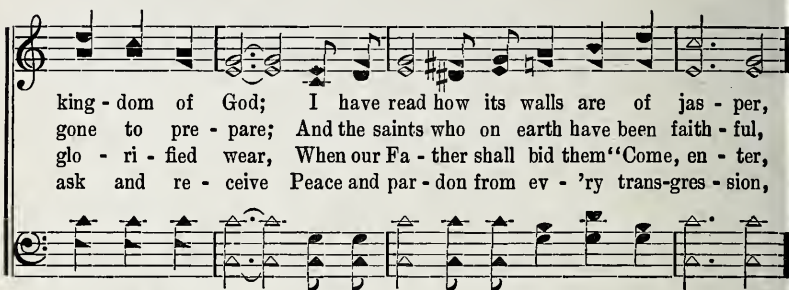
passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.  
children bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;  
turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.  
praise Him too, Little ones like me.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson  
Effective as a Solo


O. F. Presbrey



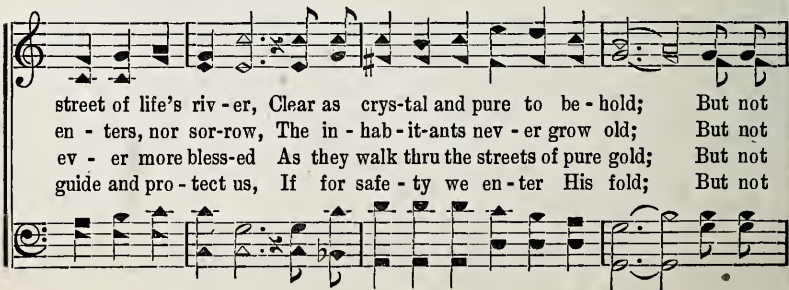
1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Far a - way in the  
2. I have read of bright mansions in heav - en, Which the Sav - ior has  
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright crowns which the  
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin - ners may



king - dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per,  
gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith - ful,  
glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa - ther shall bid them "Come, en - ter,  
ask and re - ceive Peace and par - don from ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

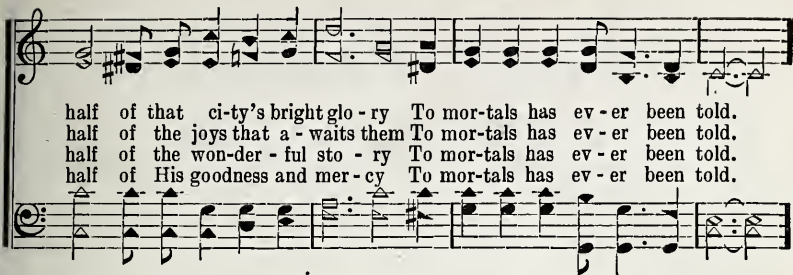


How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the midst of the  
Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er  
And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the right-eous are  
If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll



street of life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be - hold; But not  
en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - it - ants nev - er grow old; But not  
ev - er more bless - ed As they walk thru the streets of pure gold; But not  
guide and pro - tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not

# Not Half Has Ever Been Told



half of that ci - ty's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of the joys that a - waits them To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of the won - der - ful sto - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.  
 half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor - tals has ev - er been told.

## Chorus



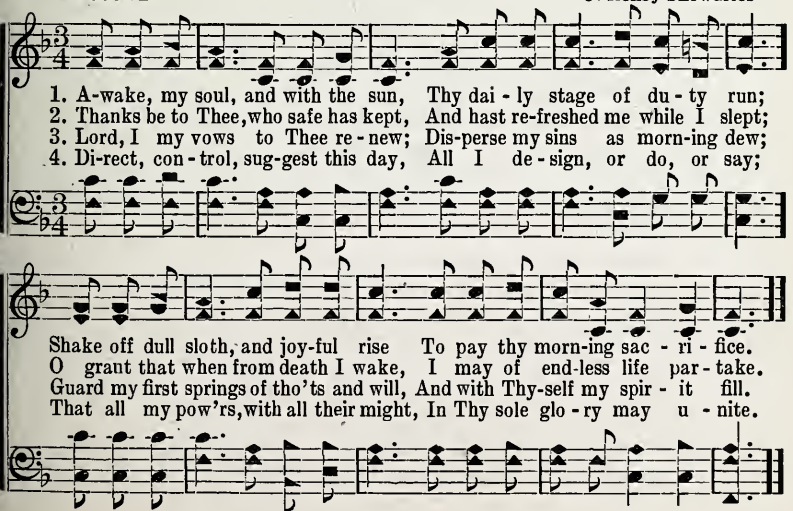
Not half has ev - er been told, Not half has ev - er been told;  
 been told, been told;  
 Not half of that ci - ty's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.

No. 97

## Morning Hymn

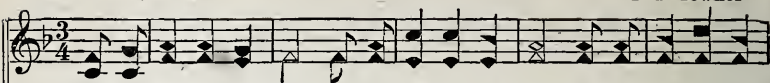
Thomas Ken

J. Henry Showalter

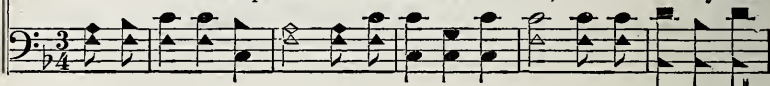


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;  
 2. Thanks be to Thee, who safe has kept, And hast re - freshed me while I slept;  
 3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn - ing dew;  
 4. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 O grant that when from death I wake, I may of end - less life par - take.  
 Guard my first springs of tho'ts and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.  
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



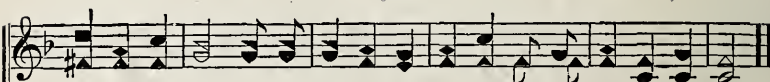
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a - bides with us  
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
al - tar we lay; For the fav - or He shows, And the joy He be-  
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will



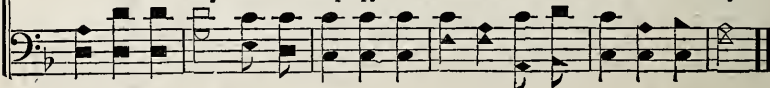
## CHORUS -



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's  
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.  
stows, Are for all who will trust and o - bey.  
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o - bey.

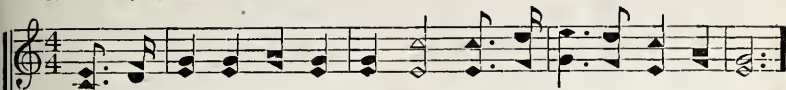




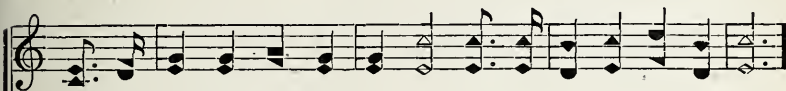
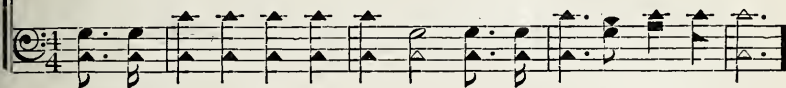
## Rest For the Weary

Samuel Y. Harmer

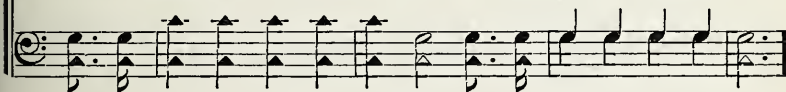
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh



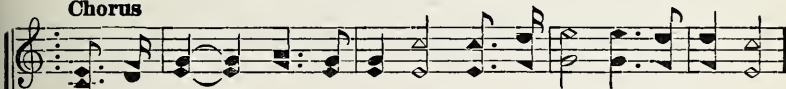
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;  
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,  
 3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumphs as ye go;



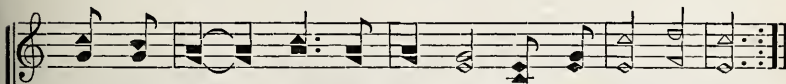
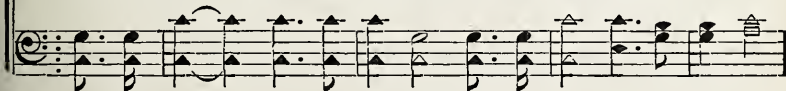
There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.  
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
 But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.  
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en-trance thru.



## Chorus



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
 { On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you; {  
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }



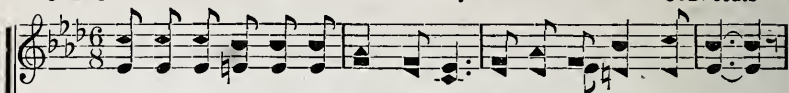
## No. 100

## Tomorrow May Mean Good-by

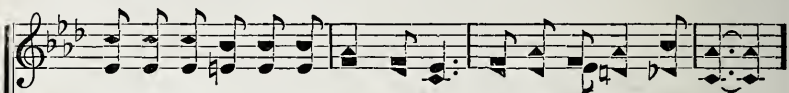
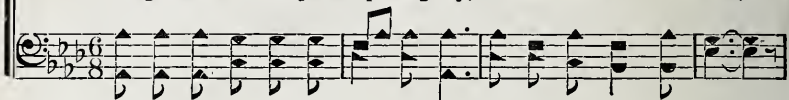
Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
in "Golden Key"

J. B. C.

J. B. Coats



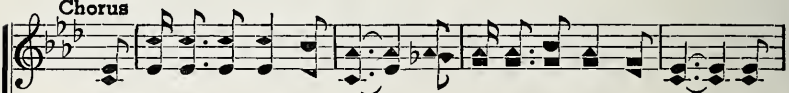
1. We nev - er know at the dawn of day, Greeting the ris - ing sun,
2. We live each day of this earth - ly life, As tho it ne'er would end,
3. God guides our footsteps each passing day, Bur - dens He will re - lieve,



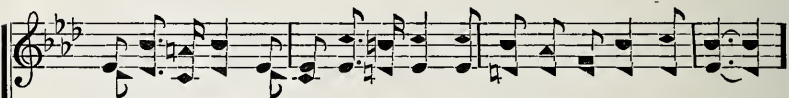
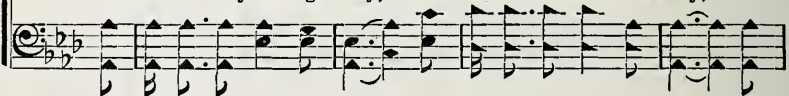
Whether the reap - er shall call a - way, Ere that days work is done.  
For - get - ting God in our dai - ly strife, Griev - ing this pre - cious friend.  
Prom - is - ing free - ly suf - fi - cient grace, If on - ly we be - lieve.



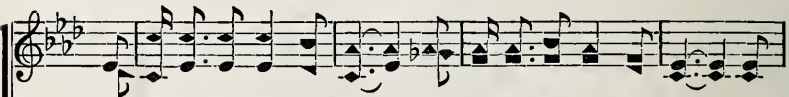
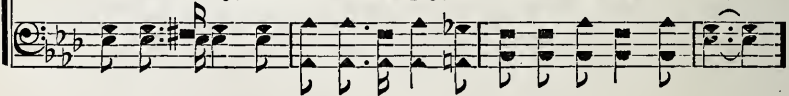
## Chorus



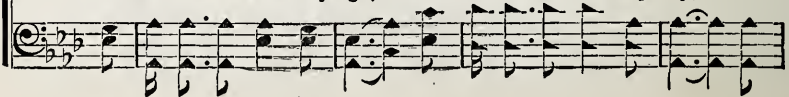
To - mor - row may mean good - by, We nev - er know when nor why, God



calls us a - way, when life seems so gay, Our bod - ies in dust to lie;



To - mor - row our souls may sigh, For beauties we've let slip by, O



# Tomorrow May Mean Good-by

soul then prepare, sweet heaven to share, To-mor-row may mean good-by.

## No. 101

## He Bore it Alone

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,

Luther G. Presley

in "Thankful Hearts"

Eugene Wright

1. A - lone in the gar-den of Geth-sem - a - ne, What ten-der com-
2. A - lone He was bro't be - fore Pi - late and tried, Tho guilt-less His
3. A - lone in His an-guish, He hung on the cross, That He for our

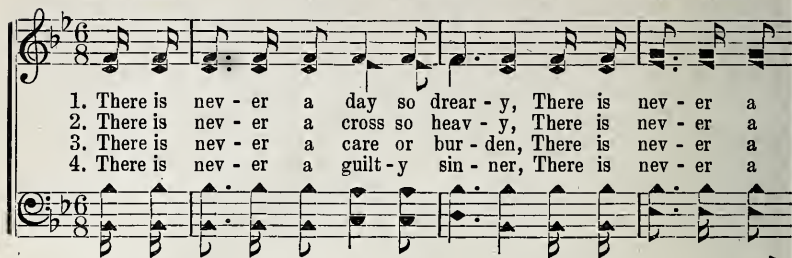
pas-sion was shown; What Je-sus was pray-ing for you and for me,  
rec-ord was shown; Condemned and de-liv-ered to be cru-ci-fied,  
sins might a - tone; With no earth-ly friend that could share in His loss,

### Fine Chorus

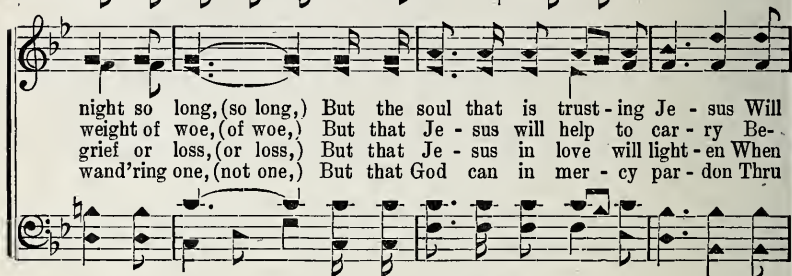
He bore all His sor-row a - lone. A - lone, A - lone,  
in the gar-den, all a-lone,

D.S.

Tho deep was His ag - o - ny shown; A - lone a - lone,  
yes, a - lone,

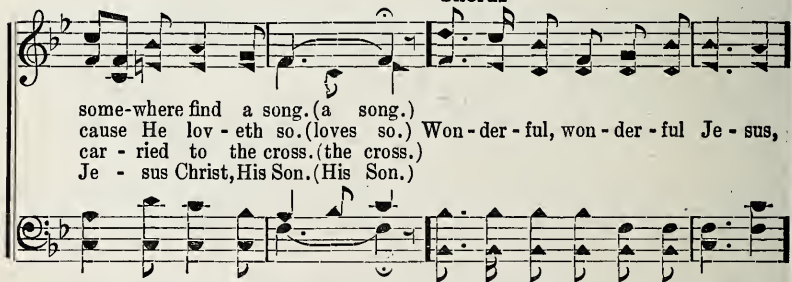


1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a  
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a  
 3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a  
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a

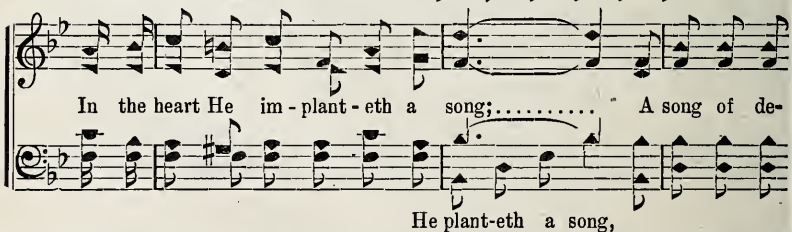


night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will  
 weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be -  
 grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When  
 wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thru

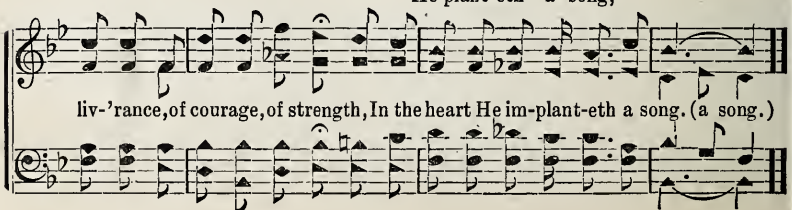
## Chorus



some-where find a song. (a song.)  
 cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,  
 car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)  
 Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)



In the heart He im - plant - eth a song; ..... A song of de -  
 He plant - eth a song,



liv - 'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song. (a song.)

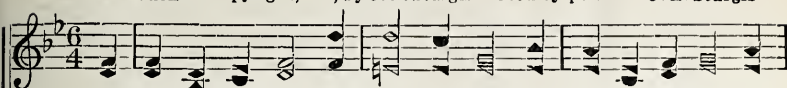


# No. 103 I Love Him Because He First Loved Me

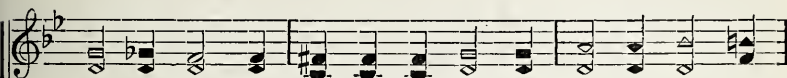
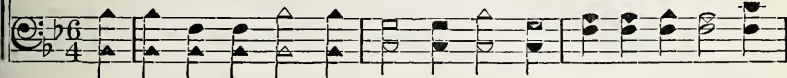
Frank E. Roush

Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis. Used by per.

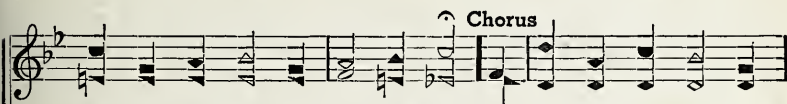
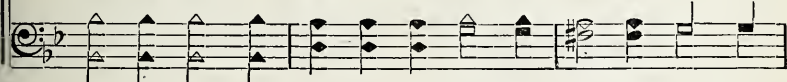
J. E. Sturgis



1. Christ Je - sus my Lord from heav - en came, To save me from guilt and
2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart-brok-en in dark Geth-
3. Up Cal - va - ry's hill the cross He bore, And for me a crown of
4. My Lord who was slain by sin - ful man, A won - der - ful friend to



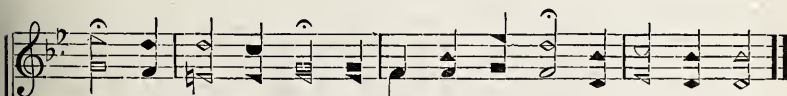
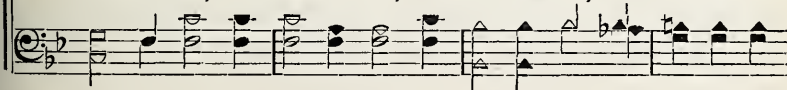
sin and shame; His death on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Bro't  
sem - a - ne, While an - gels from bless - ed realms of light Gave  
thorns He wore; They nailed Him up - on the tree to die, Then  
me has been; He rose from the tomb with vic - to - ry, And



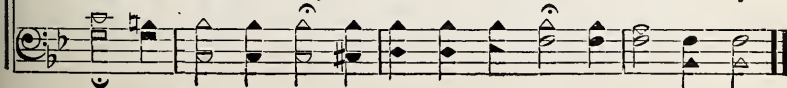
par - don and gave me lib - er - ty.  
strength to His ach - ing heart that night. I love Him be-cause He  
dark-ness came o - ver earth and sky.  
now I love Him as He loves me.



first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be-



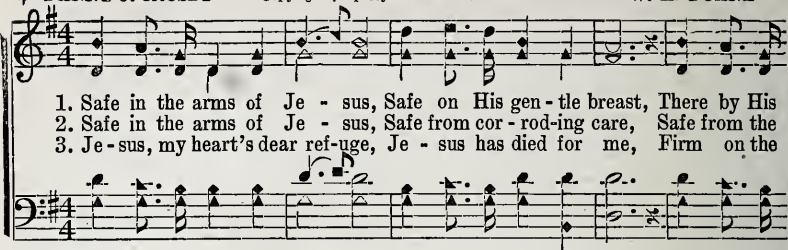
cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.




FANNY J. CROSBY

Copyright property of Fannie T. Doane

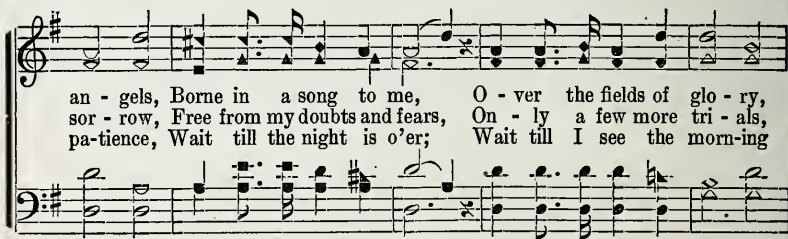
W. H. DOANE



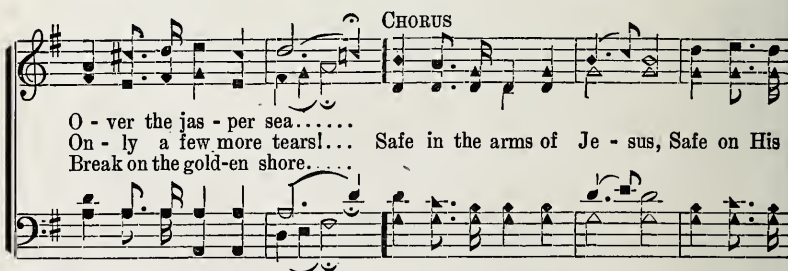
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the  
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me, Firm on the



love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest, Hark! 'tis the voice of  
 world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there; Free from the blight of  
 Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be; Here let me wait with




an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,  
 sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears, On - ly a few more tri - als,  
 pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



CHORUS

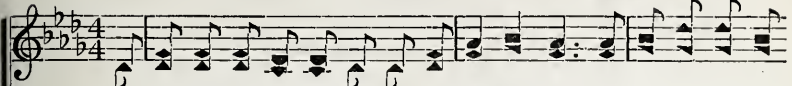
O - ver the jas - per sea.....  
 On - ly a few more tears!... Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His  
 Break on the gold - en shore.....

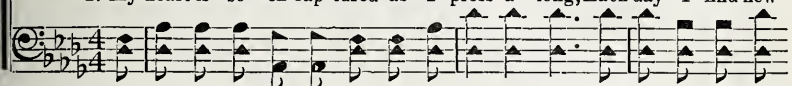


gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shaded, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. A - men.


M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. Harris

- 
1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my
  2. I followed close be-side Him, and the land soon found, I did not halt or
  3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits abound, I pitched my tent near
  4. My heart is so en-rap-tured as I press a - long, Each day I find new

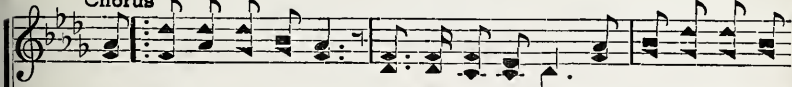


Sav-ior, and to His guid-ing hand; He led me out to vic-t'ry thru the  
tremble, for Ca - naan I was bound; My guide I ful - ly trust-ed, and He  
Hebron, there grapes of Eshcol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new  
blessings which fill my heart with song; I'm ev - er marching on-ward to that

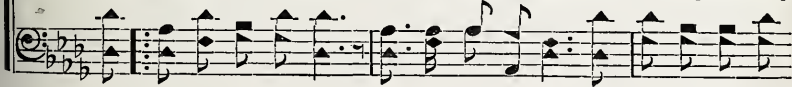


great Red Sea, I sang a song of tri-umph, and shout-ed, I am free!  
led me in, I shout-ed, Hal - le - lu-jah! my heart is free from sin.  
wine so free; I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.  
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's builded in the sky.

## Chorus



You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my



tent far up in Beu-lah land; You tent far up in Beu - lah land.

## No. 106

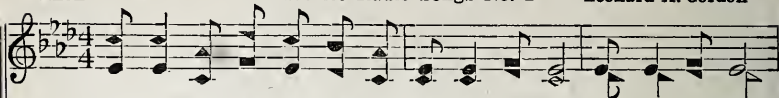
## Ring Out the Merry Bells

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

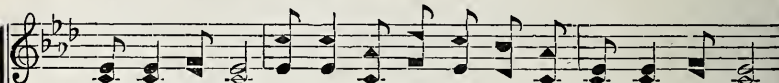
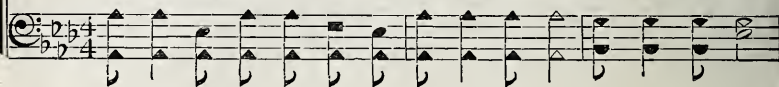
Anon

in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2"

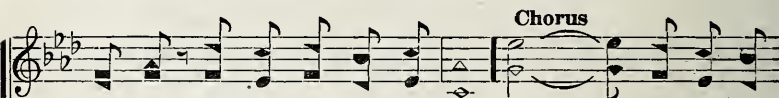
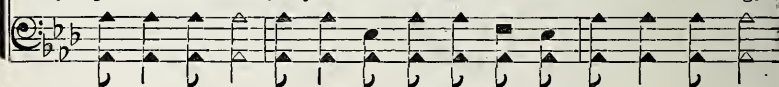
Leonard A. Gordon



1. Ring out the mer - ry bells, the Sav - ior has come, A trib - ute bring
2. An - gels de - scend - ed from the por - tals a - bove, His com - ing told
3. Let us our great - est prais - es un - to Him sing, Ex - alt His name,

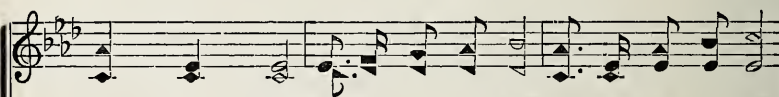
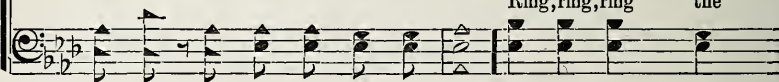


un - to our King, Hon - or and hom - age un - to Him should be done;  
to men of old, For un - to earth was born the Child, Prince of love;  
pro - claim His fame, May we be faith - ful to our Sav - ior and King;

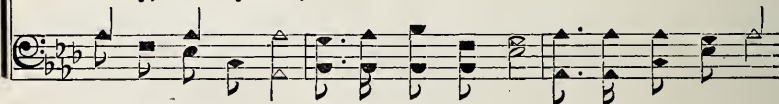


## Chorus

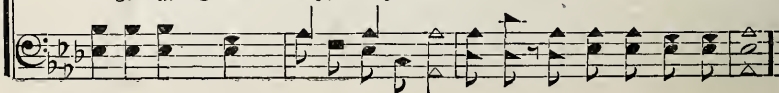
Ring out the mer - ry, mer - ry bells. Ring the mer - ry,  
Ring, ring, ring the



mer - ry bells, Ring the mer - ry bells, ring the mer - ry bells;  
mer - ry, mer - ry bells,



Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Ring out the mer - ry, mer - ry bells.  
Ring, ring, ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells,





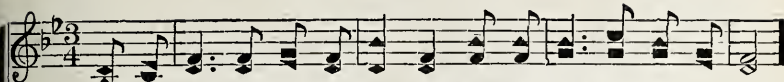
## Prepare to Meet Thy God

(From a sermon by Rev. J. F. Haley, July, 1909)

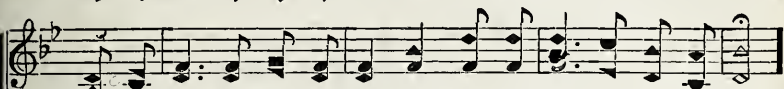
J. H. S.

J. H. Stanley, owner

J. H. Stanley



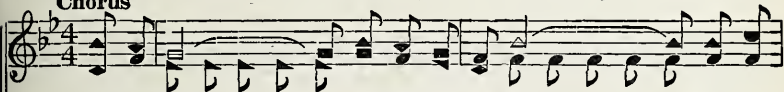
1. Care-less soul, why will you lin - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God?
2. Why so tho't-less are you stand-ing While the fleet-ing years go by,
3. Hear you not the earn-est plead-ings Of your friends that wish thou well?
4. If you spurn the in - vi - ta - tion Till the Spir - it shall de-part,



Hear you not the in - vi - ta - tion? O pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 And your life is spent in fol - ly? O pre-pare to meet thy God.  
 And per-haps be - fore to - mor - row You'll be called to meet your God.  
 Then you'll see your sad con - di - tion, Un-pre-pared to meet thy God.



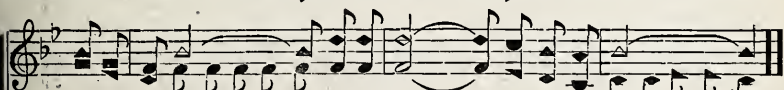
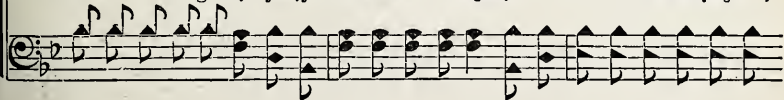
## Chorus



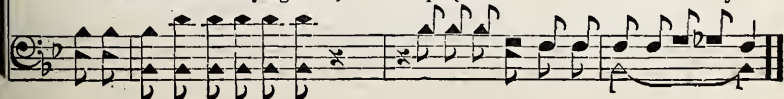
Care-less soul, ..... O heed the warn-ing, ..... For your  
 O careless soul, heed the warning,



life ..... will soon be gone; ..... O how sad ..... to  
 will soon be gone, O yes, your life will soon be gone; to face the judgment,



face the judgment, ..... Un-pre-pared .... to meet thy God.  
 O how sad to face the judgment, Unprepared to meet thy God.



## I Am Resolved

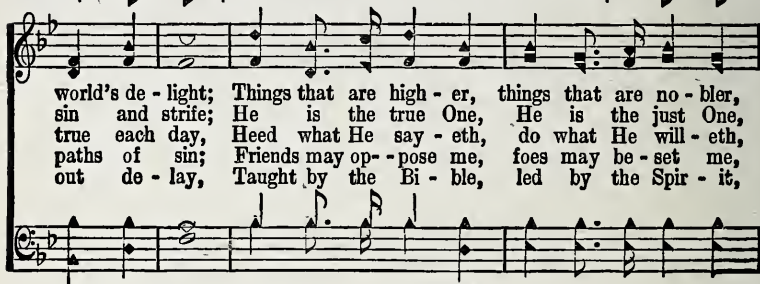
Palmer Hartsough

Copyright, 1924, by Fillmore Bros. Co., Renewal  
Lillenas Pub. Co., Owner

J. H. Fillmore

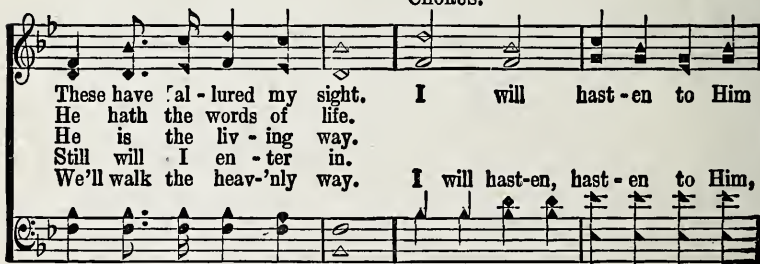


1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the  
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my  
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and  
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the  
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-



world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,  
 sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One,  
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,  
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,  
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

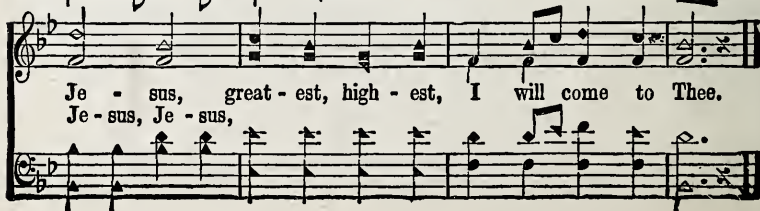
## CHORUS.



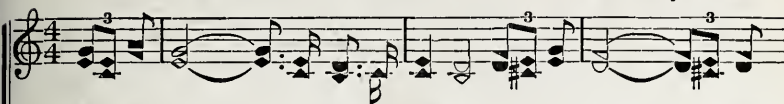
These have 'al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him  
 He hath the words of life.  
 He is the liv - ing way.  
 Still will I en - ter in.  
 We'll walk the heav - 'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,



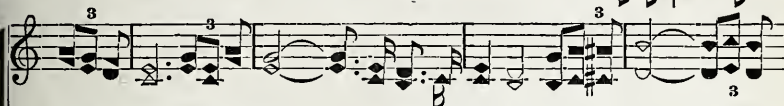
Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),



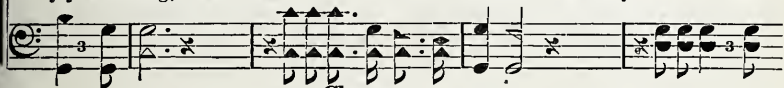
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus,



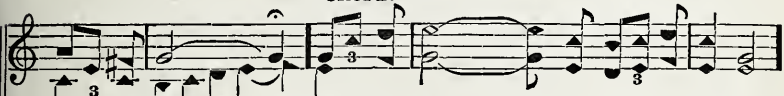
1. There will be..... no night in heav-en, And no gloom..... shall  
 2. There will be..... no night in heav-en, And no griev - - - ing  
 3. There will be..... no night in heav-en, Glo - rious home ..... of



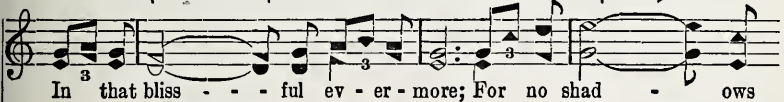
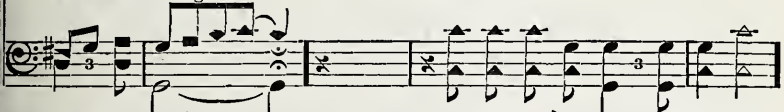
gath-er there, Making dim..... the wondrous beauty Of that E - - den -  
 shall we know, In that land..... of love im-mor-tal, Just be-yond..... life's  
 joy and song; We shall know.... no tho't of sadness When we join..... the



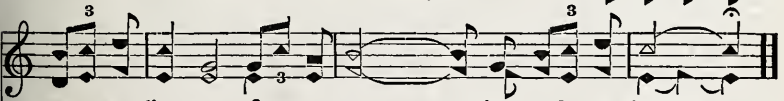
## Chorus



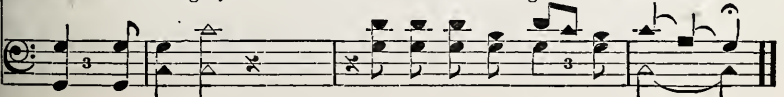
land so fair..... There will be no night in heav-en,  
 pur - ple glow.....  
 ran-somed throug..... There will be



In that bliss - - - ful ev - er - more; For no shad - ows  
 In that bliss-ful For no shad - ows



ev - er lin - ger, O - ver on..... that gold - en shore.



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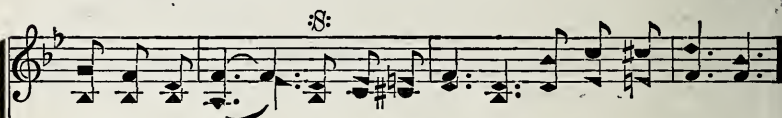
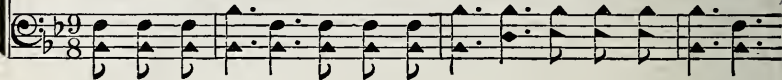
H. F. M.

in "Comfort and Consolation"

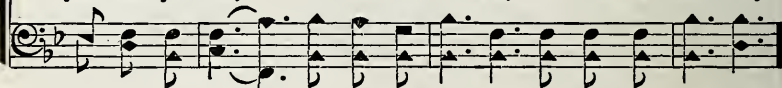
Homer F. Morris



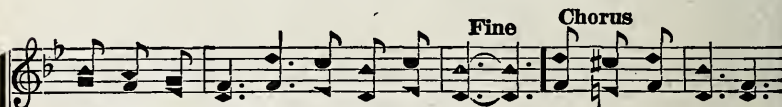
1. When you have sorrow, when you have doubting, When you have tri - als
2. If you are tempt-ed, if you have con-flicts, If you are oft - en
3. If you have cross-es, if you have loss - es, Burdened, cast down, and
4. Trust in His prom-ise, that He has giv - en, Ask Him in faith for



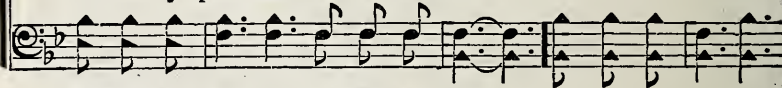
here on life's way; Go and tell Je - sus, He will re - lieve you,  
 bur-den-ed with care; Go and tell Je - sus, and He will help you,  
 pleas-ures are few; Go and tell Je - sus, ask Him to help you,  
 just what you will; Go and tell Je - sus, for He is faith - ful,



D.S.—Go and tell Je - sus, He is now wait - ing,



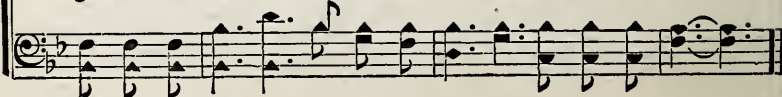
He will give peace and com-fort each day.  
 Ev - er - y bur - den for you He'll bear. Go and tell Je - sus,  
 Safe - ly He'll guide and car - ry you thru.  
 Ev - er - y prom - ise He will ful - fill.



Bless-ings to send from heav-en a - bove.



go and tell Je - sus, Trust in His bound-less mer-cy and love;



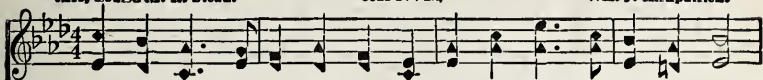


## Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,  
USED BY PER,

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



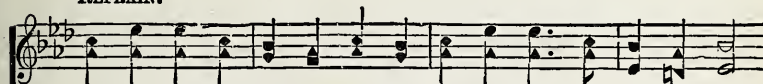
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav-i-or, Friend;



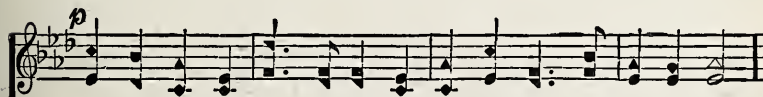
Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



## REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.



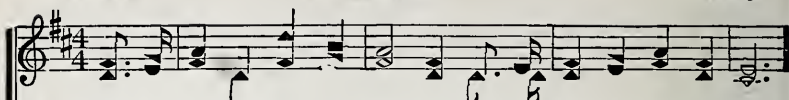
## No. 112

## Come to Jesus Today

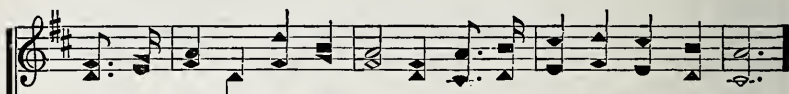
E. R. Latta

Used by per.

J. H. Tenney




1. Come to Je-sus! He will save you, Tho your sins as crim-son glow;  
 2. Come to Je-sus! do not tar-ry, En-ter in at mer-cy's gate;  
 3. Come to Je-sus, dy-ing sin-ner! Oth-er Sav-ior there is none;



If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.  
 O de - lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.  
 He will share with you His glo - ry, When your pil - grim - age is done.

**Chorus**

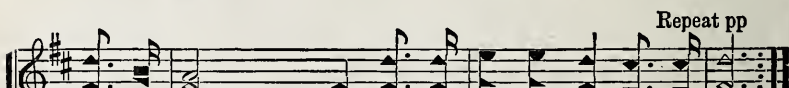


Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - - - sus! Come to  
 Come, come to - day! Come, come to - day!



Je - sus! come to - day,  
 yes, come, come to - day! Come to Je - - - sus!  
 Come, come to - day!

**Repeat pp**



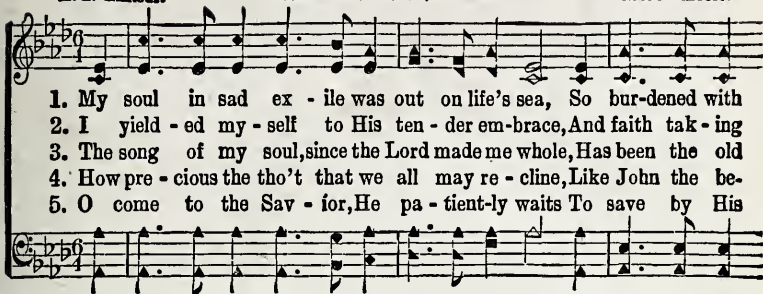
Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-day!  
 Come, come to-day!

## The Haven of Rest

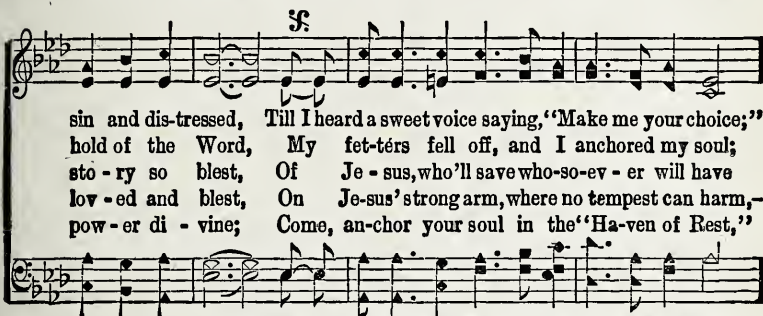
H. L. Gilmour.

USED BY PER. DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

Geo. D. Moore.

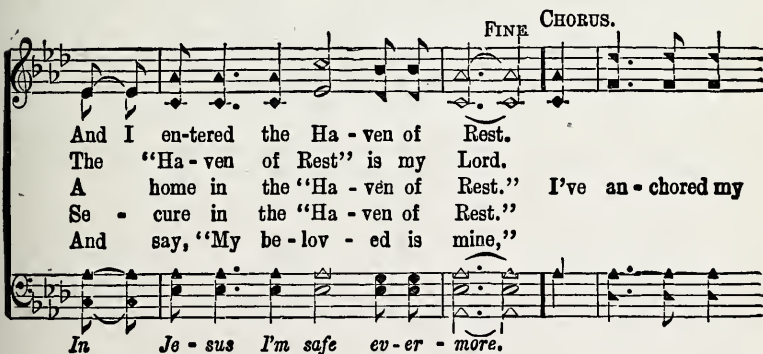


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith tak - ing  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be -  
 5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His



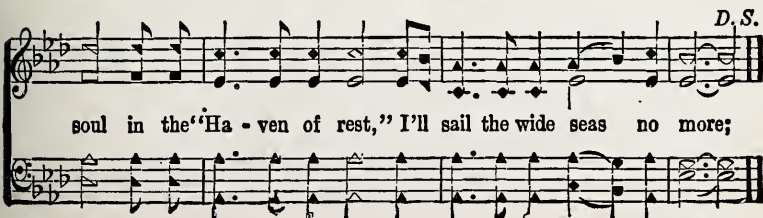
sin and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;"  
 hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;  
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have  
 lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm, -  
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest,"

D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;

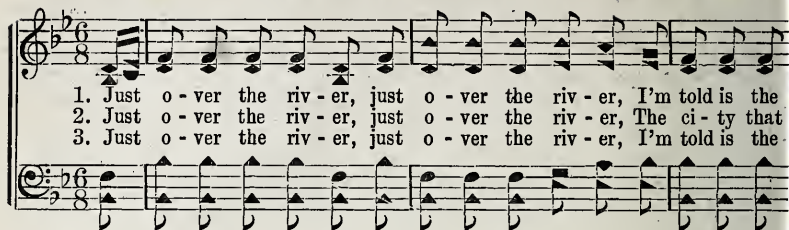


And I en - tered the Ha - ven of Rest.  
 The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my  
 Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine,"

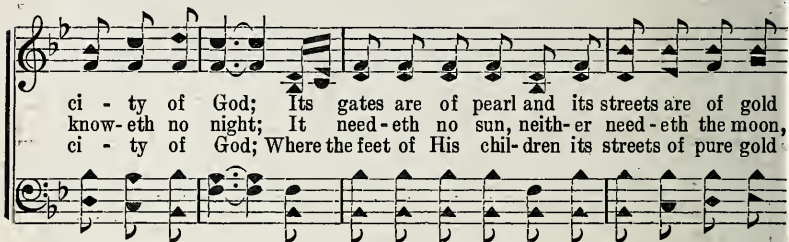
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



soul in the "Ha - ven of rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;



1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the  
 2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The ci - ty that  
 3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the



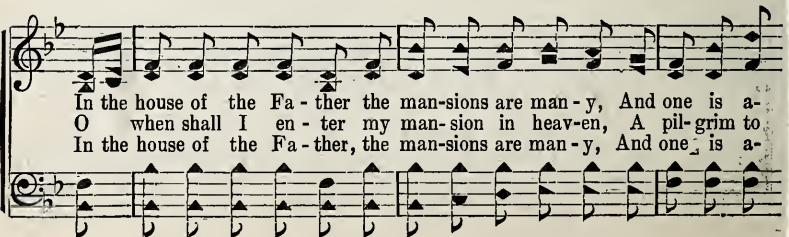
ci - ty of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold  
 know - eth no night; It need - eth no sun, neith - er need - eth the moon,  
 ci - ty of God; Where the feet of His chil - dren its streets of pure gold



And by glo - ri - fied be - ings they're trod; And Je - sus, my Sav - ior, has  
 For the glo - ry of God is its light; In that ci - ty are loved ones a -  
 Shall for - ev - er in ec - sta - cy trod; For Je - sus, my Sav - ior, has



gone to that ci - ty, A place for His own to pre - pare;  
 wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore;  
 gone to that ci - ty, A place for His own to pre - pare;



In the house of the Fa - ther the man - sions are man - y, And one is a -  
 O when shall I en - ter my man - sion in heav - en, A pil - grim to  
 In the house of the Fa - ther, the man - sions are man - y, And one is a -



# Just Over the River

## Chorus

wait - ing me there. Just o - - - ver the riv - - - er,  
 roam nev - er more.  
 wait - ing me there. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er,

That beau - ti - ful ci - ty I see; Just o - - - ver the  
 And Je - sus, my Sav - ior, has

riv - - - er, A place in that ci - ty for me.  
 gone to make read - y,

No. 115

## Gone Before

J. Henry Showalter

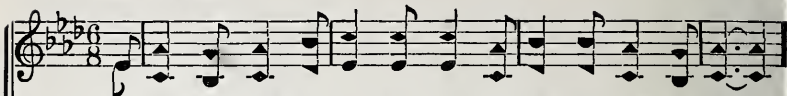
1. Say, why should friendship grieve for those Who safe ar-rive on Ca-naan's shore?  
 2. How man - y pain - ful days on earth Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!  
 3. Dear is the spot where Christains sleep, And sweet the strain which angels pour;

Re - leased from all their hurt - ful foes, They are not lost, but gone be - fore.  
 Now they en - joy a heav'n - ly birth; They are not lost, but gone be - fore.  
 O why should we in an - guish weep? They are not lost, but gone be - fore.

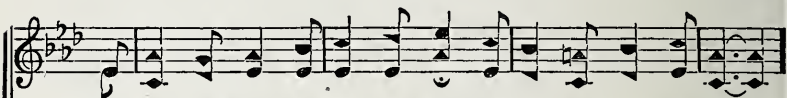
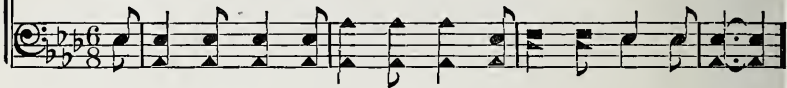
Copyright, 1905, by John M. Dye

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr

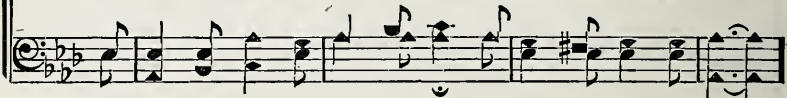
John M. Dye



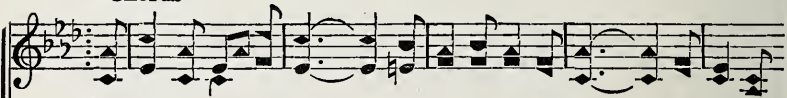
1. A few more days for you and me, A few more miles to roam,
2. Tho' now we face life's storm-y blast, Tho' bil-lows round us foam,
3. If oft the way be dark as night, No stars in heav-en's dome,
4. The friends that left us long a - go, When Je - sus bade them "Come,"
5. Then let us work and do our best While here on earth we roam,



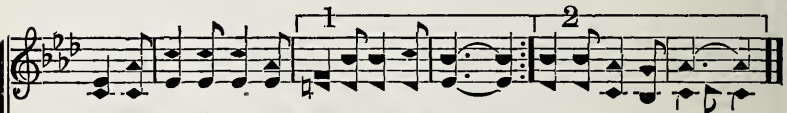
Then we will shout the vic - to - ry, When you and I get home.  
 Our cares will all be o - ver, past, When you and I get home.  
 We'll dwell in ev - er - last - ing light, When you and I get home.  
 Each pre - cious face we'll see and know, When you and I get home.  
 Then O how sweet will be our rest, When you and I get home.



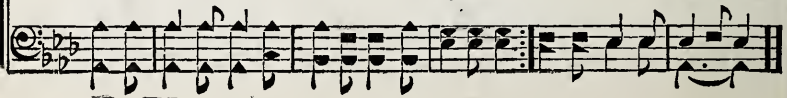
## Chorus



When you and I get home, When you and I get home, With joy we'll  
 When you and I get home, When you and I get home,



shout the vic-to - ry, When you and I get home; you and I get home.  
 get home; get home.



Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Guy Beall, owner, used by per.

J. Guy Beall

1. We are go-ing home to rest(home to rest,) By and by when the  
 2. God will wipe a-way all tears (all tears,)  
 3. We will nev-er know a sigh(know a sigh,)  
 4. Bless-ed hour of all most sweet(most sweet,)  
 5. We shall join the blood-washed throng(blood-washed throng,) By and by when the

We shall reach those mansions blest(mansions blest,)  
 Peace and rest thru end-less years(endless years,)  
 sun goes down, We will nev-er say "good-by"(say "good-by,") By and by when the  
 For our Sav-ior we will meet(we will meet,)  
 Sing the ev-er-last-ing song(lasting song,)

## Chorus

sun goes down. When the sun of our life goes down,  
 sun goes down. goes down,

We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, Home to wear a  
 We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home,

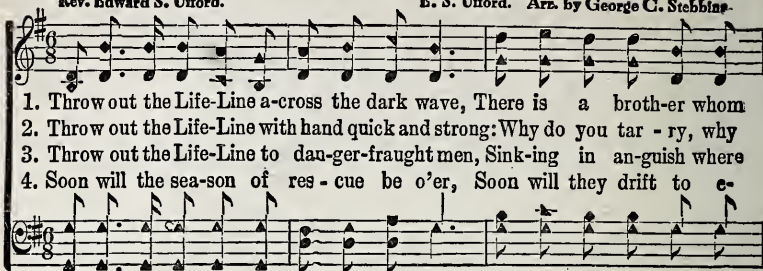
robe and crown, When the sun goes down.  
 beau-ti-ful crown, When the sun goes down.

## Throw Out the Life-Line.

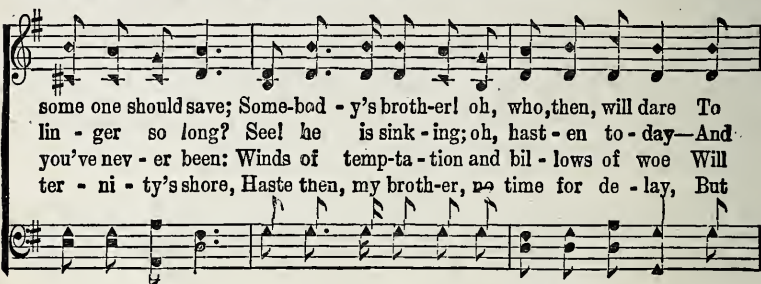
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY THE BIGLOW &amp; MAIN CO.

Rev. Edward S. Uford.

E. S. Uford. Arr. by George C. Stebbins.

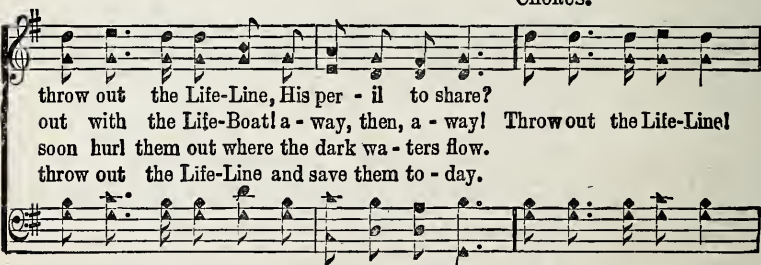


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar-ry, why  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where  
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

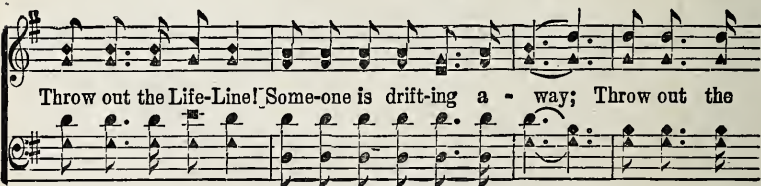


some one should save; Some-bad-y's broth-er! oh, who, then, will dare To  
 lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And  
 you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will  
 ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

## CHORUS.



throw out the Life-Line, His per-il to share?  
 out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line!  
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.  
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the



Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is sink-ing to-day.



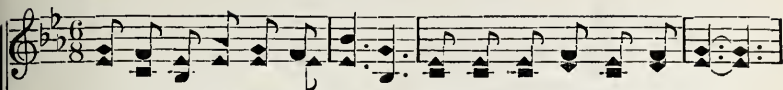
## No. 119

## Somebody Cares

Bert Moad

Copyright, 1931, by R. H. Cornelius

G. E. Wright



1. Some-bod-y cares when your heart aches, Somebody cares when you're blue,
2. Some-bod-y cares when your tri- als Seem too great for you to bear;
3. Some-bod-y knows when the struggle Seems to be all but in vain;
4. Some-bod-y wants to keep near you, Wants to drive out ev - 'ry fear,



Knows when the dark clouds need rifting, Letting hope's sunlight shine thru. (shine thru.)  
 Some - bod-y's wait-ing to com-fort, Wipe a - way ev - 'ry sad tear. (sad tear.)  
 Some - bod-y's read - y to cheer you, Help you the vic-t'ry to gain. (to gain.)  
 Wants you to love Him and serve Him, All of your sorrows He'll share, (He'll share.)



## Chorus



Some-bod - y cares and He sees you When tears of grief make your eyes dim,



Some-bod - y cares and 'tis Je - sus; Cast all your sor - rows on Him.



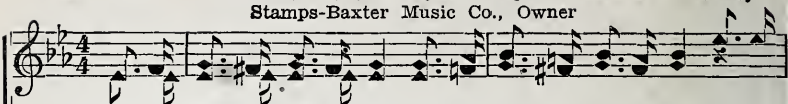
## No. 120

## Ring Out the Message

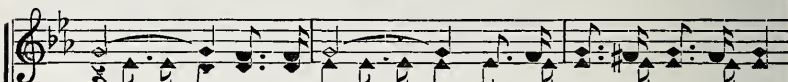
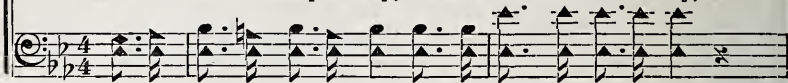
James Rowe

Copyright, 1912, by Beazley and Vaughan  
Stamps-Baxter Music Co., Owner

Samuel W. Beazley



1. There's a mes-sage true and glad For the sin - ful and the sad, Ring it
2. Tell the world of sav-ing grace, Make it known in ev-'ry place,
3. Sin and doubt to sweep a - way, Till shall dawn the bet-ter day,

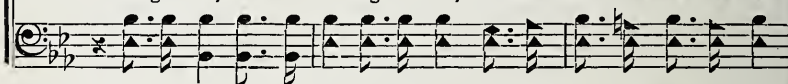


out, ring it out;

It will give them cour-age new,  
Help the need - y ones to know

Ring it out,

ring it out; Till the sin - ful world be won



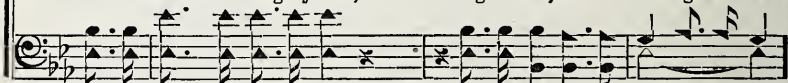
It will help them to be true; Ring it out, ring it out.

Him from whom all blessings flow;

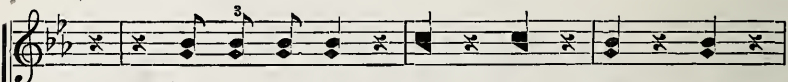
For Je - ho - vah's mighty Son;

Ring it out,

ring it out.



## Chorus

Mer - ri - ly ring, Speed it a - way, Message di - vine!  
Ring out the word o'er landand sea, send it to - day; Let it cheer the  
Still far from Je - sus man - y live in

# Ring Out the Message

lost and those in doubt, darkness and doubt; Mer - ri - ly ring,  
 sin and doubt, Ring out the

won - der - ful news, Mak - ing men free, hap - py and free,  
 news that makes men free,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring the mes - sage out.  
 To all the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ring it ring it out.

## No. 121

## The Old-Time Religion

Anon

Arr. by A. J. S.

CHO - 'Tis the old - time re - li - gion, 'Tis the old - time re - li - gion, 'Tis the old  
 1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love  
 2. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good

time re - li - gion, It's good e - nough for me.  
 ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e - nough for me.  
 for our mothers, It's good e - nough for me.

3. It has saved all our fathers.  
 4. It will save all our children.  
 5. It was good for Paul and Silas  
 6. It will do when I am dying.  
 7. It will take us all to heaven.

## Beautiful Home Somewhere\*

Arr. Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
in "Comfort and Consolation"

J. B. Vaughan

Arr. H. F. M.

J. B. V.

1. Oft - en I've heard of heav - en, won - der - ful coun - try some - where,  
2. Oft - en we sing the sto - ry, beau - ti - ful sto - ry so sweet,  
3. Oft - en I dream of glo - ry, vi - sions so love - ly and fair,

Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of glo - ry, land of de - light so fair;  
Oft - en we hear of its glo - ry where the redeemed ones meet,  
I am so hap - py in Je - sus, long - ing to be up there;

E - den, sweet home up yon - der, Je - sus has gone to pre - pare us a  
Wait - ing till Je - sus calls me, then I shall rest with the good and the  
Bless - ed Re - deem - er's com - ing, then I shall go to that beau - ti - ful

## Chorus

home, Sweet home I shall soon be there. Home o - ver yon - der  
blest, My glo - ry will be com - plete.  
shore, For - ev - er at home some - where. yon - der somewhere,

Beau - ti - ful home somewhere, Home.  
my beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful, wonderful, beau - ti - ful home,

\*Good as Soprano and Alto Duet. Or Tenor may be used making a Trio



# Beautiful Home Somewhere

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Some day I shall reach my sweet home.  
beau-ti-ful home, sweet home.

No. 123

## The Gates of Mercy May Close

C. E. P

Calvin F. Pinson, owner

Calvin F. Pinson

1. O ye who walk on the downward way In pain and sor-row each passing day;  
2. Your heart is burdened with grief and fear And longing now for His love and cheer;  
3. If you have loved ones in heav'n to meet And long to walk on the gold-en street;  
4. If you would en-ter the pearl-y gate, O why in sin do you long-er wait;

O turn to Je-sus now while you may, The gates of mer-cy may close.  
O turn from e-vil, to Christ draw near, The gates of mer-cy may close.  
Accept His par-don and grace complete, The gates of mer-cy may close.  
Let Je-sus save you e'er 'tis too late, The gates of mer-cy may close.

### Chorus

The gates of mer-cy may close,.....The gates of mer-cy may close;.....  
may close, may close;

Seek Je-sus to-day no long-er de-lay, The gates of mer-cy may close.....  
may close.

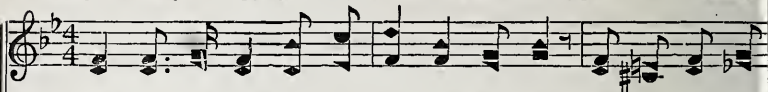
## Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5:6

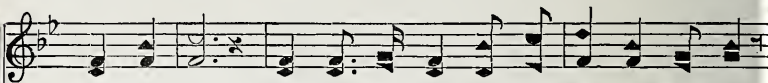
Fanny J. Crosby

Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

W. H. Doane



1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His Glo - ry



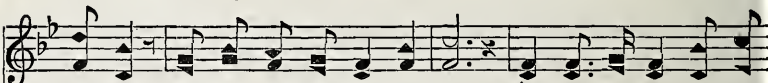
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
do our best! If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,  
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,



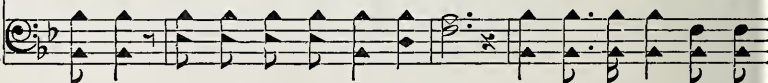
## Chorus



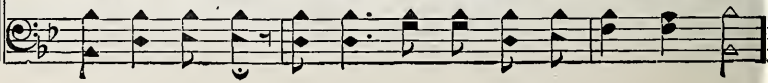
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" O can we say, we are read - y,  
We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
Will He find us watch - ing there?



broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and



me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?



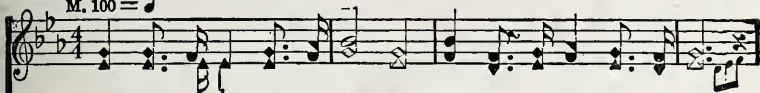
## Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY L. E. SWENEY, RENEWAL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

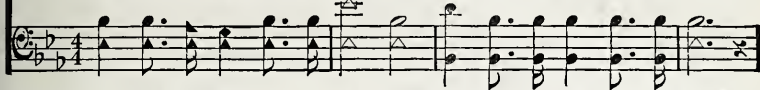
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

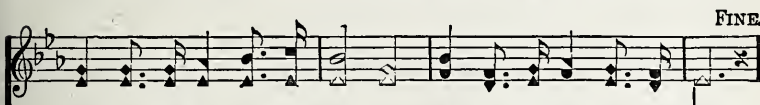
Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 100 = 

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an - guish and pain;

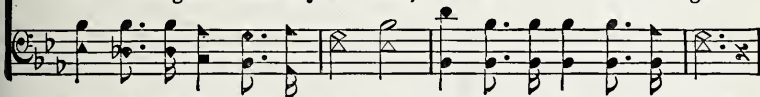


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

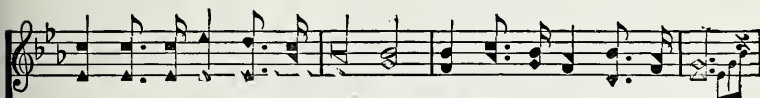


FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.  
 How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.  
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.



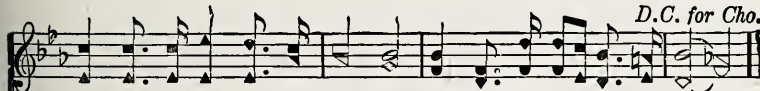
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.



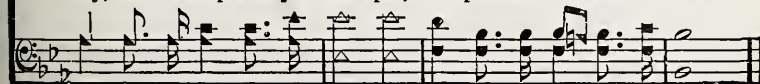
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,  
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,  
 Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D.C. for Cho.



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."  
 He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.  
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



1. I'm gon-na take a trip in the good old gos-pel ship, Christ the Lord h  
 2. I know I won't be late for I la-bor, watch and wait, Lift my voice  
 3. I'll tell and sing the news, bidding men no more re-fuse To be made wi  
 4. My loved ones gone be-fore now a - wait me on that shore, Soon I'll join th

paid my fare; I'll hear the trumpet sound and I'll leave this sin-ful groun  
 God in pray'r; He'll hear my fee-ble plea and will bid me come and see,  
 Christ an heir, I know He's com-ing soon, it may be at night or noon  
 o - ver there; For when my ship comes in then my voy-age will be - gin.

**Chorus**

I'll go sail-ing thru the air. O I'm a-gon-na take a trip on the

good old gos-pel ship, I'll go sail-ing home on high; O I'm a-gon-na

shout and sing, hear the heav'nly mu-sic ring. When I bid this world good-by.



## Questions for You

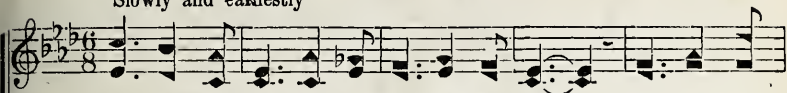
(May be used as a solo)

Arr. Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

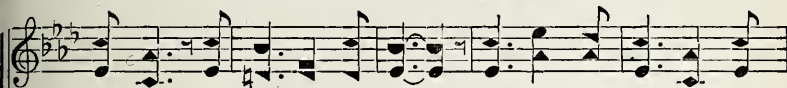
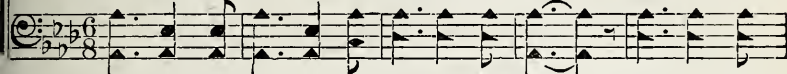
J. W. G. in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2"

J. W. Gaines

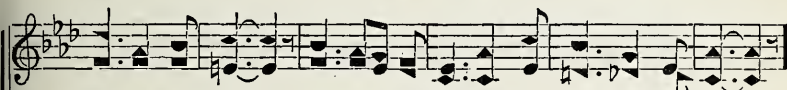
Slowly and earnestly



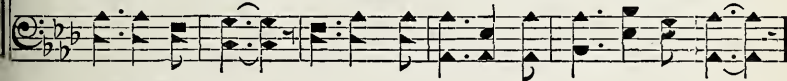
1. What have you done in the Mas-ter's dear name? Have you been  
 2. What have you said to the friends you have met? Do you have  
 3. How are you liv - ing be - fore them each day? Is your light



- ear - nest lost souls to re - claim? Have you neg - lect - ed one  
 rea - son one word to re - gret? Do you to Je - sus your  
 burn - ing to show them the way? Do you take Je - sus wher-



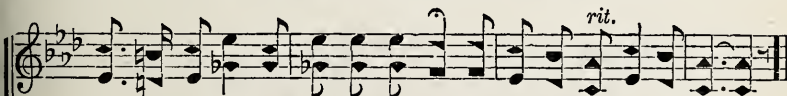
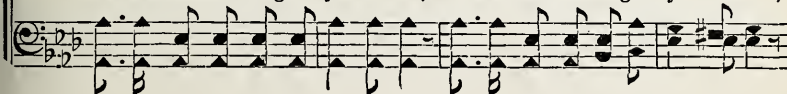
- chance to im - part Com - fort thru Je - sus to some wear - y heart?  
 com - rades in - vite? Have you said something to lead them a - right?  
 ev - er you go? Do those a - round you His right - eous-ness know?



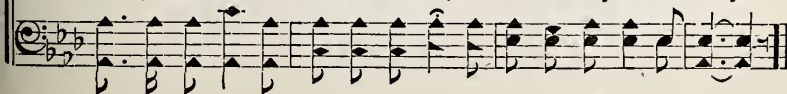
## Chorus



Je - sus has something for you to DO, Je - sus has something for you to SAY,



Wants you to LIVE de - vot - ed and true, That sin - ners may know the way.



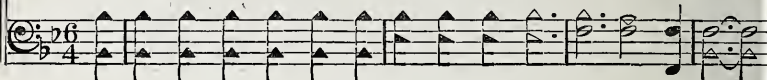
Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
in "Comfort and Consolation"

A. J. G.

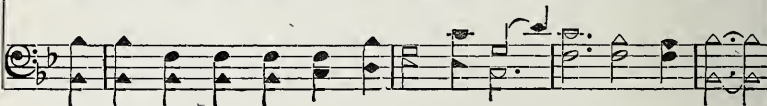
A. J. Gordon Arr. H. F. M.



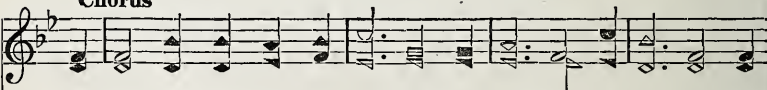
1. The night is fast pass-ing, the day is at hand, Day is at hand;
2. With harps and with trumpets, the glo-ri-fied band, Glo-ri-fied band,
3. The Lamb on Mount Zi-on with nail-pierc-ed hand, Nail-pierc-ed hand,
4. Then sing, wea-ry pilgrims, you're nearing the strand, Near-ing the strand,



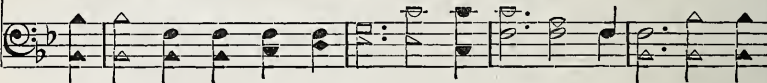
We've sight-ed the mountains of Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.  
Are sound-ing their wel-come to Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.  
Has o-pened the por-tals of Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.  
Where loved ones a-wait you in Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.



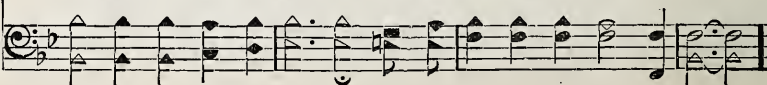
## Chorus



We'll say good morn-ing in glo-ry, Good morn-ing in glo-ry, We'll



say good morning in glo-ry, When the dark-ness has turned to day.



## No. 129

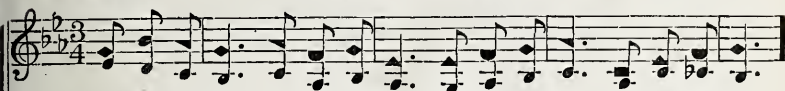
## There Is a Better Home

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James Rowe

in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2"

J. R. Baxter, Jr.



1. Some-where, be-yond the sea of life, Be-yond its care and sin and strife,
2. Some-where a-cross the bor-der line, With Him I shall for-ev-er shine,
3. Some place where bil-lows nev-er roll, And gladness ev-er thrills the soul,
4. O hap-py day, when I shall rest At home with all the free and blest,



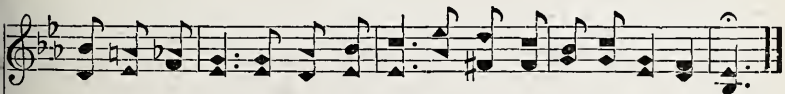
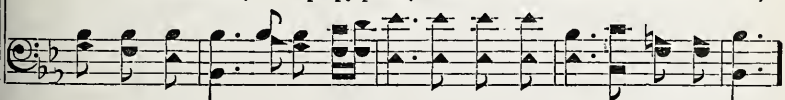
Where an-gels live be-side a sea, There is a bet-ter home for me.  
 And in His love-light al-ways be, For He pre-pares a place for me.  
 My home a pal-ace fair will be, For Je-sus builds it now for me.  
 With Him for-ev-er-more to be In that dear home He builds for me.



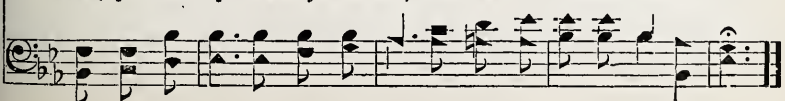
## Chorus



A bet-ter home, a hap-py place, Where I shall meet Him face to face;



Yes, yon-der by the crys-tal sea, There is a bet-ter home for me.



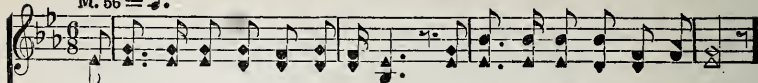
# No. 130 No Disappointment in Heaven

Copyright, 1942, by Nazarene Publishing House, Renewal F. M. Lehman

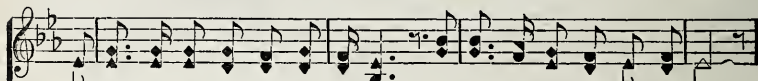
F. M. L.

Used by permission Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman

M. 56 = ♩.



1. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heaven, No wear-i-ness, sor-row or pain;
2. We'll nev-er pay rent for our mansion, The tax-es will nev-er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu-ner-al train in the sky;



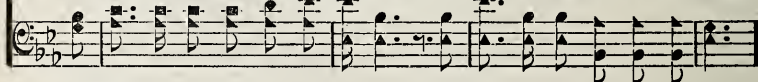
No hearts that are bleeding and bro-ken, No song with a mi-nor re-frain;  
Our garments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al-ways be fade-less and new;  
No graves on the hill-sides of glo-ry, For there we shall nev-er-more die;



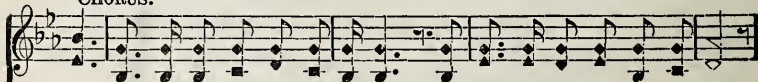
The clouds of our earth-ly ho-ri-zon Will nev-er ap-pear in the sky,  
We'll nev-er be hun-gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov-er-ty there,  
The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;



For all will be sun-shine and gladness, With nev-er a sob nor a sigh.  
For all the rich bounties of heav-en His sanc-ti-fied chil-dren will share.  
Im-mor-tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.



CHORUS.

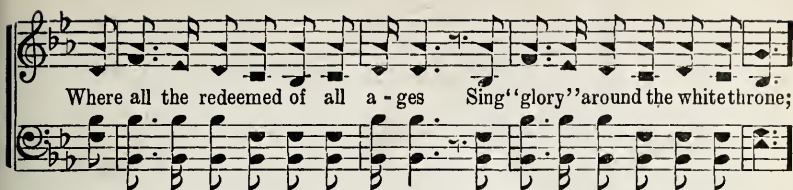


I'm bound for that beau-ti-ful cit-y My Lord has prepared for His own;

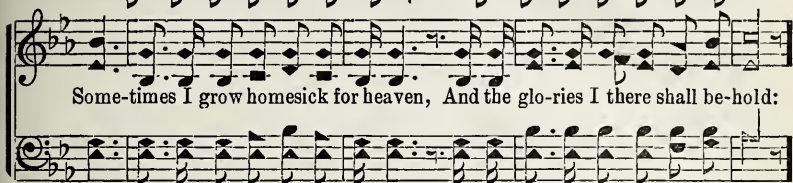




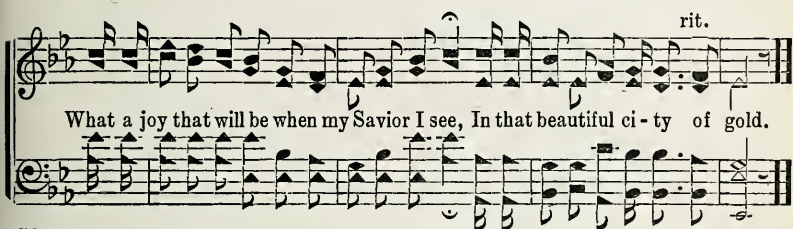
# No Disappointment in Heaven



Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glory" around the whitethrone;



Some-times I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:

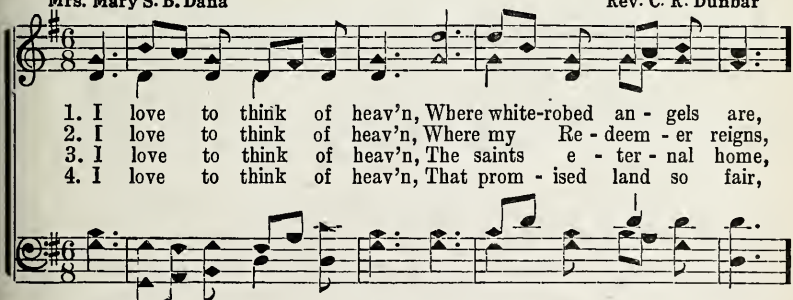


What a joy that will be when my Savior I see, In that beautiful ci - ty of gold.

## No. 131 | There'll be no Sorrow There

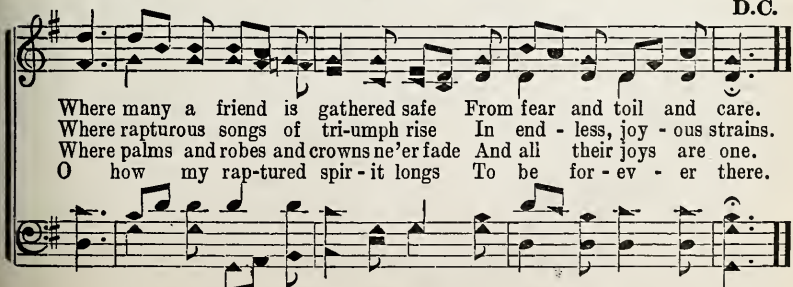
Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana

Rev. C. R. Dunbar



1. I love to think of heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are,
2. I love to think of heav'n, Where my Re - deem - er reigns,
3. I love to think of heav'n, The saints e - ter - nal home,
4. I love to think of heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair,

D. C. - There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, D.C.

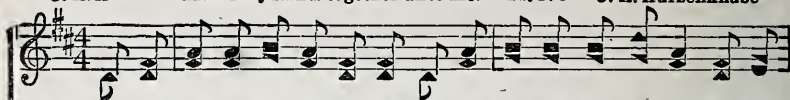


Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and care.  
Where rapturous songs of tri-umph rise In end - less, joy - ous strains.  
Where palms and robes and crowns ne'er fade And all their joys are one.  
O how my rap-tured spir-it longs To be for-ev - er there.

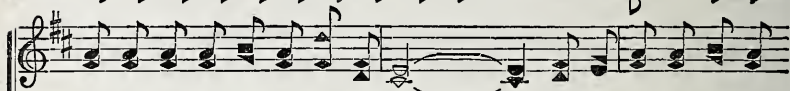
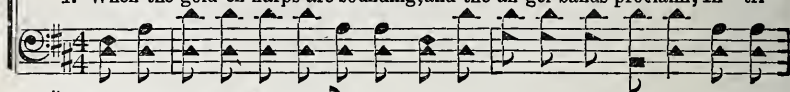
In heav'n a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

## What a Gathering That Will Be

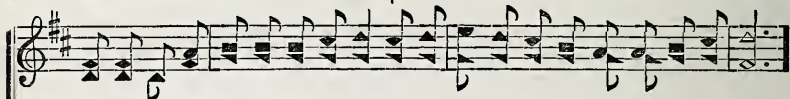
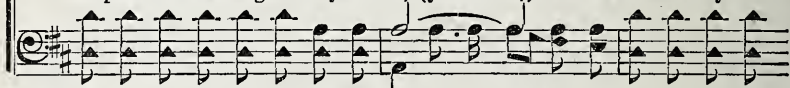
**J. H. Kurzenknabe**



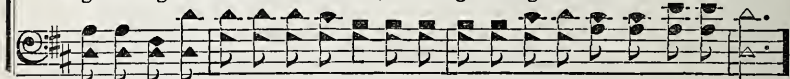
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim, In tri-



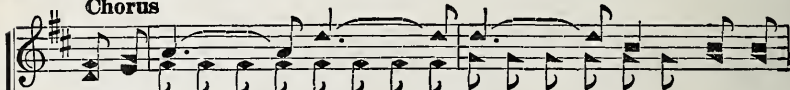
greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, (crystal sea,) With the friends and all the  
gather, and the saved and ransomed see, (ransomed see,) Then to meet a-gain to-  
Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see; (we shall see;) At the bid-ding of our  
um-phant strains the glorious ju-bi-lee; (ju-bi-lee;) Then to meet and join to



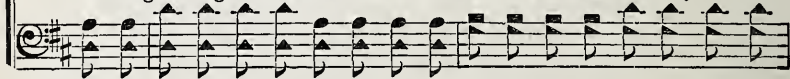
loved ones there awaiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!  
 geth-er, on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!  
 Savior, "Come, ye blessed, to My right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!  
 sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!



## Chorus

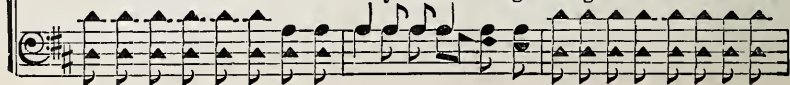


What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the  
gath'ring with the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,



sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee!

What a gath - 'ring,  
ju-bi-lee! gath'ring when the friends and all the



# What a Gathering That Will Be

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!  
 dear ones meet each other,

No. 133

## We'll All Gather Home

Rev. 20: 12

Rev. I. Baltzell

1. We'll all gath-er home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jas-per sea;  
 2. We'll all gath-er home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju-bi - lee;  
 3. We'll all gath-er home in the morning, Our bless-ed Redeem-er to see;

We'll meet all the good and the faith-ful, What a gath'ring that will be!  
 We'll join in the song of re-demption, What a gath'ring that will be!  
 We'll meet with the friends gone be-fore us, What a gath'ring that will be!

### Chorus

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!  
 What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, that will be!

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!  
 While the an-gels sing, we'll all gather home!

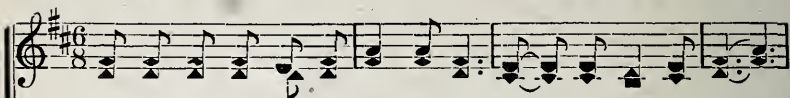
## No. 134

## O Say, But I'm Glad

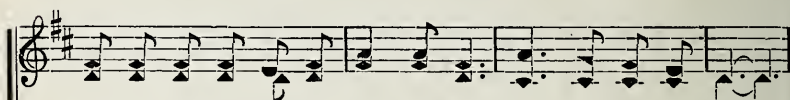
Copyright, 1930, by Jas. P. Sullivan. Used by per.

Rev. James P. Sullivan

Mildred Ellen Sullivan



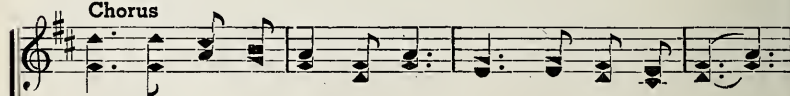
1. There is a song in my heart to-day, Something I nev - er had;
2. Won - der - ful, mar - vel - ous love He brings, In - to a heart that's sad;
3. We have a fel - low-ship rich and sweet, Tongue can ne'er re - late;
4. Won't you come to Him with all your care, Wea-ry and worn and sad;



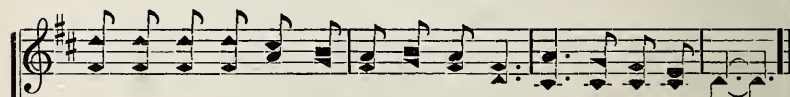
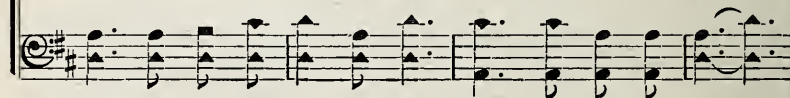
Je - sus has tak - en my sins a - way, O say, but I'm glad!  
 Thru dark - est tun - nels the soul just sings, O say, but I'm glad!  
 Liv - ing in Him is a bless - ed treat, O say, but I'm glad!  
 You, too, will sing as His love you share, O say, but I'm glad!



## Chorus



O say, but I'm glad, I'm glad, O say, but I'm glad!



Je - sus has come and my cup's o - ver - run, O say, but I'm glad!





Words and melody by  
Rev. J. K. Alwood

Used by permission

Arr. by J. F. K.

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they  
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they  
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they  
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home  
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life  
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne  
smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home,

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.  
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thru the un - cloud - ed day.  
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.  
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.

REFRAIN

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky;

## "Zeal" Our Watchword

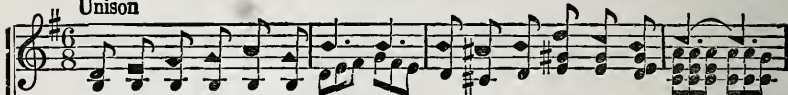
S. W. B.

Copyright, 1941, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

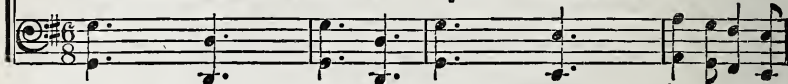
Renewal

Samuel W. Beazley

Unison



1. On to the work He has giv - en,      On with a true, will-ing heart;  
 2. Zeal for the Mas-ter in-creas-ing,      As you pur-sue the right way;  
 3. Zeal for His cause is re-ward-ed      By the re-sults we at-tain



- Read-y to help where you're need-ed,      Ear-nest-ly do-ing your part.  
 Zeal in His good ways of ser-vice,      List'ning for what He may say;  
 In the in-crease of His king-dom,      Thru-out His earth-ly do-main;



Boys



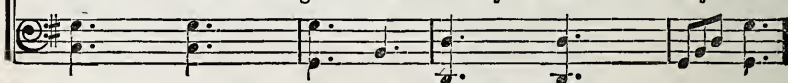
- All of one mind and u-nit-ed,      Put-ting forth efforts that tell;  
 Yield-ing your ev'-ry e-mo-tion      To His com-pas-sion-ate will;  
 Souls for our hire He will lend us,      If we with zeal work and pray;



Girls

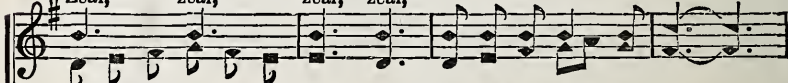


- Go with a zeal all con-sum-ing—      Do what you may, and that well.  
 Thus to His wis-dom con-form-ing,      That your right place you may fill.  
 And af-ter all He will give us      Glo-ry in Heav-en some day.

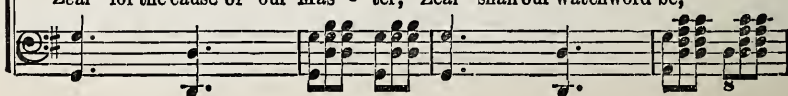


TWO-PART CHORUS. Female voices upper, Male voices lower.

Zeal,      zeal,      zeal,      zeal,



"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas-ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be;



## "Zeal" Our Watchword

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the work He's as-signed us, "Zeal" worthy oth-ers should see

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low;

Then with a zeal nev-er dy-ing, On in His ser-vice we go.

No. 137

## Where Could I Go?

Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

"In "Golden Key"

J. B. C.

J. B. Coats

1. Liv-ing be-low in this old sin-ful world, Hard-ly a com-fort can af-ford;  
 2. Neighbors are kind, I love them ev-ry one, We get a-long in sweet ac-cord;  
 3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Comfort I get from God's own word;

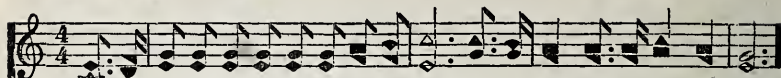
CHO.-Where could I go, O where could I go, Seek-ing a ref-uge for my soul?  
 D.C. for Chorus

Striv-ing a-lone to face temptations sore,  
 But when my soul needs manna from a-bove, Where could I go but to the Lord?  
 Yet when I face the chill-ing hand of death,

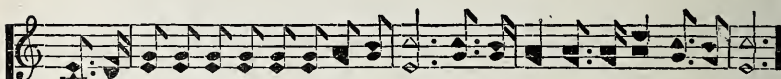
Needing a friend to save me in the end, Where could I go but to the Lord?

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

R. M. McINTOSH.



1 Tho' the shad-ows gath-er o'er my pathway here, And no sun comes with joy-ous ray,  
 2 In the temp-est when the winds around me roll, And the thun-ders my heart af-fright,  
 3 When the chilling blight of death is on my brow, And the earth pass-es from my view,




In the darkness not an e-vil will I fear, For my Sav-iour is lead-ing the way.  
 Sweet-ly comes a lov-ing whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beau-ty and light.  
 Sim-ply trusting in my Saviour then, as now, He will lead me in paths ev-er new.

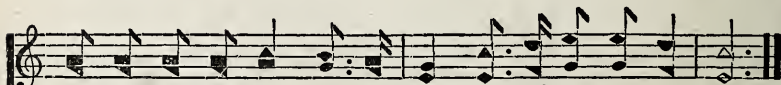
## REFRAIN.



I will trust in my Sav-iour, I will trust in my Sav-iour, I will



trust in my Sav-iour al-way; He will lead me thro' the night, By his



ev-er shin-ing light, I will trust in my Sav-iour to-day.



# Yes, Jesus Knows

Copyright, 1943, by Tillit S. Teddlie  
in "Standard Gospel Songs"

T. S. T.

Tillit S. Teddlie

1. O heart bowed down in de-spair and grief, Look up to bright-er lands;  
2. Let Him who passed thru Geth-sem-a - ne Now hold your tremb-ling hand;  
3. He knows the sor-rows, the lone - ly hours, The loss that death de-mands,

'Tis Christ, the Mas - ter, now call-ing you, He knows and un - der - stands.  
He'll lift you up to the Fa-ther's love, He knows and un - der - stands.  
He hears your cries thru the lone-ly night, Yes, Je - sus un - der - stands.

## Chorus

Yes, Je - sus knows      The bur-dens that you bear,      Yes, Je - sus  
He knows      bur - dens      that you bear,

knows      Each sor-row and each care;      He bids you hold      His  
He knows      each care;      His hand

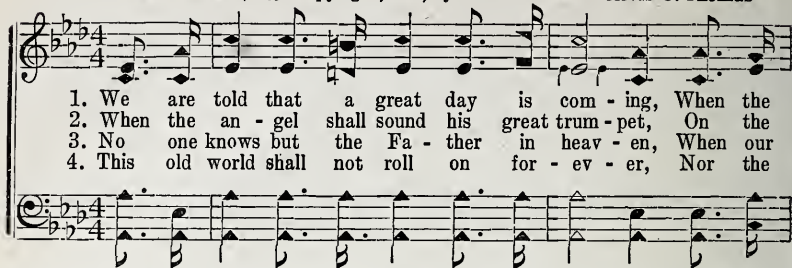
Rit.....

strong and might-y hand,      Trust all to Je - sus, He knows and understands.  
strong and might-y hand,

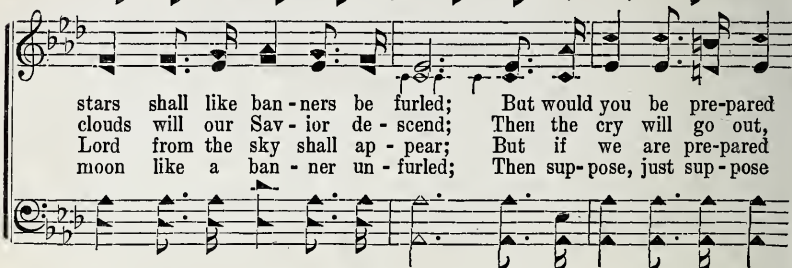
# No. 140 If Today Were the End of the World

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Copyright, 1914, by A. O. Thomas

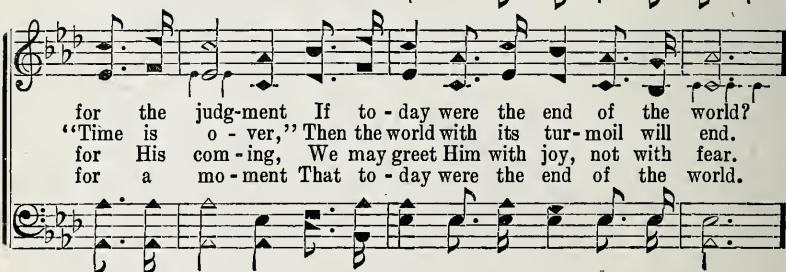
Alvis O. Thomas



1. We are told that a great day is com - ing, When the  
 2. When the an - gel shall sound his great trum - pet, On the  
 3. No one knows but the Fa - ther in heav - en, When our  
 4. This old world shall not roll on for - ev - er, Nor the

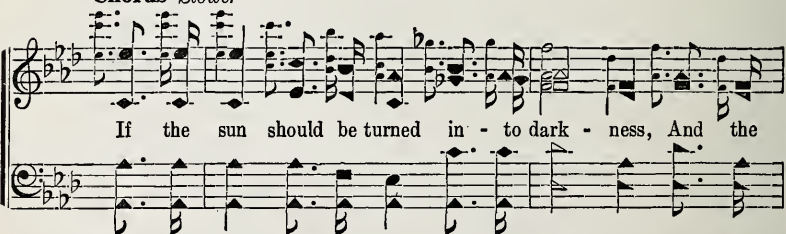


stars shall like ban - ners be furled; But would you be pre - pared  
 clouds will our Sav - ior de - scend; Then the cry will go out,  
 Lord from the sky shall ap - pear; But if we are pre - pared  
 moon like a ban - ner un - furled; Then sup - pose, just sup - pose

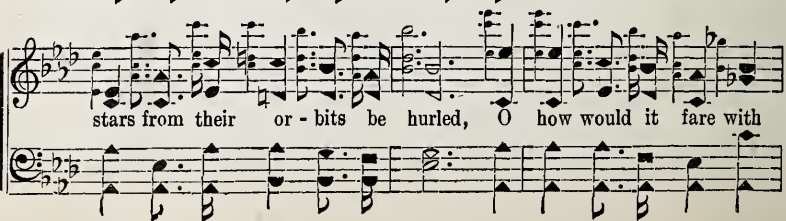


for the judg - ment If to - day were the end of the world?  
 "Time is o - ver," Then the world with its tur - moil will end.  
 for His com - ing, We may greet Him with joy, not with fear.  
 for a mo - ment That to - day were the end of the world.

## Chorus *Slower*



If the sun should be turned in - to dark - ness, And the



stars from their or - bits be hurled, O how would it fare with

# If Today Were the End of the World

you, my broth-er, If to - day were the end of the world.

## No. 141

## He Loved Me So

J. G. D.

Copyright, 1920, Renewal. Gospel Advocate Co., owner J. G. Dailey

1. Why did my Sav-ior come to earth, And to the hum - ble go?  
 2. Why did He drink the bit - ter cup Of sor - row, pain and woe?  
 3. Till Je - sus comes I'll sing His praise, And then to glo - ry go,

Why did He choose a low - ly birth? Be - cause He loved me so!  
 Why on the cross be lift - ed up? Be - cause He loved me so!  
 And live with Him thru end - less days, Be - cause He loved me so!

### Chorus

He loved me so, He loved me so;  
 He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so;

He gave His pre - cious life for me, for me, Be - cause He loved me so.


# No. 142 Drifting too Far From the Shore

Arr. Copyright, 1944, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.


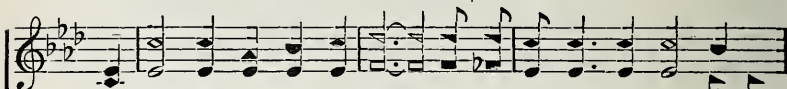
C. E. M.

in "Calvary Songs"

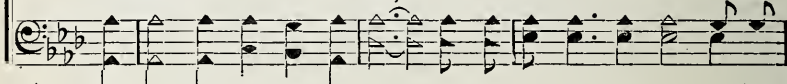
Chas. E. Moody



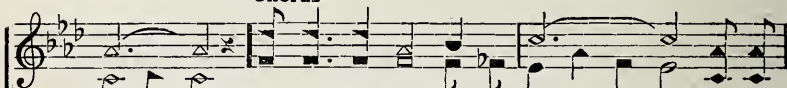
1. Out on the per - il - ous deep Where dan - gers si - lent - ly creep  
 2. To - day the tem - pest rolls high And clouds o'er - shad - ow the sky,  
 3. Why meet a ter - ri - ble fate When joys a - bun - dant - ly wait?

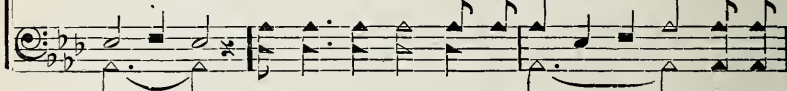
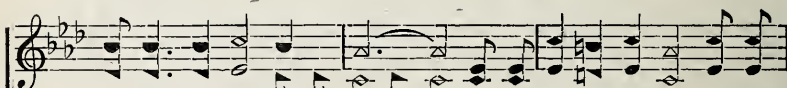
And storms so vi' - lent - ly sweep  
 Sure death is hov - er - ing nigh, You are drift - ing too far from the  
 Turn back be - fore it's too late,



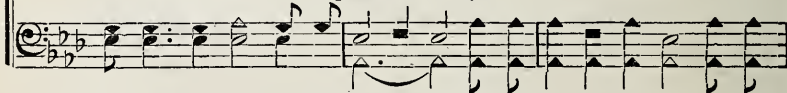
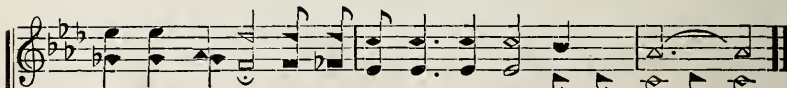
## Chorus



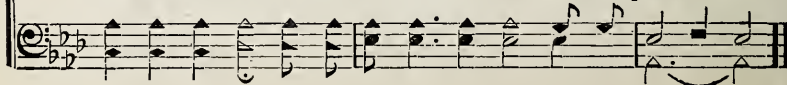
shore. Drift - ing too far from shore, You are  
 peaceful shore. the peace - ful shore,

drift - ing too far from shore; Come to Je - sus to - day, let Him  
 the peace - ful shore;

show you the way, You are drift - ing too far from shore.  
 the peace - ful shore.

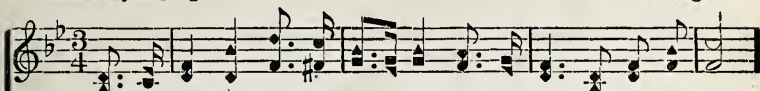




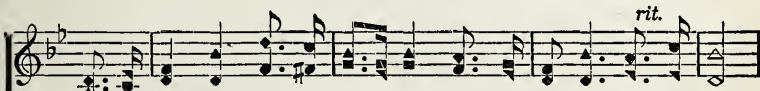
USED BY PERMISSION OF MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON, OWNER.

Manie Payne Ferguson.

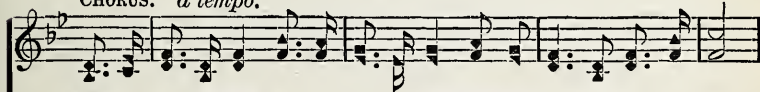
Arranged.



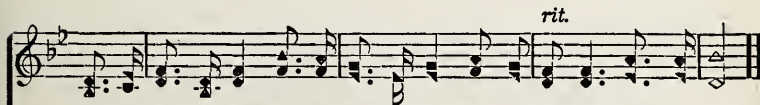
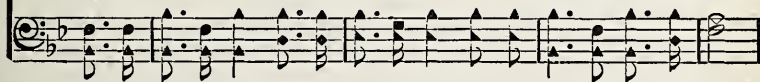
1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless-ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face;



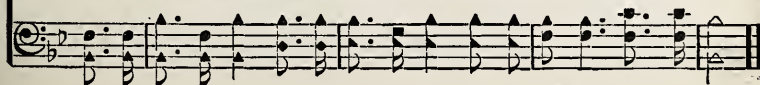
He a-bides with us for-ev-er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.  
 Ban-ish-ed un-be-lief and sad-ness, And we just o-bey and rest.  
 So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.  
 And the streams of life are flow-ing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.  
 What a peace-ful hab-i-ta-tion, What a qui-et rest-ing place.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;



On the storm-y sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.



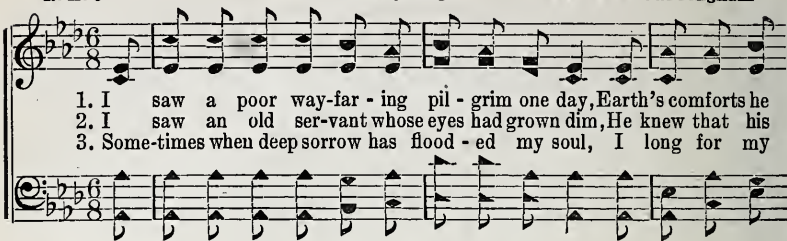
# No. 144 Hallelujah, Deliv'rance Will Come

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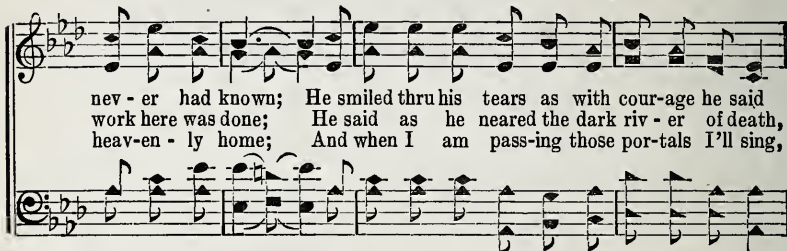
R. H. C.

in "Calvary Songs"

Rev. R. H. Cunningham



1. I saw a poor way-far - ing pil - grim one day, Earth's comforts he  
2. I saw an old ser-vant whose eyes had grown dim, He knew that his  
3. Some-times when deep sorrow has flood - ed my soul, I long for my

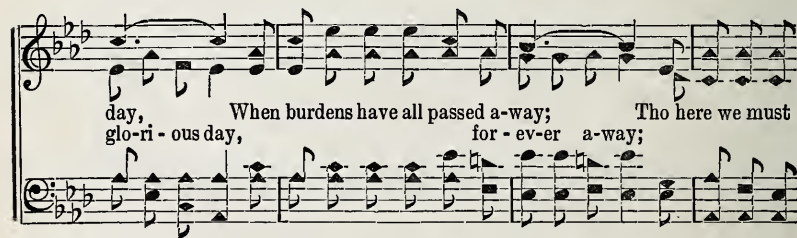


nev - er had known; He smiled thru his tears as with cour-age he said  
work here was done; He said as he neared the dark riv - er of death,  
heav-en - ly home; And when I am pass-ing those por-tals I'll sing,

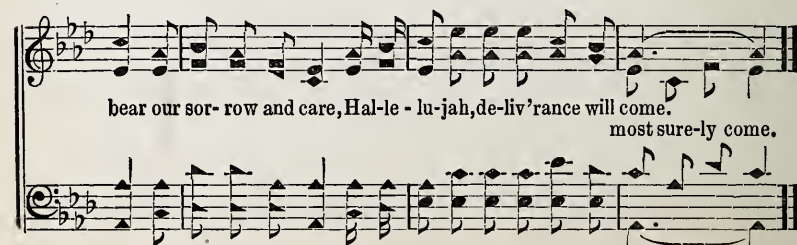


Chorus

Hal - le - lu-jah, de - liv'-rance will come. De - liv'rance will come some



day, When burdens have all passed a-way; Tho here we must  
glo-ri - ous day, for - ev-er a-way;



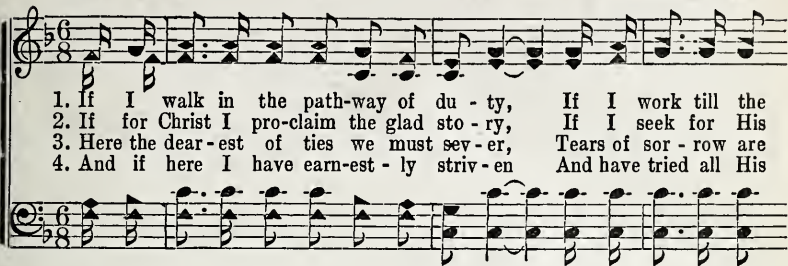
bear our sor-row and care, Hal-le - lu-jah, de-liv'rance will come.  
most sure-ly come.

# No. 145 The Last Mile of The Way

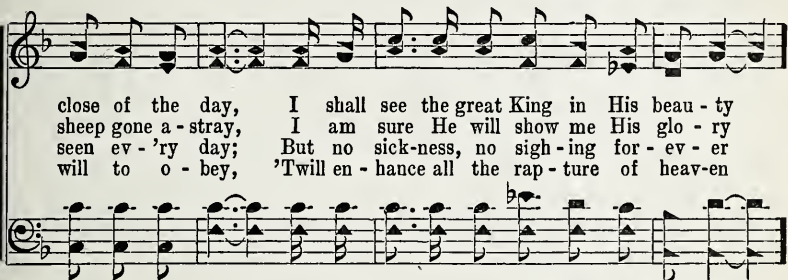
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1936, W. E. Marks, renewal

Wm. Edie Marks



1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the  
 2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His  
 3. Here the dear-est of ties we must sev-er, Tears of sor - row are  
 4. And if here I have earn-est - ly striv-en And have tried all His



close of the day, I shall see the great King in His beau - ty  
 sheep gone a - stray, I am sure He will show me His glo - ry  
 seen ev - 'ry day; But no sick-ness, no sigh-ing for - ev - er  
 will to o - bey, 'Twill en - hance all the rap - ture of heav-en

:8: **Fine Chorus**

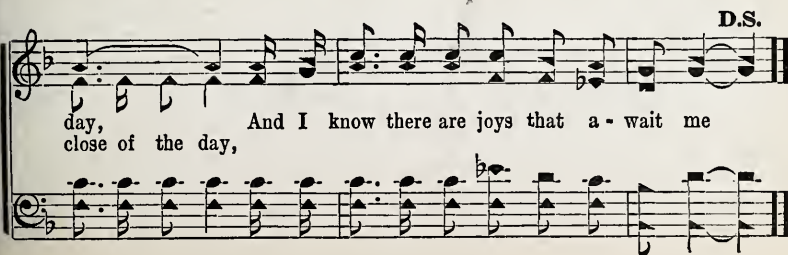


When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last



mile of the way, I will rest at the close of the  
 the last mile of the way, at the

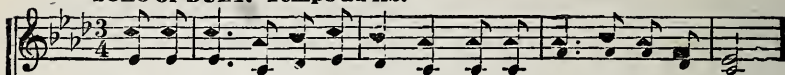
**D.S.**



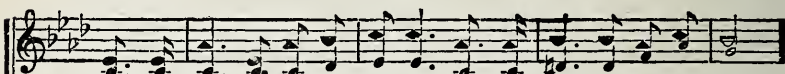
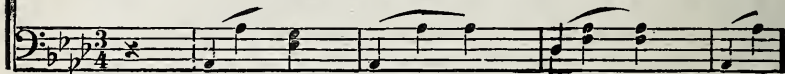
day, And I know there are joys that a - wait me  
 close of the day,

## Life's Railway to Heaven

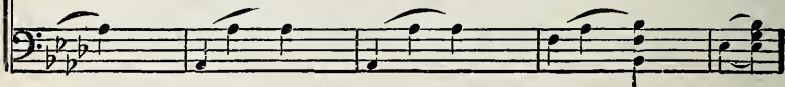
Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men

M. E. Abbey Copyright, 1917, by Charlie D. Tillman. Renewal Charlie D. Tillman  
SOLO or DUET. Tempo ad lib.

1. Life is like a mountain rail-road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roil a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor - dan's swell-ing tide,



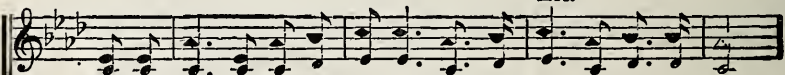
We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the 'grave;  
See that Christ is your con-duc-tor On this light-ning train of life;  
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;  
You be - hold the Un-ion De-pot In - to which your train will glide;



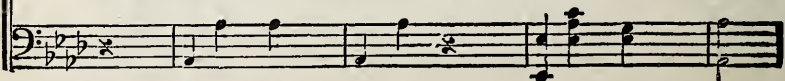
Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;  
Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;  
Put your trust a-lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;  
There you'll meet the Su - per-in-ten-dent, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son,



Rit.



Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."





# Life's Railway to Heaven

## Chorus

Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore,

Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for - ev - er - more.

## No. 147

## Hark! the Gentle Voice

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

A. B. Everett

1. Hark! the gen - tle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten - der - ly up - on your ear;
2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His bur - den, to Him turn;
3. Then His lov - ing, ten - der voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke, His bur - den take;

Fine

Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call - eth; Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.  
He who call - eth is the Mas - ter ho - ly, He will teach if you will learn.  
Find the yoke His hand is on you lay - ing, Light and eas - y for His sake.

D. S.—Ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.

## Chorus

D. S.

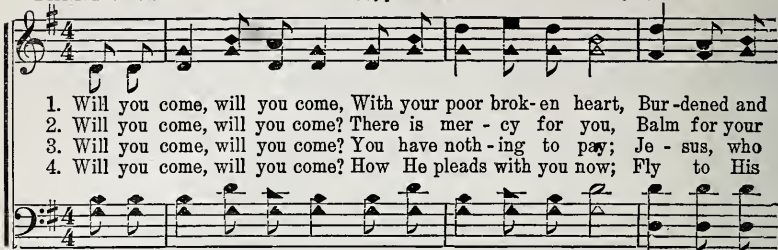
Ye that la - bor and are heav - y la - den, Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast;

"Come unto me—and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

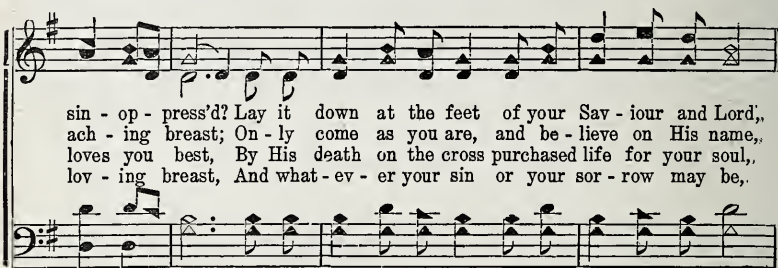
FANNY CROSBY.

Used by permission.

J. R. SWENEY.

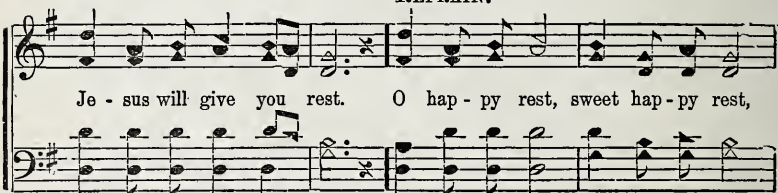


1. Will you come, will you come, With your poor brok-en heart, Bur-dened and  
 2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer-cy for you, Balm for your  
 3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus, who  
 4. Will you come, will you come? How He pleads with you now; Fly to His



sin-op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,  
 ach-ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,  
 loves you best, By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,  
 lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,

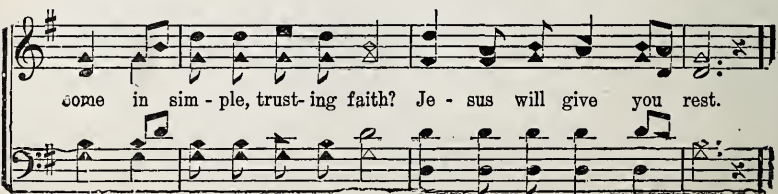
## REFRAIN.



Je-sus will give you rest. O hap-py rest, sweet hap-py rest,



Je-sus will give you rest. (hap-py rest.) O why won't you



come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

J. R. B., Jr.

Copyright, 1923, by Gospel Advocate Co.,  
in "Choice Gospel Hymns."

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. There is room in the king-dom of God, my broth-er, For the small things that  
 2. Just a cup of cold wa - ter in His name giv - en May the hope in some  
 3. There's a place in the serv - ice of God for work-ers Who are loy - al to

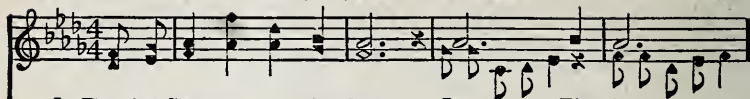
you can do; (you can do;) Just a small, kindly deed that may cheer an-oth-er  
 heart re-new; (hope renew;) Do not wait to be told, nor by sor - row driv-en  
 Him and true; (loyal, true;) Can't you say to Him now, "I will leave the shirkers,

REFRAIN.

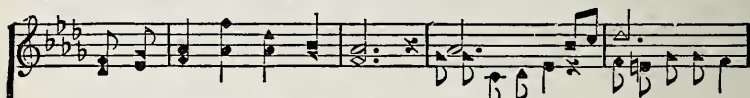
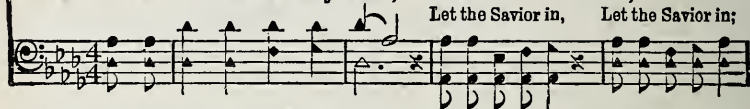
Is the work God has planned for you. There is room, there's a  
 To the work God has planned for you.  
 And the work Thou hast planned I'll do." There is room in the kingdom, there's a

place In the king-dom of God for you; There is  
 place in the serv-ice, for you; There is

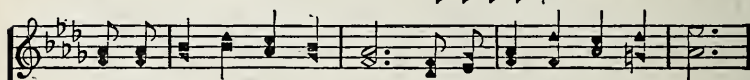
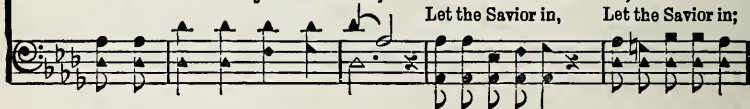
room, there's a place, There is work that we all can do.  
 room in the kingdom, there's a place in the service,



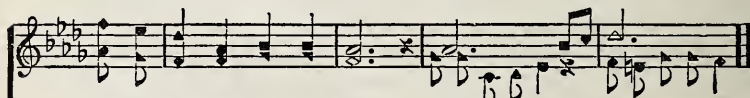
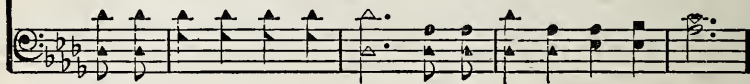
- |                                      |                    |                    |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. There's a Stran-ger at the door,  | Let                | Him in;            |
| 2. O - pen now to Him your heart,    | Let                | Him in;            |
| 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? | Let                | Him in;            |
| 4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest,   | Let                | Him in;            |
|                                      | Let the Savior in, | Let the Savior in; |



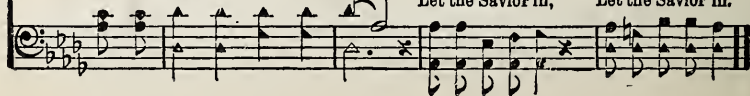
- |                                    |                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| He has been there oft be - fore,   | Let                | Him in;            |
| If you wait He will de - part,     | Let                | Him in;            |
| Now, oh, now make Him your choice, | Let                | Him in;            |
| He will make for you a feast,      | Let                | Him in;            |
|                                    | Let the Savior in, | Let the Savior in; |



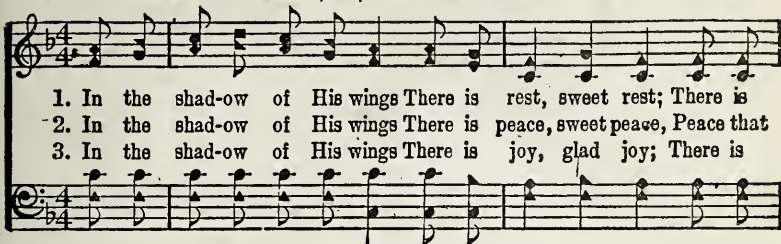
- |                                      |                                    |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Let Him in, ere He is gone,          | Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,       |
| Let Him in, He is your Friend,       | He your soul will sure de - fend,  |
| He is stand-ing at your door,        | Joy to you He will re - store,     |
| He will speak your sins for - giv'n, | And when earth-ties all are riv'n, |



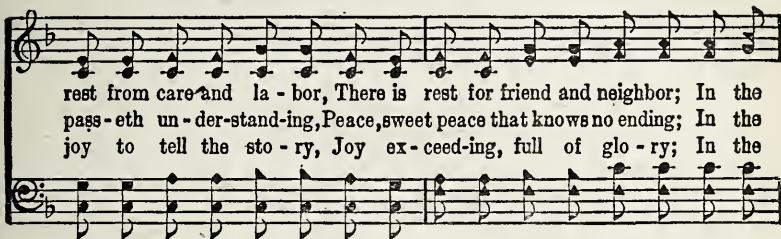
- |                                     |                    |                    |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, | Let                | Him in.            |
| He will keep you to the end,        | Let                | Him in.            |
| And His name you will a - dore,     | Let                | Him in.            |
| He will take you home to Heav'n,    | Let                | Him in.            |
|                                     | Let the Savior in, | Let the Savior in. |



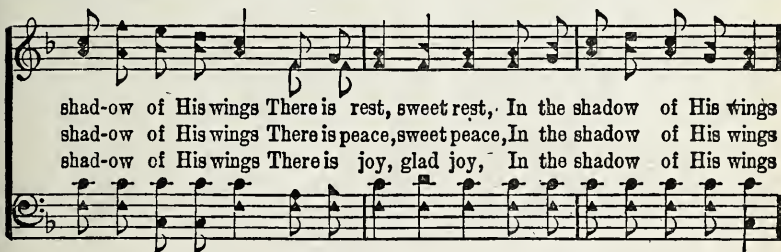




1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is  
 2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that  
 3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is

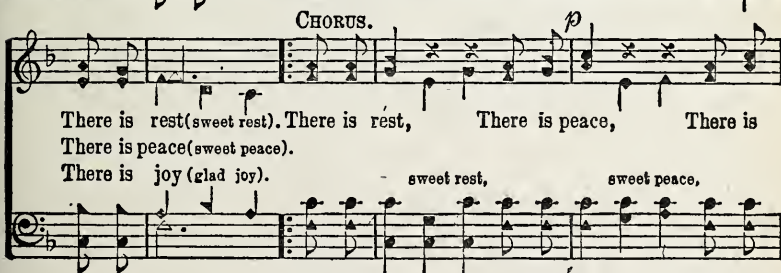


rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the  
 pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the  
 joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry; In the

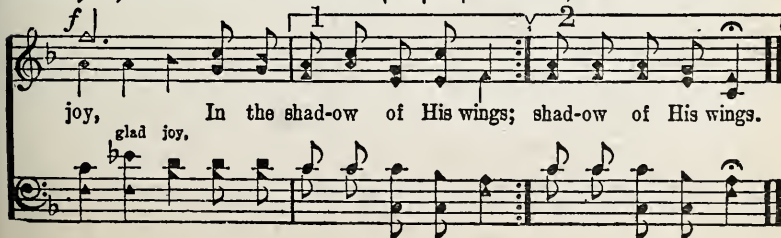


shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings  
 shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings  
 shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings

## CHORUS.



There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is peace, There is  
 There is peace (sweet peace).  
 There is joy (glad joy). sweet rest, sweet peace,



joy, glad joy, In the shad-ow of His wings; shad-ow of His wings.

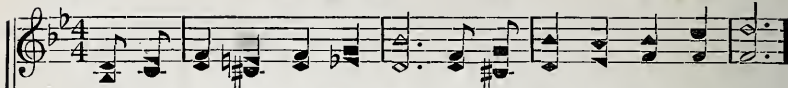
## No. 152

## What Love

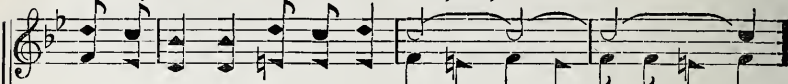
J. R. B., Jr.

Copyright, 1930, by J. R. Baxter, Jr.

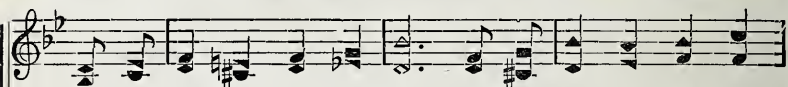
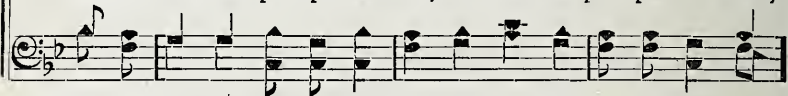
J. R. Baxter, Jr.



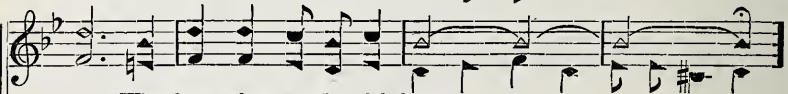
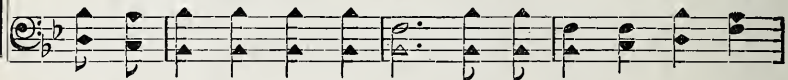
1. Tho' the earth was filled with sin, E - vil ruled the hearts of men,
2. In the world He bore our blame, Suf - ered for our guilt and shame,
3. See Him hang - ing on the tree, Dy - ing there in ag - o - ny,



Je - sus left the pal - ace a - bove; He left the pal - ace a - bove;  
 Yet He was the Heav - en - ly Dove; He was the Heav - en - ly Dove;  
 While the rest - less peo - ple did shove; the rest - less peo - ple did shove;



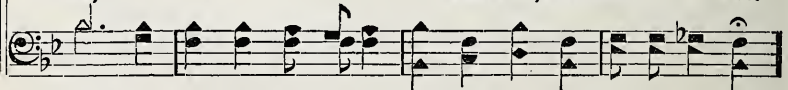
Came to save a fall - en race, Paid the price and took our  
 No one else could care for me, Nor could set this cap - tive  
 It was fin - ished there for all Who would heed the spir - it's



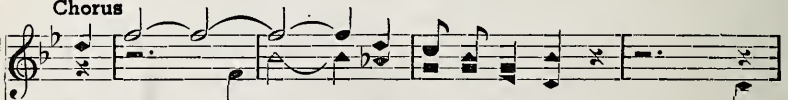
place, What love, what won - der - ful love.

free,  
 call,

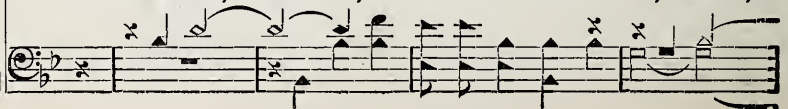
what love, what won - der - ful love.



## Chorus



What love, what love, what won - der - ful love, What  
 What love, what love, What love, what love,



# What Love

love, what love, what won-der - ful love; What love, what love, what  
What love, what love, what  
won-der-ful love, What love, what wonderful love.  
what love, what wonderful love.

## No. 153

## He is Over All

J. R. B., Jr.

Copyright, 1930, by J. R. Baxter, Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Tho' sorrows come my way, My cherished hopes to slay; I'll look to God and  
2. Tho' friends misunder-stand, Re-fuse to touch my hand; My Lord will seal the  
3. When Satan would en-snare My soul when un - a-ware, I talk to God in  
4. I'll keep my record clear, There's naught for me to fear; My Lord is ev - er

Chorus

pray,  
band, For He is o - ver all. My Lord is o - ver all, E'en notes the  
pray'r,  
near,

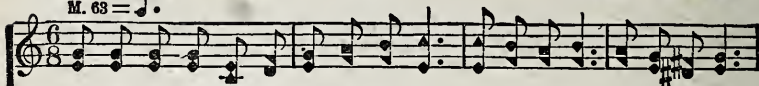
sparrow's fall; I'll hear His voice and then rejoice, For He is o - ver all.

## Jesus is Calling.

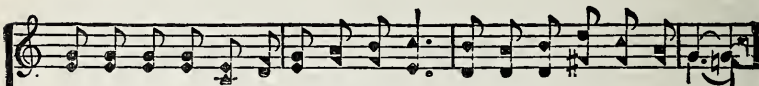
Fanny J. Crosby.

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

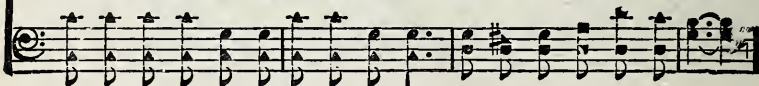
George C. Stebbins.

M. 63 =  $\text{♩}$ .

1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



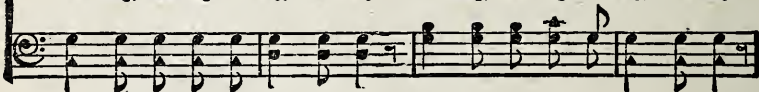
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.  
 They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.



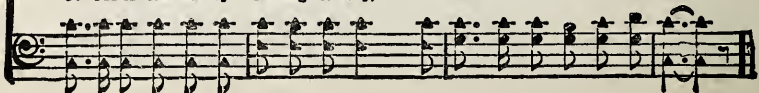
## CHORUS.



Call - ing to-day!..... Call - ing to-day!.....  
 Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!



Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.  
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,





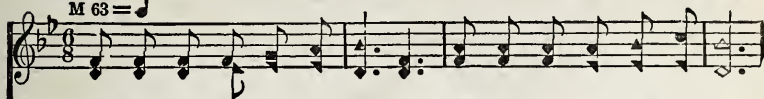
# No. 155 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

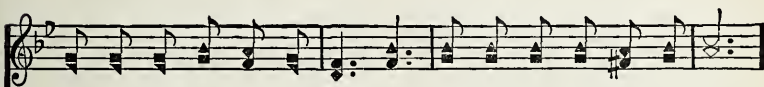
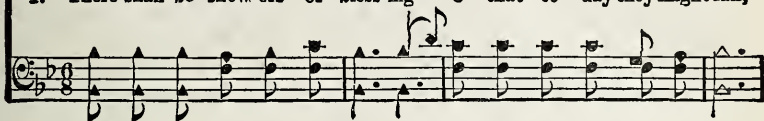
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CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.

M 63 = 



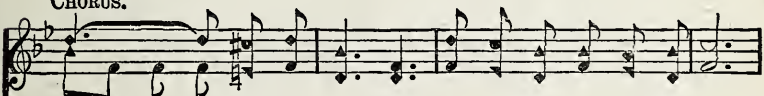
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



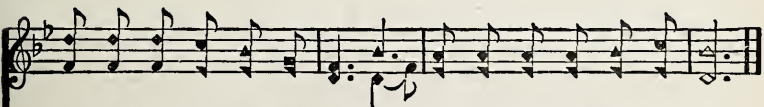
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.  
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!  
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



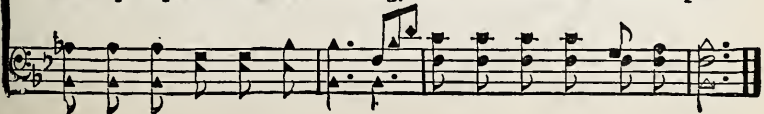
## CHORUS.



Show - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;  
Show - ers, show-ers

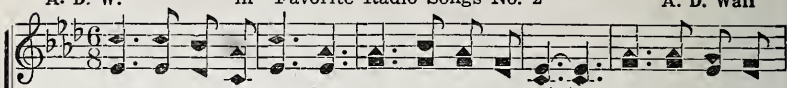


Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

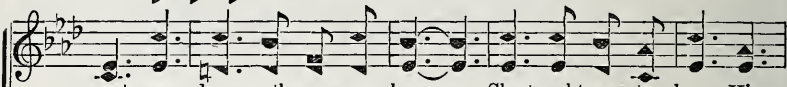
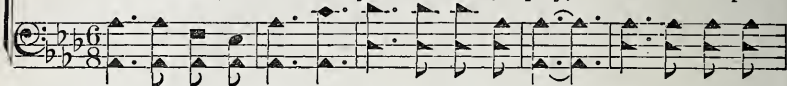


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A. D. W. in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2"

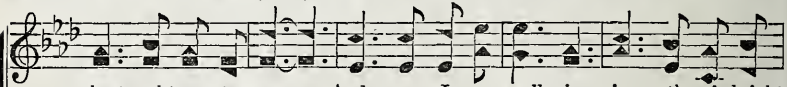
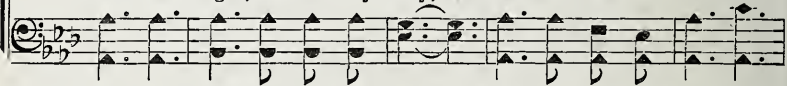
A. D. Wall



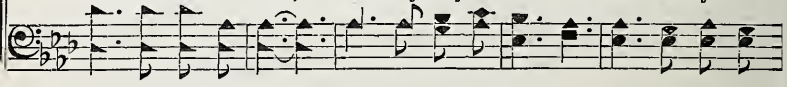
1. I'm fol-low-ing Je-sus and trust-ing His love, I'm sure I shall  
 2. I know it will lead me to maunions of light— A beau-ti-ful  
 3. She lov-ing-ly told me of pit-falls and snares, And prom-ised to  
 4. O moth-ers, be true to your dear ones, I pray, Be sure to point



meet my dear moth-er a-bove; She taught me to love Him,  
 ci-ti that nev-er knows night; There moth-er will meet me  
 help me a-long by her prayers; And O I am sure her  
 out the bright, heav-en-ly way; In-struct them to fol-low



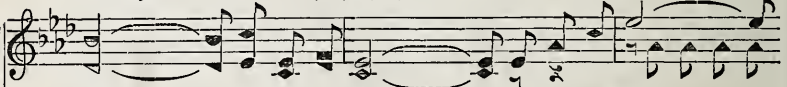
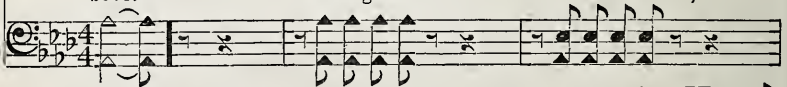
she taught me to pray, And now I am walk-ing in moth-er's bright  
 with sweet smil-ing face, And I shall be glad that I trust-ed God's  
 sweet pleadings were heard, Be-cause I am led by the in-fi-nite  
 and teach them to love, That they may serve Je-sus and meet you a-



## Chorus



way. She taught me how to love the Lord, And how to  
 grace.  
 Word.  
 bove. She taught me how to love the Lord,



strive for life's re-ward; She taught me how  
 And how to strive for life's reward; She taught me how



# Mother's Way

to trust and pray, And now I walk in mother's way.  
to trust and pray, And now I walk

## No. 157

## Behold the Love of Jesus

Arr. Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

F. L. E.

in "Favorite Radio Songs No. 2"

F. L. Eiland

1. O be-hold the love of Je - sus! What He did for you and me!
2. O be-hold the love of Je - sus! Oth - ers none such friend can be!
3. O be-hold the love of Je - sus! Sin - ner, look, O look and see!
4. O be-hold the love of Je - sus! Lift thine eyes and bend thy knee,

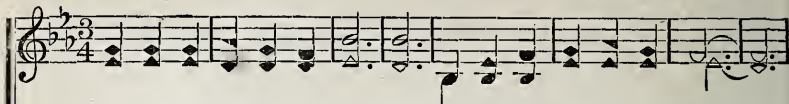
Suf - fered, bled, and died, on Cal - v'ry, O be-hold Him on the tree!  
None such loss would dare to suf - fer, O be-hold Him on the tree!  
'Twas thy soul He died to ran - som, O be-hold Him on the tree!  
Let thy heart thru deep e - mo - tion, Feel what He has done for thee!

### Chorus

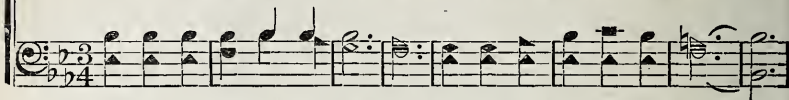
O be-hold the love of Je - sus! There up - on the cru - el tree!

Rit.

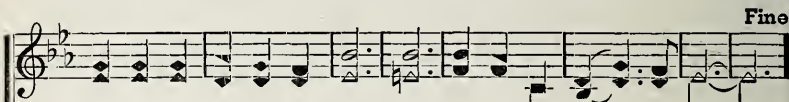
Bleed - ing, dy - ing there for sin - ners! O it was for you and me!



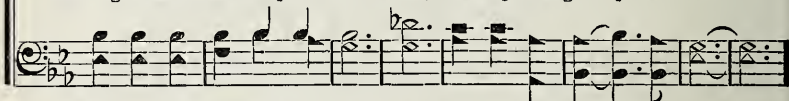
1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is worth - y His love;



Cho. - Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



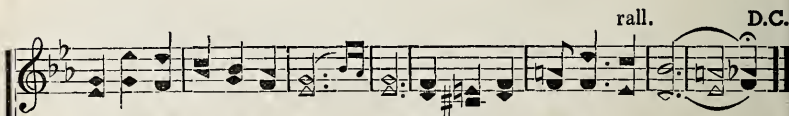
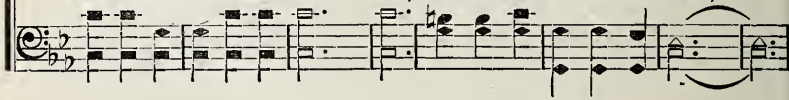
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle of truth.  
Give Him first place in your ser - vice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.  
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:



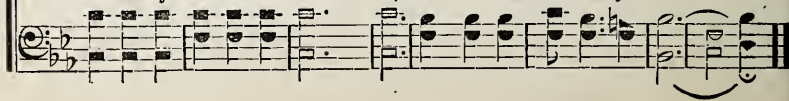
Clad in sal - va - tion's full arm - or, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;  
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;  
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.  
Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.  
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

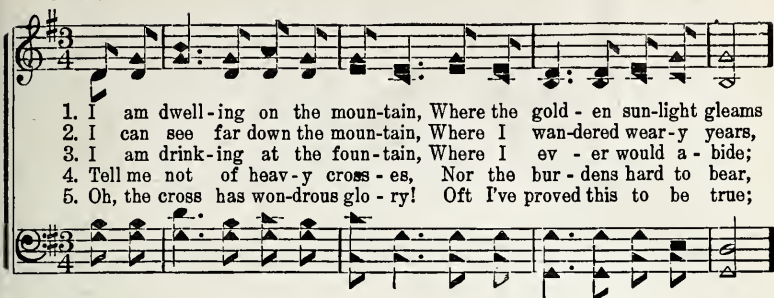




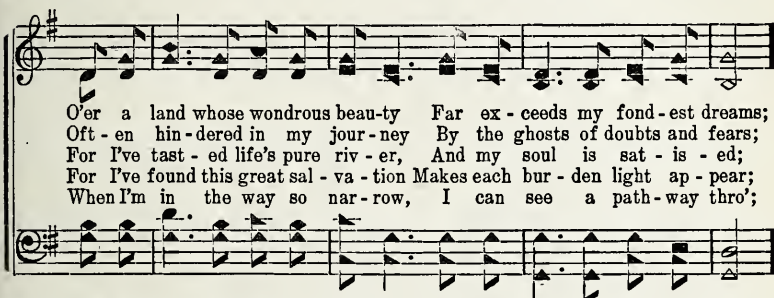
# No. 159 Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

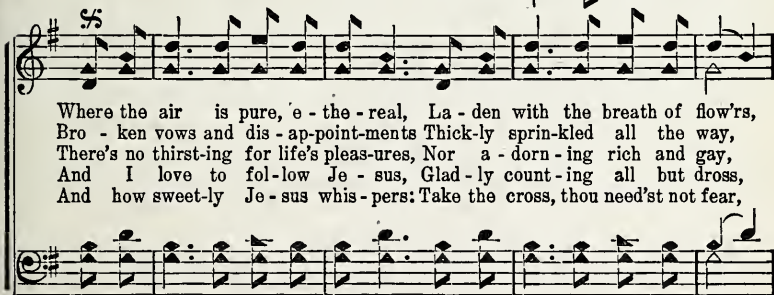
Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



1. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams  
 2. I can see far down the moun-tain, Where I wan-dered wear-y years,  
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;  
 4. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Nor the bur-dens hard to bear,  
 5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



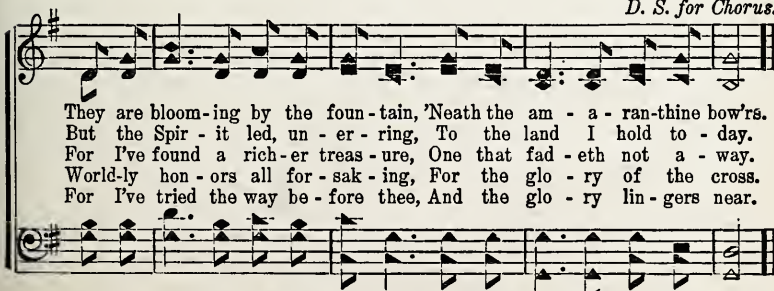
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;  
 Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;  
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat - is - ed;  
 For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;  
 When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path-way thro';



Where the air is pure, 'e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,  
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-point-ments Thick-ly sprin-kled all the way,  
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn-ing rich and gay,  
 And I love to fol-low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,  
 And how sweet-ly Je - sus whis-pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light;

*D. S. for Chorus.*



They are bloom-ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.  
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.  
 For I've found a rich-er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.  
 World-ly hon - ors all for-sak - ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.  
 For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

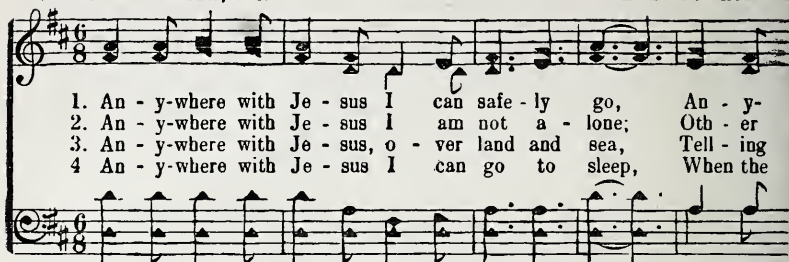
*Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?*

Copyright, 1915, by D. B. Townner. Renewal.

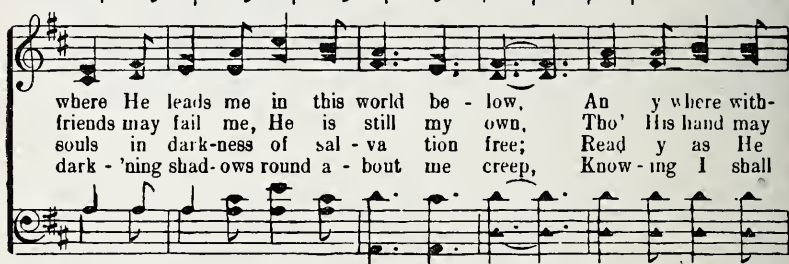
Jessie Brown Pounds. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Mrs. C. M. Alexander, v. 3.

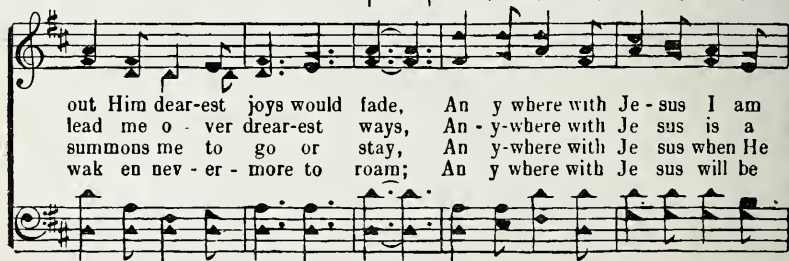
D. B. Townner.



1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-  
 2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er  
 3. An - y-where with Je - sus, o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing  
 4. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the

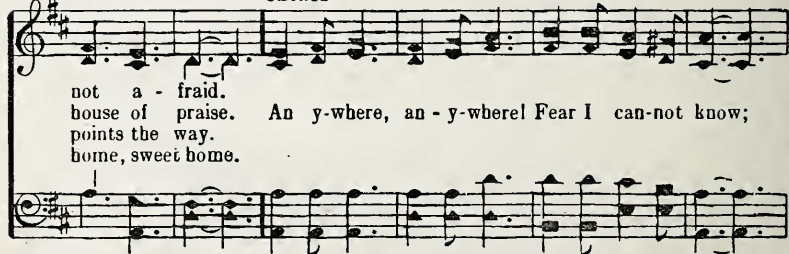


where He leads me in this world be - low, An y where with-  
 friends may fail me, He is still my own, Tho' His hand may  
 souls in dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read y as He  
 dark - 'ning shad - ows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall



out Him dear-est joys would fade, An y where with Je - sus I am  
 lead me o - ver drear-est ways, An - y-where with Je sus is a  
 summons me to go or stay, An y-where with Je sus when He  
 wak en nev - er - more to roam; An y where with Je sus will be

## CHORUS



not a - fraid.  
 bouse of praise. An y-where, an - y-where! Fear I can-not know;  
 points the way.  
 home, sweet home.



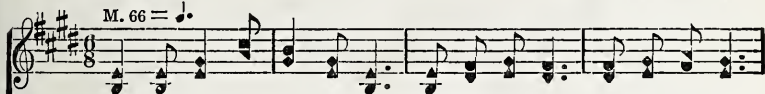
An y - where with Je sus I can safe - ly go.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

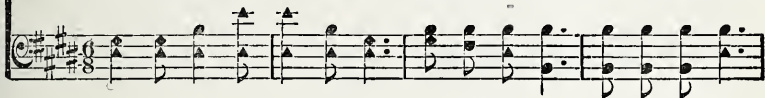
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. H. ENTWISLE.  
J. J. HOOD, OWNER

J. Howard Entwisle.

M. 66 = ♩.



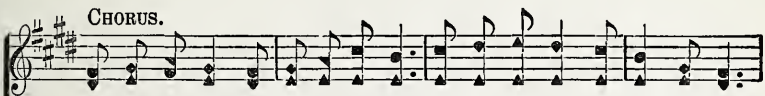
1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I will fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call,
3. Though a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;



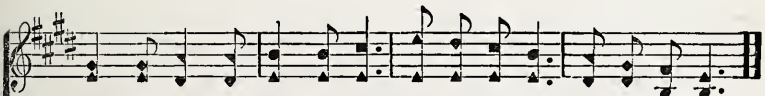
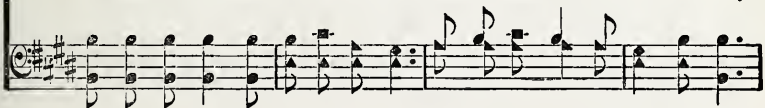
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.  
Find-ing Him from day to day Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.  
Yet His bless-ings fall on me Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.  
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.



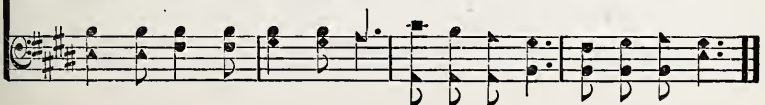
## CHORUS.



Je-sus is now and ev-er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me;

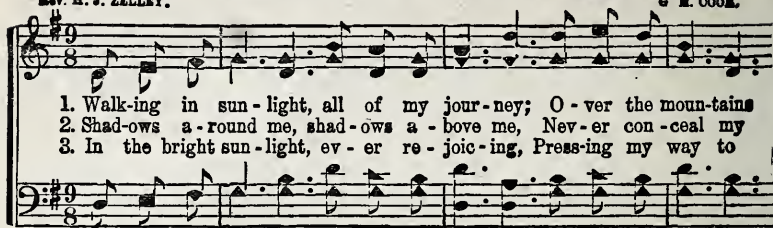


Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

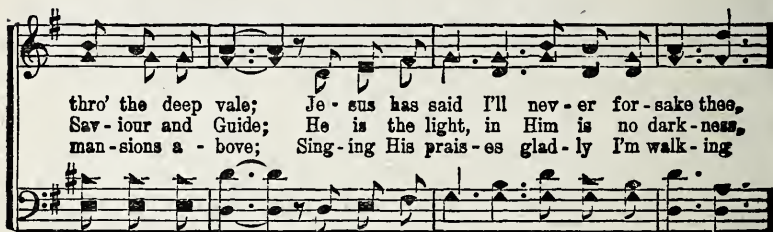


## Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8:12.  
 Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.



1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the moun-tains  
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my  
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to



thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,  
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,  
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing

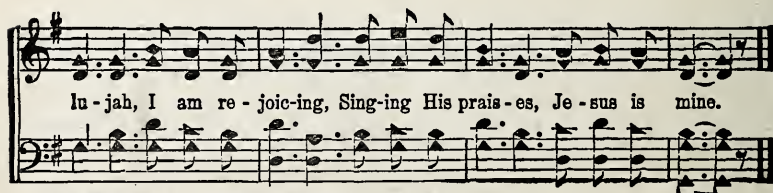
**CHORUS.**



Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.  
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,  
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.



heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-



lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

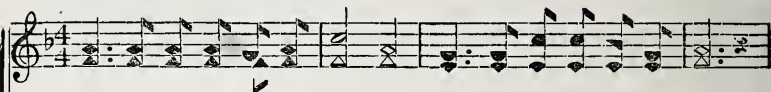
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

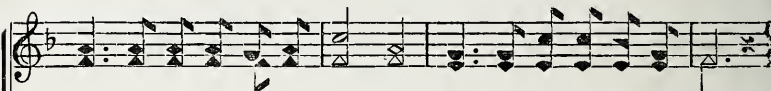
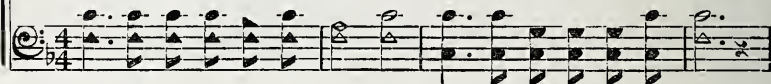
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

Words by J. H.

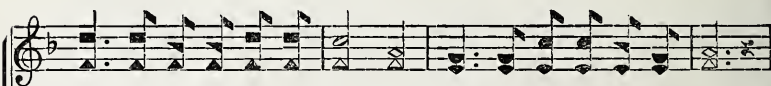
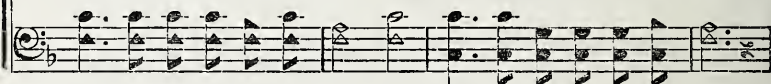
Arranged.



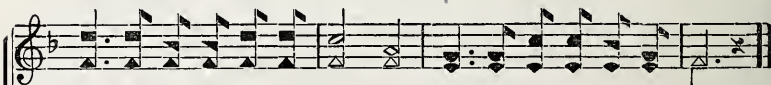
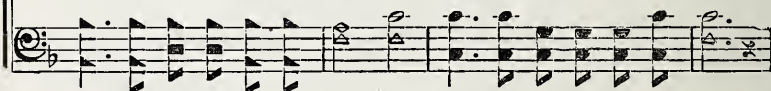
1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear Him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav - ior, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet;



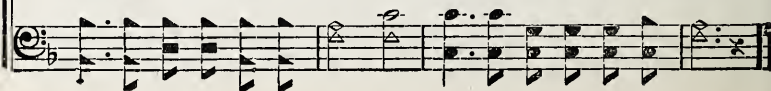
Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day.  
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wear-y, find sweet rest.  
 Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet.



Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,  
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;



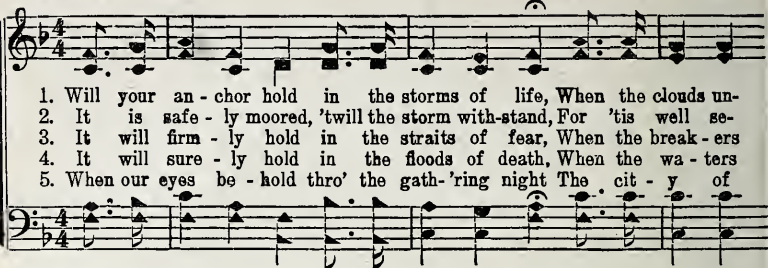
For His love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.  
 While I from His ful - ness gath - er Grace and com - fort ev - 'ry day.  
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right - eous - ness.



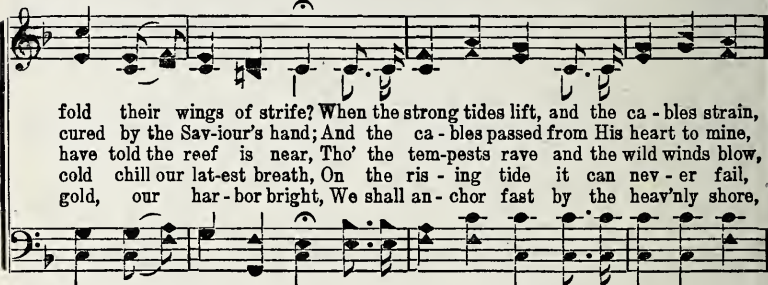


PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

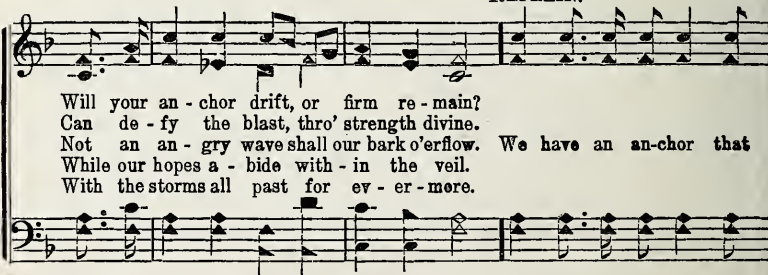


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-  
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm with-stand, For 'tis well se-  
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break - ers  
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters  
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath-'ring night The cit - y of

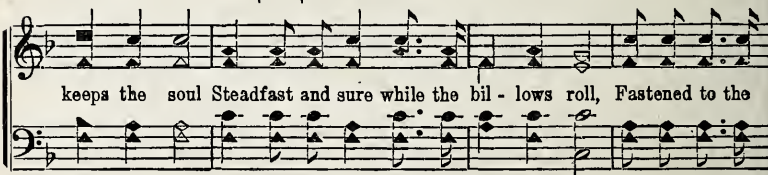


fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,  
 cured by the Sav-iour's hand; And the ca - bles passed from His heart to mine,  
 have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem-pests rave and the wild winds blow,  
 cold chill our lat-est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,  
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

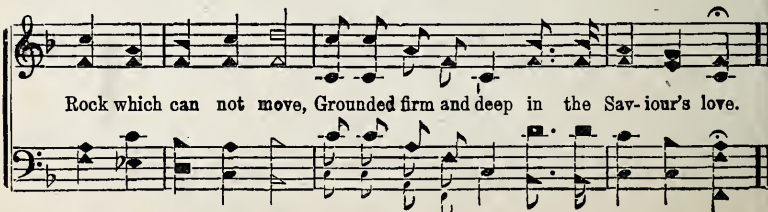
## REFRAIN.



Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?  
 Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength divine.  
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an an-chor that  
 While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.  
 With the storms all past for ev - er - mere.



keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the



Rock which can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

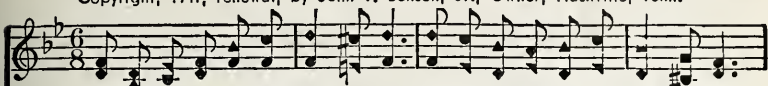


## He Included Me.

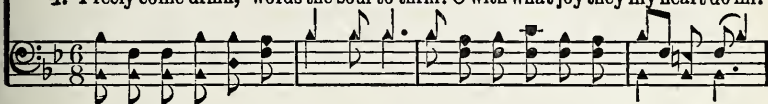
REV. J. OATMAN, JR.

HAMP SEWELL

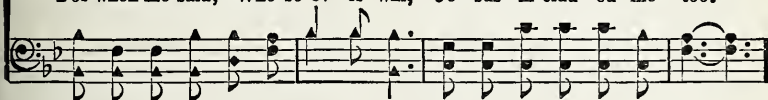
Copyright, 1941, renewal, by John T. Benson, Jr., Owner, Nashville, Tenn.



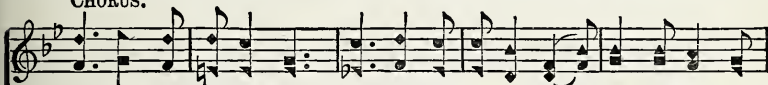
1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



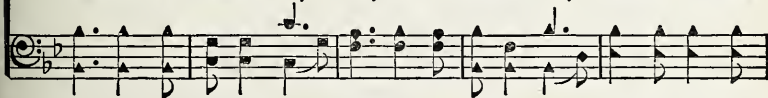
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."  
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."  
 But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.  
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.



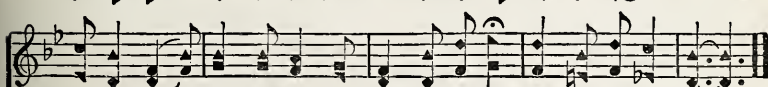
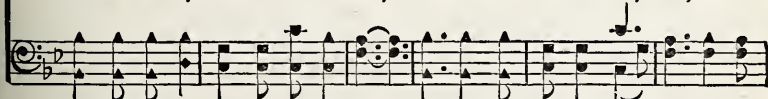
## CHORUS.



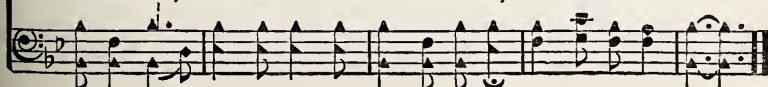
Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

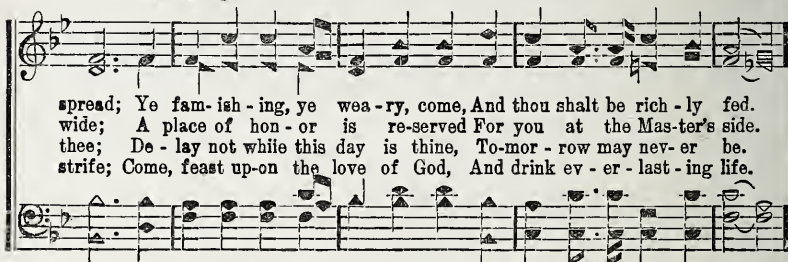


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.

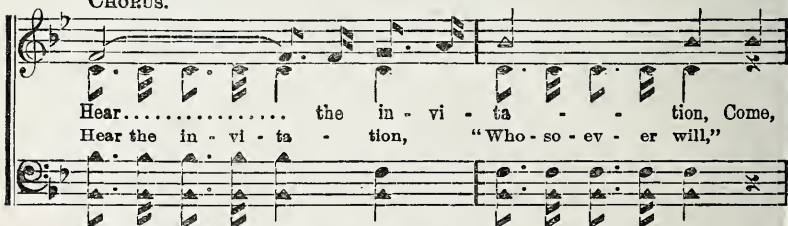


1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is  
 2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen  
 3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come  
 4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and world-ly

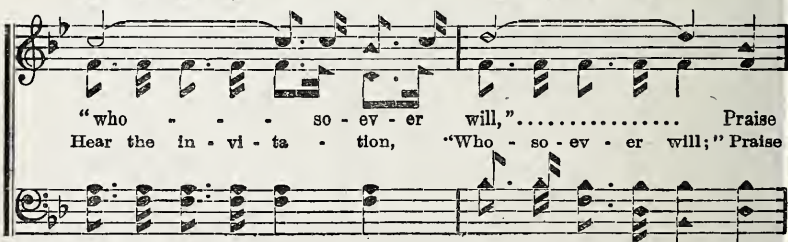


spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.  
 wide; A place of hon-or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.  
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.  
 strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.

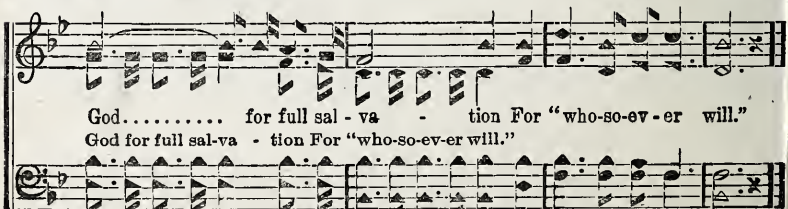
## CHORUS.



Hear..... the in - vi - ta - tion, Come,  
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"



"who - so - ev - er will," ..... Praise  
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise




God..... for full sal - va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."  
 God for full sal - va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."

## My Mother's Prayer.



J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.  
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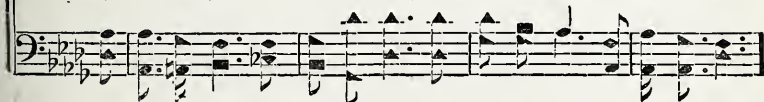
W. S. Weeden.

M. 66 = 


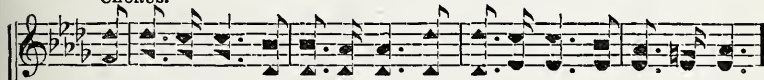
1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,  
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;  
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of joy—I hear them yet;  
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleans - ing pow'r,

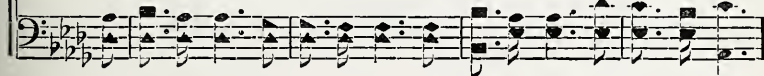
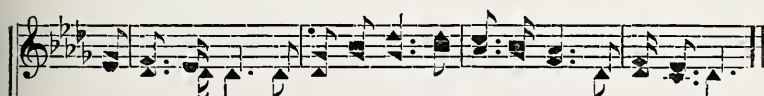
"You're leaving now my ten - der care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."  
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber moth - er's pray'r.  
 I see her by the old arm - chair, My moth - er, dear, in humble pray'r.  
 My sin and guilt He canceled there, 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.



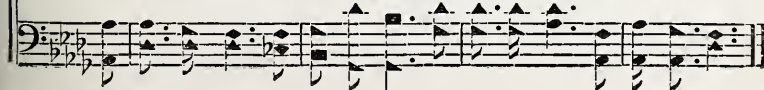
## CHORUS.



When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;  
*Chorus for last verse—*  
 Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face;

A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's pray'r.  
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's pray'r.

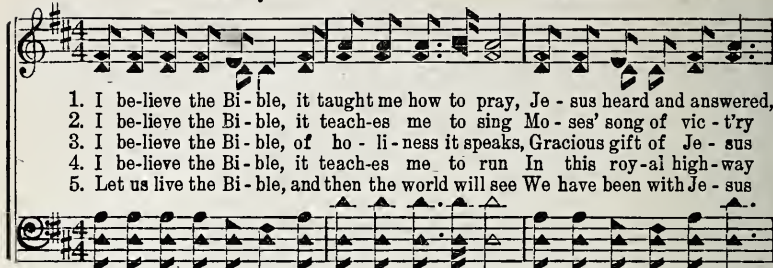


## I Believe the Bible.

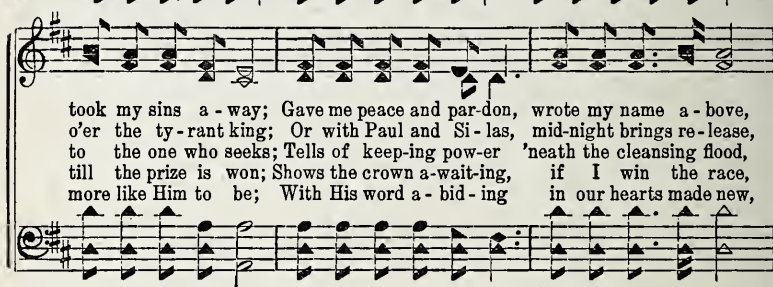
*To Rev. G. W. Schurman, Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.*

E. S. U. 3rd. verse by Rev. G. W. S.

Pastor E. S. UFFORD.

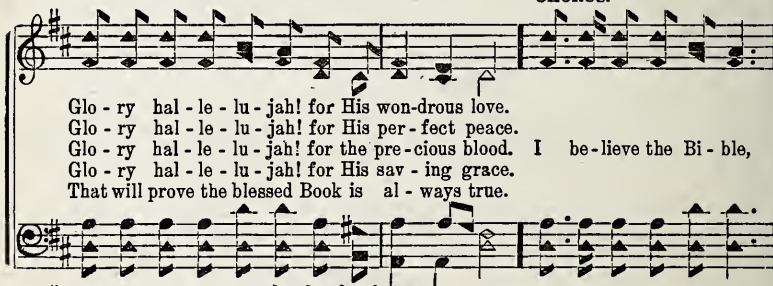


1. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it taught me how to pray, Je - sus heard and answered,  
 2. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to sing Mo - ses' song of vic - t'ry  
 3. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, of ho - li-ness it speaks, Gracious gift of Je - sus  
 4. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to run In this roy-al high-way  
 5. Let us live the Bi-ble, and then the world will see We have been with Je - sus

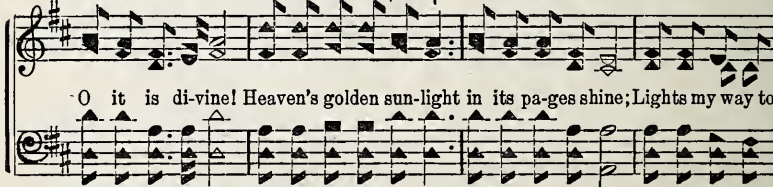


took my sins a - way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a - bove,  
 o'er the ty-rant king; Or with Paul and Si-las, mid-night brings re-lease,  
 to the one who seeks; Tells of keep-ing pow-er 'neath the cleansing flood,  
 till the prize is won; Shows the crown a-wait-ing, if I win the race,  
 more like Him to be; With His word a - bid - ing in our hearts made new,

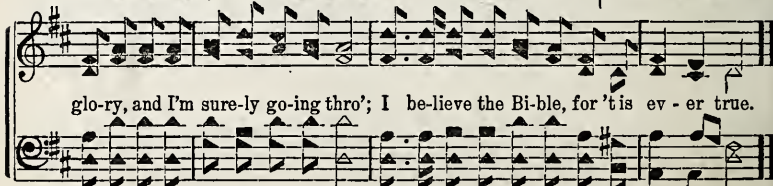
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His won-drous love.  
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His per - fect peace.  
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for the pre-cious blood. I be-lieve the Bi - ble,  
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His sav - ing grace.  
 That will prove the blessed Book is al - ways true.



O it is di-vine! Heaven's golden sun-light in its pa-ges shine; Lights my way to



glo-ry, and I'm sure-ly go-ing thro'; I be-lieve the Bi-ble, for 'tis ev - er true.



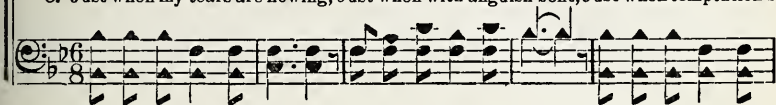
# No. 171 His Grace Is Enough For Me.

J. B. E.

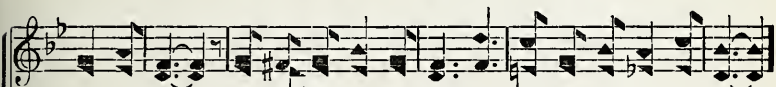
J. BRUCE EVANS.



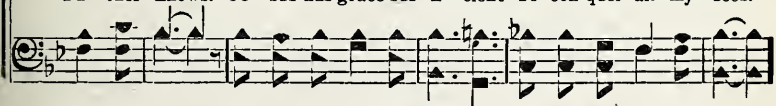
1. Just when I am dis-heart-ened, Just when with cares oppressed, Just when my way is
2. Just when my hopes have vanished, Just when my friends forsake, Just when the fight is
3. Just when my tears are flowing, Just when with anguish bent, Just when temptation's



dark-est, Just when I am dis-tressed, Then is my Sav-ior near me, He knows my  
thick-est, Just when with fear I shake, Then comes a still small whisper, "Fear not, my  
hard-est, Just when with sadness rent, Then comes a tho't of com-fort, "I know my



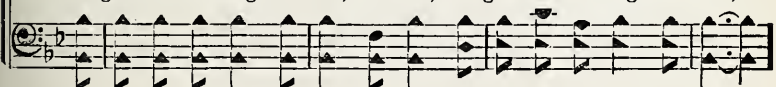
ev-'ry care; Je-sus will nev-er leave me, He helps my bur-dens bear.  
child, I'm near." Je-sus brings peace and comfort, I love His voice to hear.  
Fa-ther knows." Je-sus has grace suf-fi-cient To con-quer all my foes.



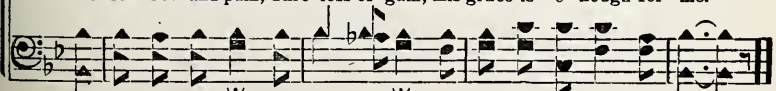
## CHORUS.



His grace is e-nough for me, for me, His grace is e-nough for me;



Thro' sor-row and pain, Thro' loss or gain, His grace is e-nough for me.



## The Ninety And Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. USED BY PER. OF THE HOPE PUB. CO.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of  
 Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer: "'Tis of mine has wandered away from

gold; A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the  
 me; And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the

ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed;  
 Or how dark was the night that the Lord  
 passed through  
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all  
 the way  
 That mark out the mountain's track?"  
 They were shed for one who had gone  
 astray

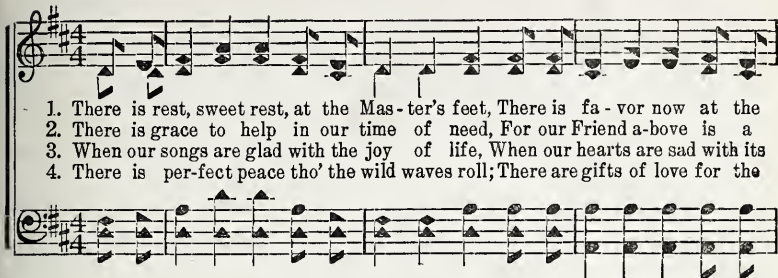
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.  
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent  
 and torn?"

"They are pierced tonight by many a  
 thorn."

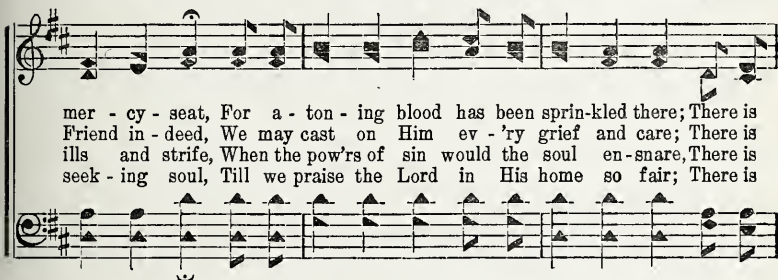
5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
 own!"

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

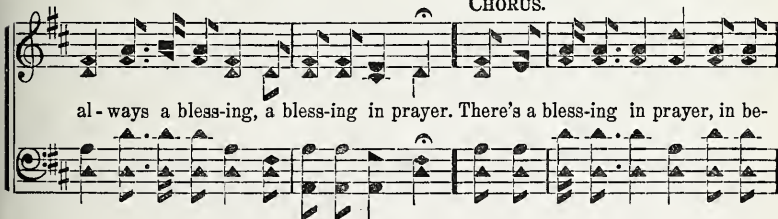


1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas-ter's feet, There is fa-vor now at the  
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-bove is a  
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its  
 4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

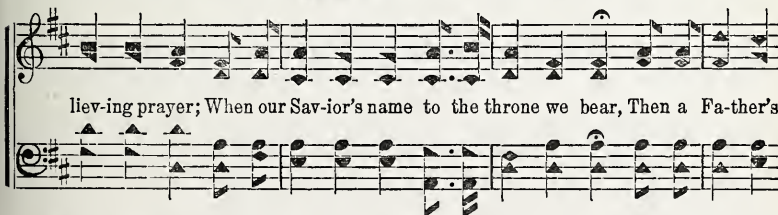


mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprin-kled there; There is  
 Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is  
 ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en-snare, There is  
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair; There is

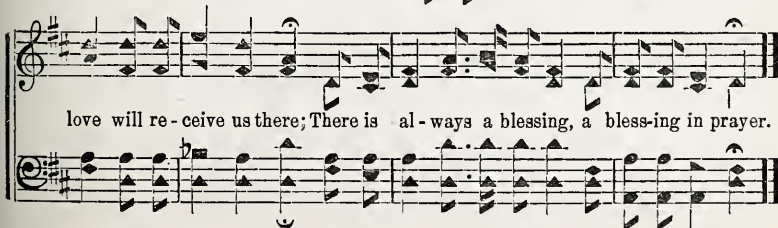
## CHORUS.



al - ways a bless-ing, a bless-ing in prayer. There's a bless-ing in prayer, in be-



liev-ing prayer; When our Sav-ior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa-ther's



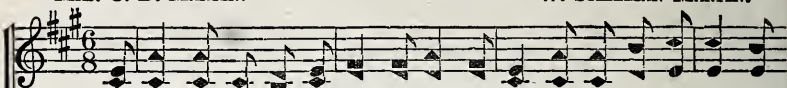
love will re-ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a bless-ing in prayer.

# 174 The Blood Will Never Lose Its Power.

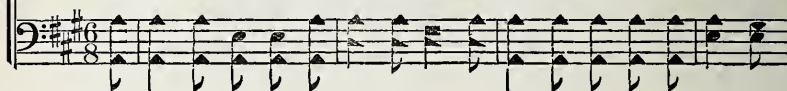
Copyright, 1940, by Nazarene Publishing House. Renewal.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

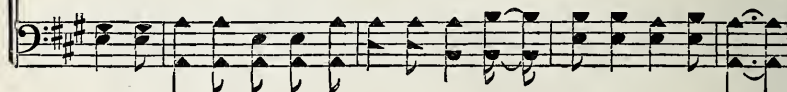
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



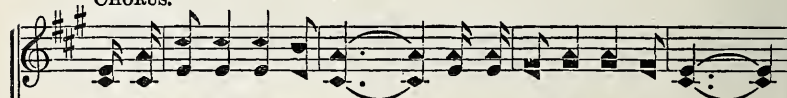
1. The blood that Je - sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up - on the
2. It gives us ac - cess to God on high, From "far-off plac-es" it brings us
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor, It is to heav-en the o - pen
4. And when with all the blood-washed throng We sing in glo - ry re-demp-tion's



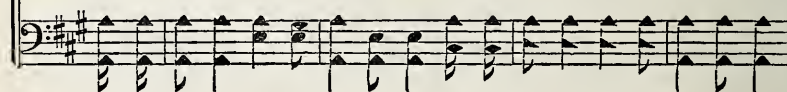
tree; The blood that set-teth the pris'ner free, Will nev - er lose its pow'r.  
 nigh; To pre-cious blessings that never die, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.  
 door; The sin-ner's mer - it for ev - er-more, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.  
 song; We'll pass the glo-ri - ous truth a-long, It has nev - er lost its pow'r.



## CHORUS.



It will nev - er lose its pow'r,.... It will nev - er lose its pow'r;....  
 ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;



The blood that cleans-es from all sin Will nev - er lose its pow'r.






# No. 175 My Soul is Filled With Glory.

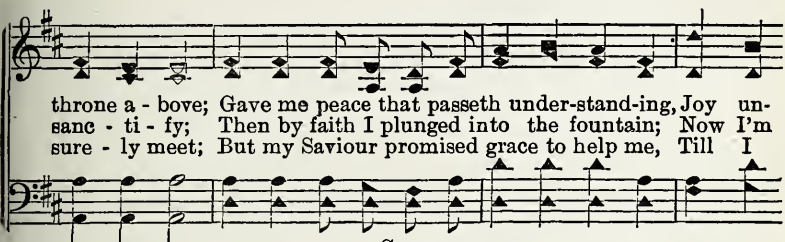
Copyright, 1933, by Ruth C. Harris. Renewal  
Nazarene Publishing House, Owner

J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS.



1. Je - sus found me when afar I wandered, Bro't me pardon from the  
2. Thro' His word He taught me full salvation, How His blood could cleanse and  
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be-set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall

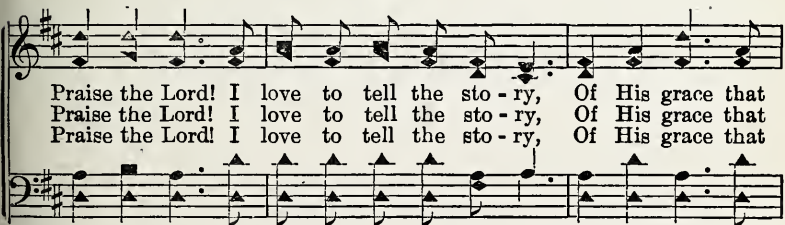


throne a - bove; Gave me peace that passeth under-stand-ing, Joy un-  
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged into the fountain; Now I'm  
sure - ly meet; But my Saviour promised grace to help me, Till I

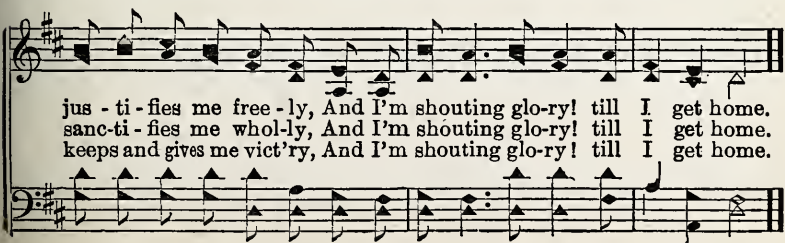
## CHORUS.



speak-a-ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!  
looking for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!  
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!



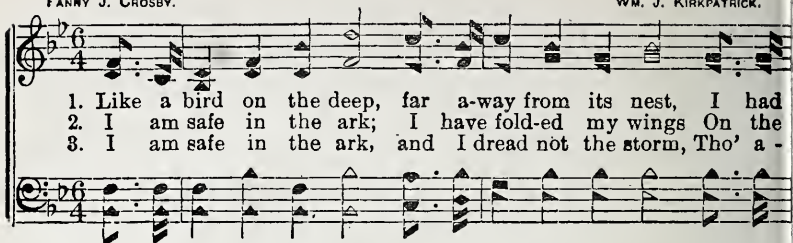
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that  
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that  
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that



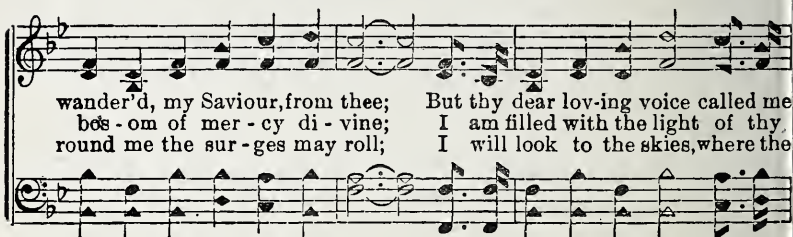
jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.  
sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.  
keeps and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

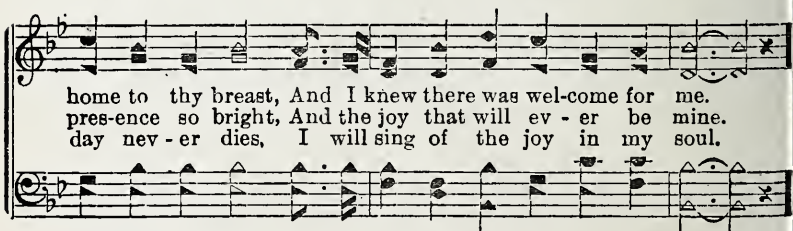
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had  
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the  
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -

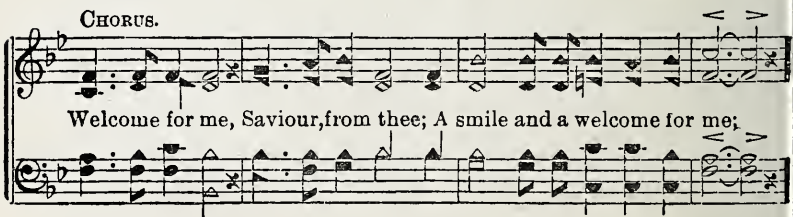


wander'd, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me  
 bos-om of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy  
 round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the



home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.  
 pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.  
 day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

## CHORUS.



Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me;



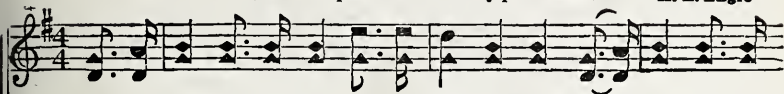
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.  
 in thee.

## The Beautiful Land

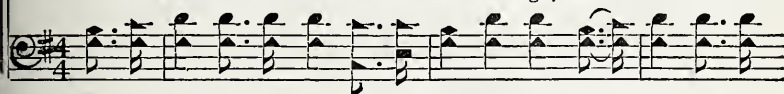
"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 63: 17

From "Temple Star." Used by permission

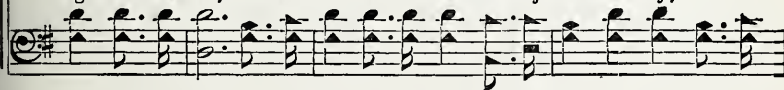
H. E. Engle



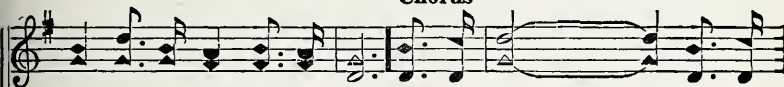
1. There's a beau-ti-ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je-sus the  
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all  
 3. We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land on high, And be with the



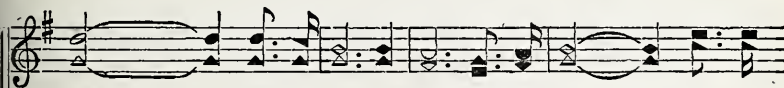
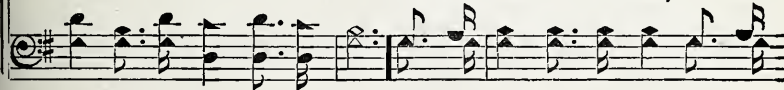
Sav-ior is there; He has gone to pre-pare me a home on high, O I  
 sor-row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a-bove the sky, O I  
 bright and the fair; Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mur by, O I



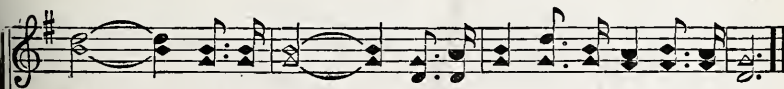
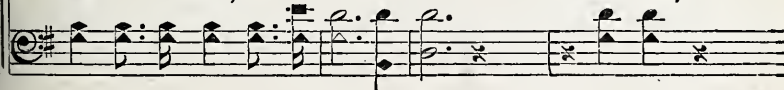
## Chorus



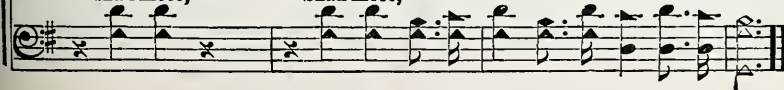
long, O I long to be there! In that beau-ti-ful  
 In that beau-ti-ful land, in that



land, Where the an-gels stand; We shall meet, we shall  
 beau-ti-ful land, Shall meet,



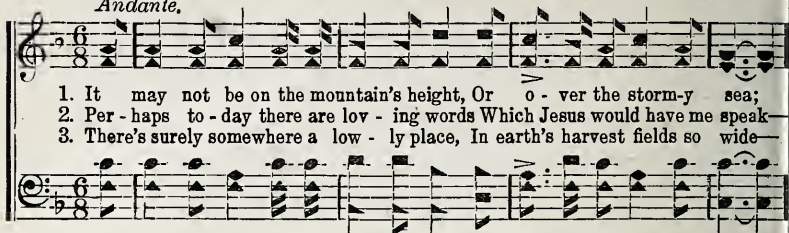
meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land.  
 shall meet, Shall meet,



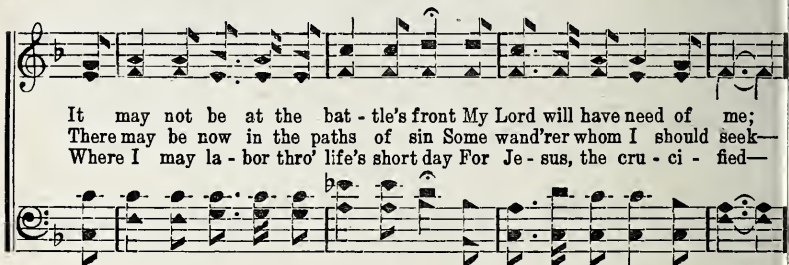
# No. 178 I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.  
*Andante,*

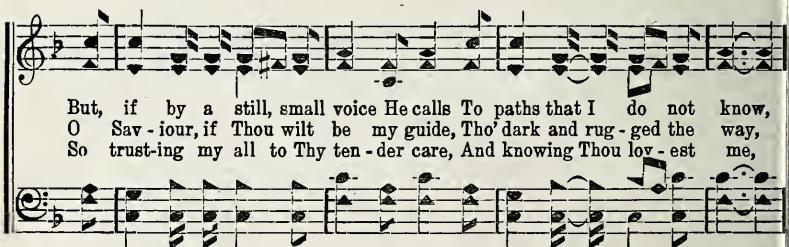
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;  
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—  
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied—

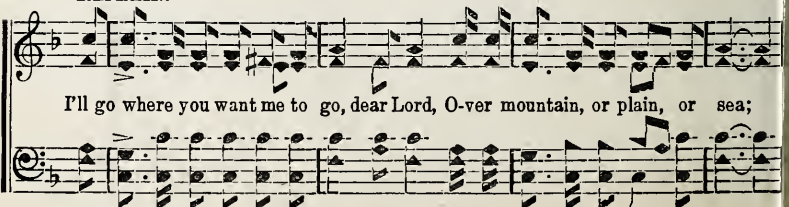


But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,  
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

## REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;



# I'll Go where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

No. 179

Ready.

S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test,  
 2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;  
 3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;  
 4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers if He sees best.  
 Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.  
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to bear the strain.  
 Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.

CHORUS.

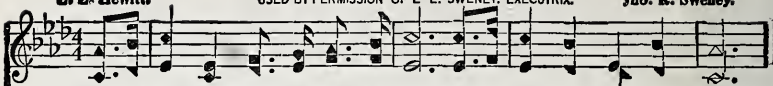
Read-y to go, Read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

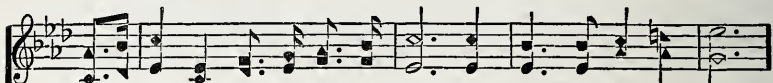
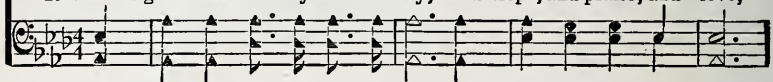
E. E. Hewitt.

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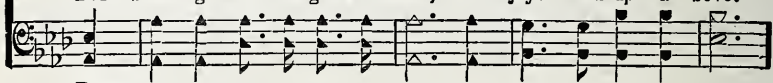
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright;
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



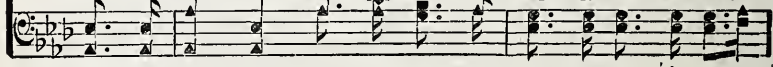
## REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,  
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;  
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



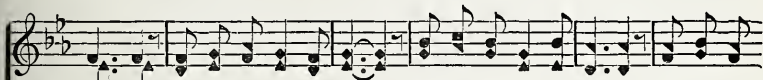
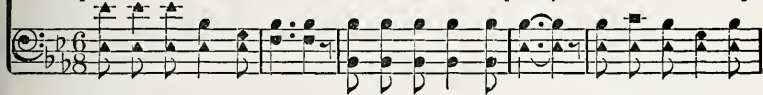
When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



L. L. P.



1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov-ing
2. Speak to Thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with joy and
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will; Let me know all my



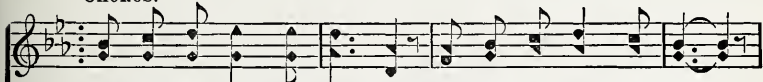
kindness, "Thou art not left a-lone." Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion Yield their whole du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo-ri - fy Thee, Help me to



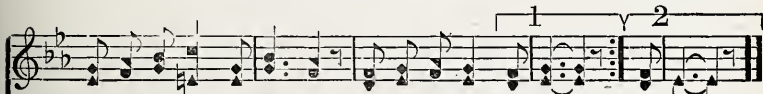
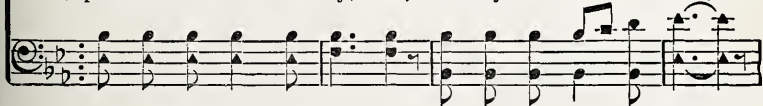
hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with prais-es, Let me in Thee re-joice. lives to Thee, Has-ten Thy coming king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see. show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy bid-ding, Honor Thee all my days.



## CHORUS.



{ Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis-pers of love to me,  
 { Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten-d'rest tone,



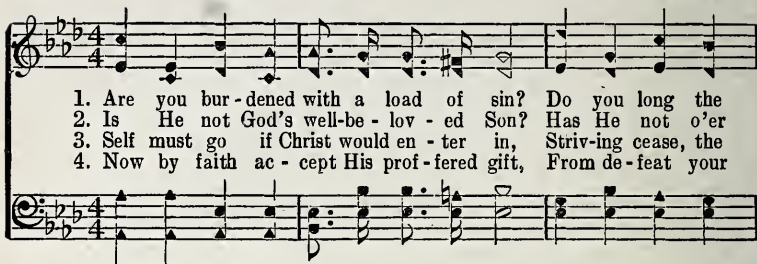
"Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror, Thou shalt be al-ways free." }  
 Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left (Omit) } a - lone."



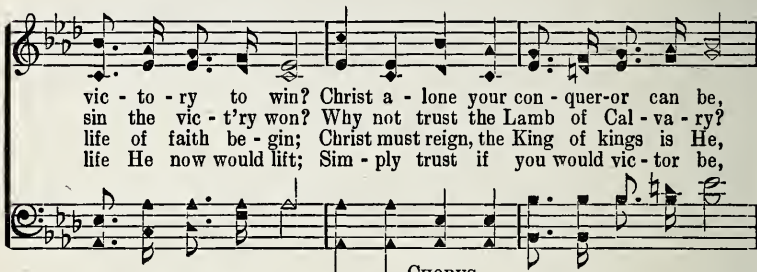
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R. H.

Robert Harkness.

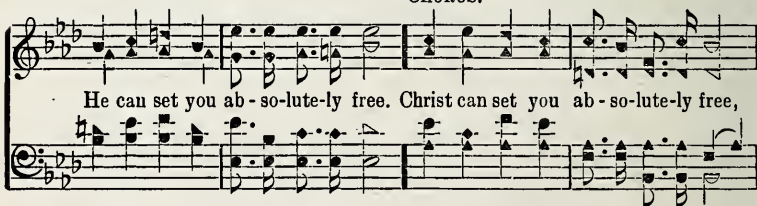


1. Are you bur - dened with a load of sin? Do you long the  
2. Is He not God's well-be - lov - ed Son? Has He not o'er  
3. Self must go if Christ would en - ter in, Striv-ing cease, the  
4. Now by faith ac - cept His prof - ered gift, From de - feat your



vic - to - ry to win? Christ a - lone your con - quer - or can be,  
sin the vic - t'ry won? Why not trust the Lamb of Cal - va - ry?  
life of faith be - gin; Christ must reign, the King of kings is He,  
life He now would lift; Sim - ply trust if you would vic - tor be,

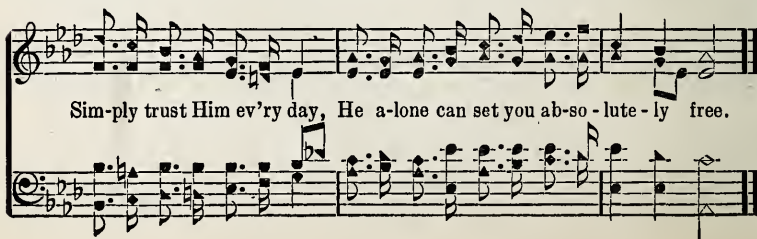
## CHORUS.



He can set you ab - so - lute - ly free. Christ can set you ab - so - lute - ly free,



He a - lone can give the vic - to - ry; On - ly let Him have His way,



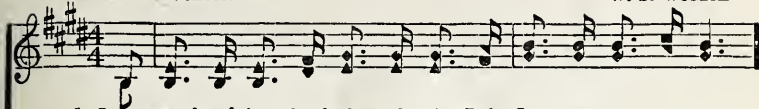
Sim - ply trust Him ev'ry day, He a - lone can set you ab - so - lute - ly free.



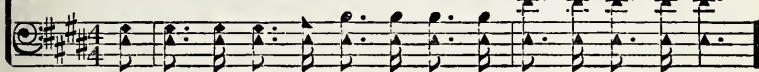
J. W. Van De Venter.

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W. S. Weedon.



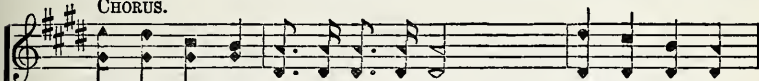
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows 'round me roll,
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



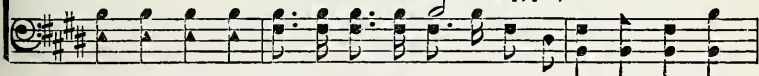
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.  
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



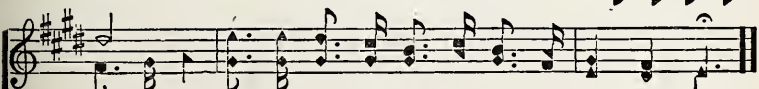
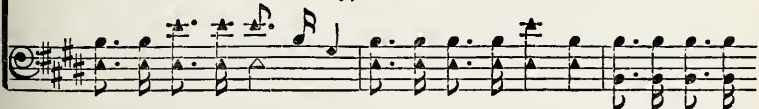
## CHORUS.



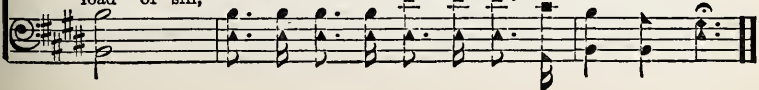
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light  
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me, took a - way my  
 nar - row way,



sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.  
 load of sin,

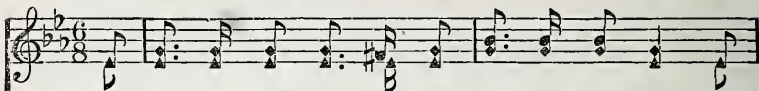


## God Leads Us Along.

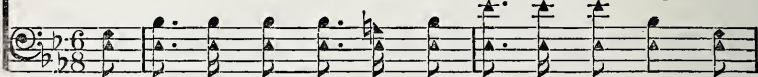
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G. A. Y.

G. A. Young.



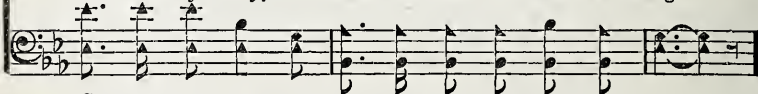
1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God
2. Some-times on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God
3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God



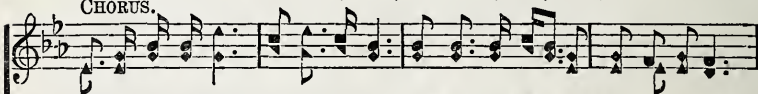
leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cool flow bathes the  
 leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Some-times in the val-ley in the  
 leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-  
 leads His dear chil-dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e -



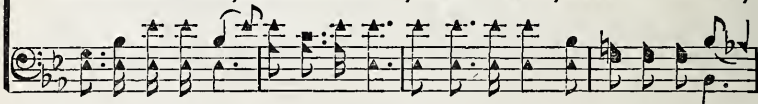
wea - ry ones' feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.  
 ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.



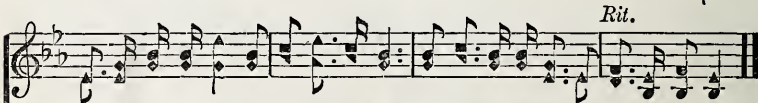
## CHORUS.



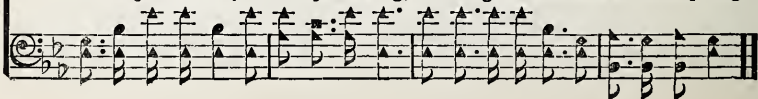
Some thru the waters, some thru the flood, Some thru the fire, but all thru the Blood;



Rit.



Some thru great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.



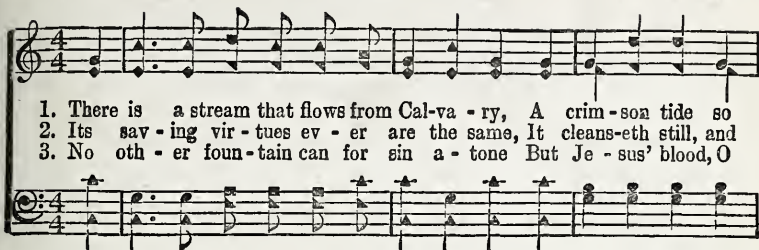
## It Cleanseth Me.

1 JOHN 1: 9.

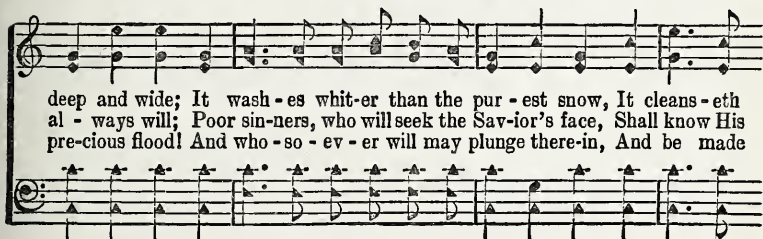
Rev. F. L. Snyder.

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A. F. Myers.

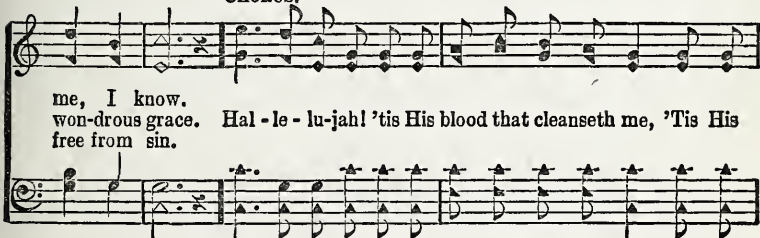


1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so  
 2. Its sav - ing vir - tues ev - er are the same, It cleans - eth still, and  
 3. No oth - er foun - tain can for sin a - tone But Je - sus' blood, O

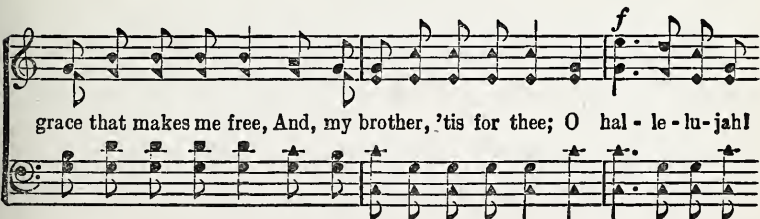


deep and wide; It wash - es whit - er than the pur - est snow, It cleans - eth  
 al - ways will; Poor sin - ners, who will seek the Sav - ior's face, Shall know His  
 pre - cious flood! And who - so - ev - er will may plunge there - in, And be made

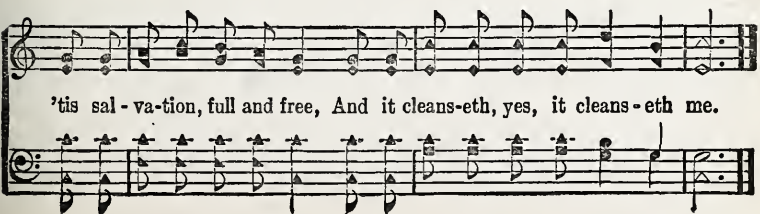
## CHORUS.



me, I know.  
 won - drous grace. Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis His blood that cleanseth me, 'Tis His  
 free from sin.



grace that makes me free, And, my brother, 'tis for thee; O hal - le - lu - jah!



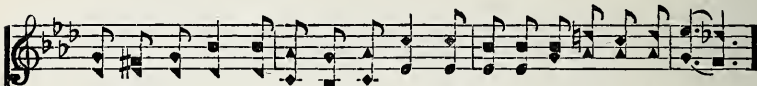
'tis sal - va - tion, full and free, And it cleans - eth, yes, it cleans - eth me.

## Don't Turn Him Away.

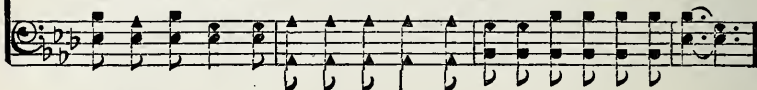
H. L.

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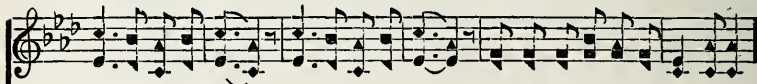
1. Pa-tient-ly, ten-der-ly plead-ing, Je-sus is standing to-day
2. Gracious, com-pas-sion-ate mer-cy Brought Him from man-sions a-bove;
3. Can you not now hear Him call-ing? Do not ill-treat such a Friend;
4. Now is the time to re-ceive Him, Grant Him ad-mis-sion to-day;



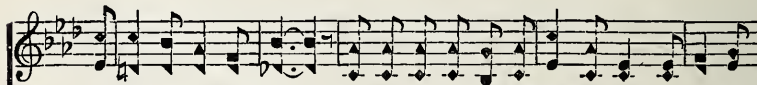
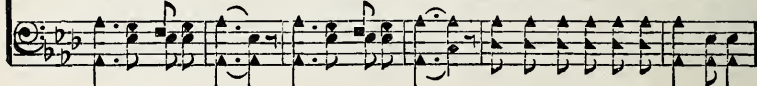
At your heart's door He knocks as be-fore, Oh, turn Him no longer a-way!  
 Caused Him to wait Just out-side your gate, O yield to His won-der-ful love.  
 Give up your sin, Oh, let Him come in, Lo! He will be true to the end.  
 Grieve Him no more, But o-pen your door, And turn Him no longer a-way.



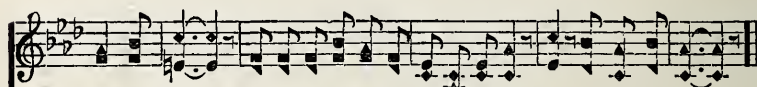
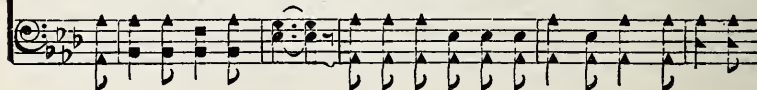
## CHORUS.



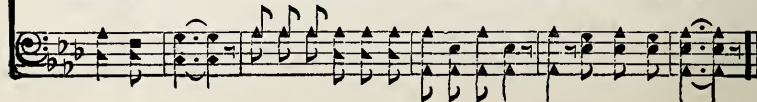
Don't turn Him a-way, don't turn Him a-way, He has come back to your heart again,



Altho' you've gone a-stray; O how you'll need Him to plead your cause On that e-



ter-nal day! Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart, Don't turn Him a-way.





## Wonderful Peace.

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W. D. Cornell. Alt.

W. G. Cooper.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a  
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied  
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing  
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the  
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:  
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.

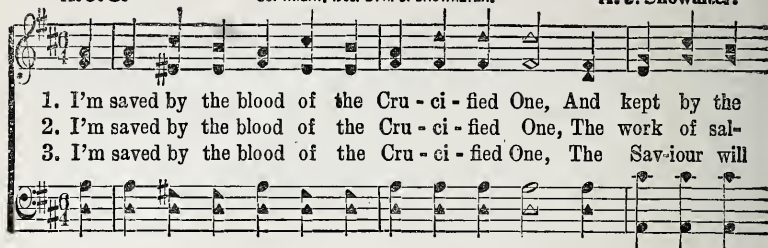
## CHORUS.

Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep  
 o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love.

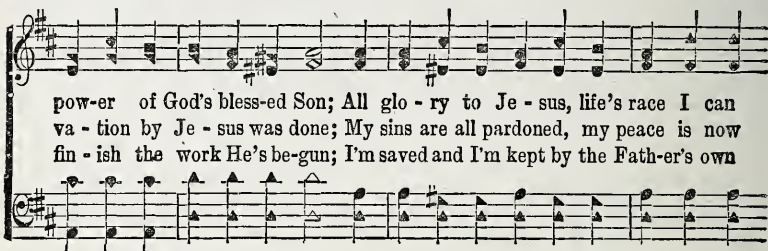
A. J. S.

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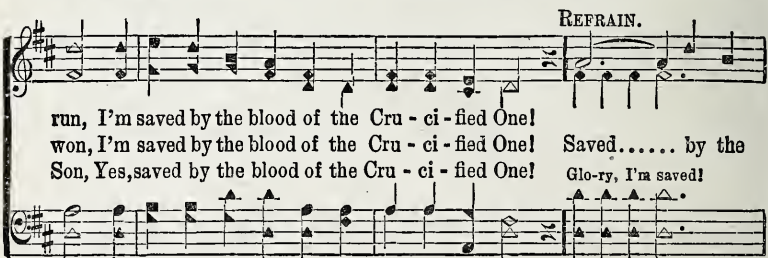
A. J. Showalter.



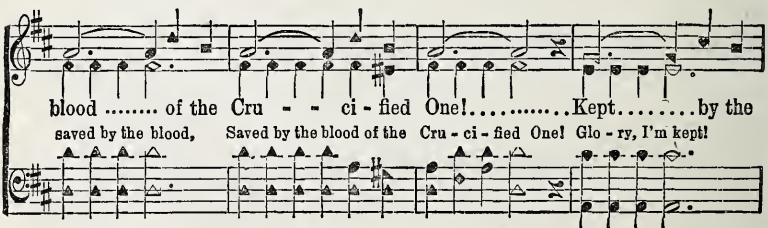
1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, And kept by the  
 2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The work of sal-  
 3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The Sav-iour will



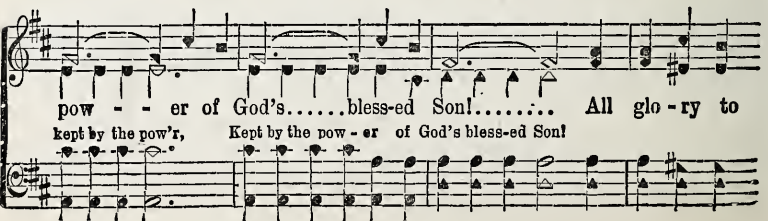
pow-er of God's bless-ed Son; All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can  
 va - tion by Je - sus was done; My sins are all pardoned, my peace is now  
 fin - ish the work He's be-gun; I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fath-er's own



REFRAIN.  
 run, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 won, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Saved..... by the  
 Son, Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Glo-ry, I'm saved!



blood ..... of the Cru - - ci - fied One!.....Kept.....by the  
 saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Glo - ry, I'm kept!



pow - - er of God's.....bless-ed Son!..... All glo - ry to  
 kept by the pow'r, Kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son!

# I'm Saved By the Blood.

Je-sus, my fears are all gone, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!

## No. 189 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1887.

A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-  
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing Arms! O how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing Arms! I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

FINE. REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms! Lean-ing, lean-ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

D.S.—Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.

D. S.

Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing, lean-ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus.

## The Fight is On.

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Haldor Lillenas, Owner

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is  
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true, Je-ho-vah leads, and  
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry,  
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you,  
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.  
 And in His strength un-to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian  
 The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,... With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and wrong en-gage to-day;



# The Fight is On. Concluded.

*Harmony.*

The fight is on, but be not wear - y, Be strong and in His might hold fast;

If God be for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.  
Vic-t'ry! Vic-t'ry!

No. 191

## Faith of Our Fathers.

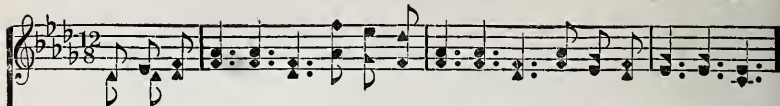
FREDERICK W. FABER.

Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

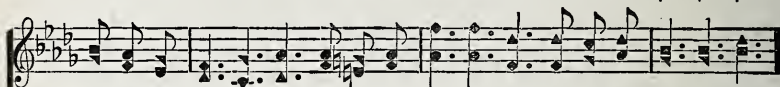
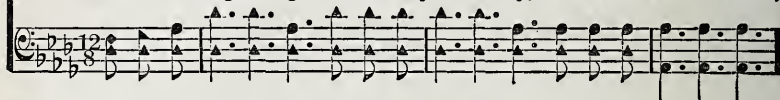
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;  
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;  
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:  
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:

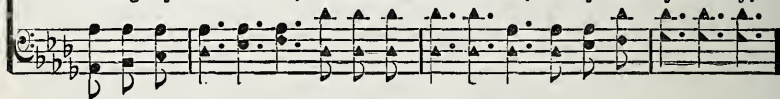
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



1. Beau-ti-ful robes so white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti-ful tho't to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni-ty,
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,



Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there,  
 When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heav-en-ly joys to share,  
 Count-ing my treasures o'er; Where we shall nev-er die, Car-ry me by and by,

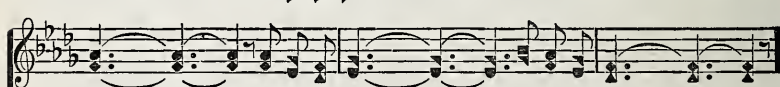
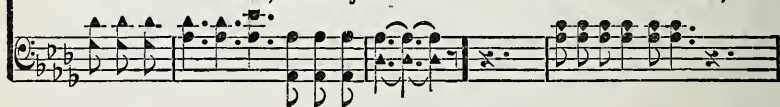


## CHORUS

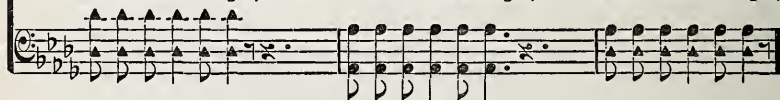


Yon-der in mansions fair, Gather us there. Beau-ti-ful robes,..... Beau-ti-ful  
 Let me cross over there; This is my prayer.  
 Nev-er to sorrow more, Heavenly store.

Beautiful robes of white,



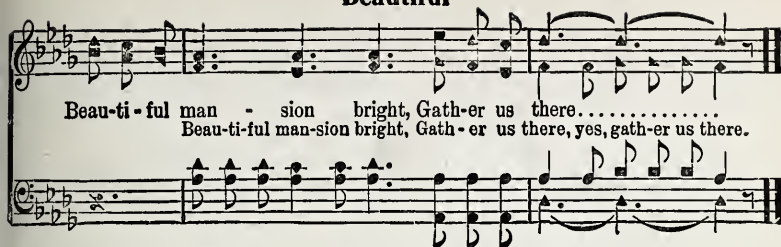
land,..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beau-ti-ful band,.....  
 Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful band of might,



Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shin-ing so fair,.....  
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shin-ing, yes, shin-ing so fair,



# Beautiful



Beau-ti - ful man - sion bright, Gath-er us there.....  
 Beau-ti-ful man-sion bright, Gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

No. 193

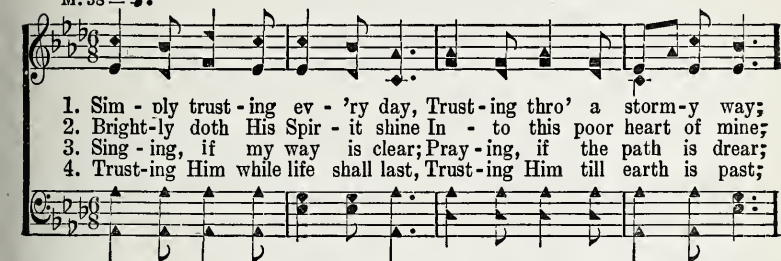
## Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites.

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY BIGLOW & MAIN.

Ira D. Sankey.

M. 58 = ♩.



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing thro' a storm - y way;  
 2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;  
 3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;  
 4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;



E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

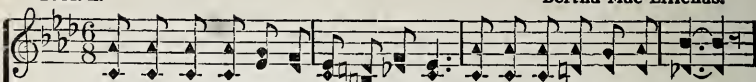
CHORUS.



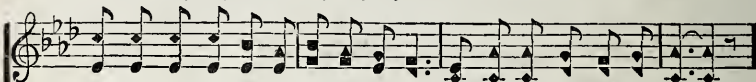
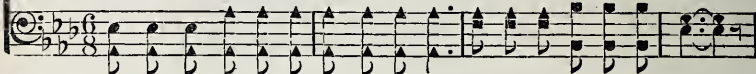
Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;  
 Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

B. M. L.

Bertha Mae Lillenas.



1. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, Washed and made whiter than snow;
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I am a child of His love;
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, Heir to His rich-es of grace;
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, Soon I shall look on His face;

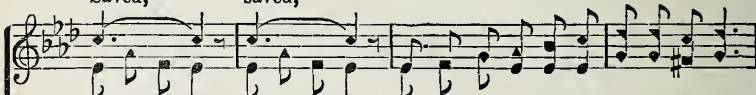


Life ev - er-last-ing with-in me be-gun, Saved by the blood of the Lamb!  
 Free - ly for-giv-en, my bur-den is gone! Saved by the blood of the Lamb!  
 Trust-ing in Him I find heaven be-gun, Saved by the blood of the Lamb!  
 Meet Him in g'o-ry when life's race is run, Saved by the blood of the Lamb!

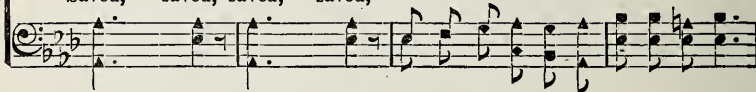


CHORUS.

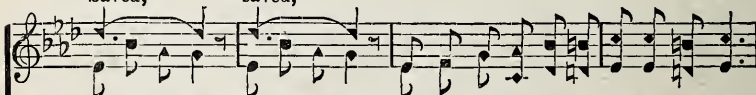
Saved, saved,



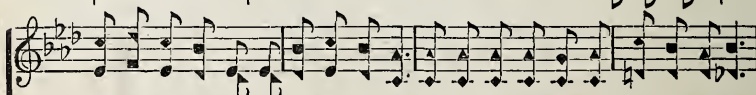
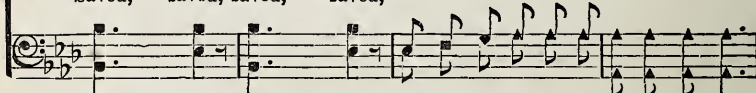
Saved by the blood, saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Crucified One;  
 Saved, saved, saved, saved,



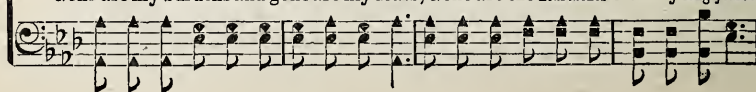
Saved, saved,



Saved by the blood, saved by the blood, Saved by the merit of God's on-ly Son,  
 Saved, saved, saved, saved,

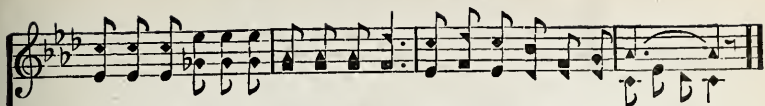


Gone are my burdens and gone are my fears, Gone are the heartaches of many long years.

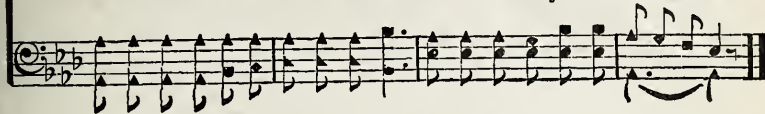




# Saved By the Blood.



Sim-ply be-liev-ing, I cast off my fears, Saved by the blood of the Lamb!  
by the blood of the Lamb!



No. 195

## Full Salvation

Louise M. Rouse

Miss Dora Boole



1. Pre-cious Sav-ior, thou hast saved me, Thine and on-ly thine I am;
2. Long my yearn-ing heart was try-ing To en-joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trust-ing, trust-ing ev-'ry mo-moment, Feel-ing now the blood ap-plied;
4. Con-se-crat-ed to thy ser-vice, I will live and die to thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je-sus; He has sweet-ly saved my soul,



Oh! the cleans-ing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!  
But I gave all try-ing o-ver; Sim-ply trust-ing, I was blest.  
Ly-ing at the cleans-ing foun-tain, Dwell-ing in my Sav-ior's side.  
I will wit-ness to thy glo-ry Of sal-va-tion full and free.  
Cleansed me from in-bred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti-fied, and made me whole.



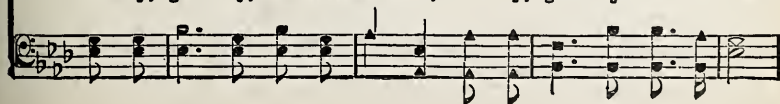
D.S.—Oh! the cleans-ing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

### REFRAIN

D. S.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

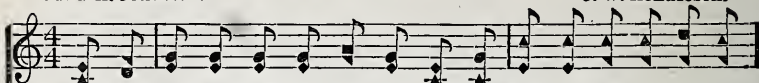


## He Ransomed Me.

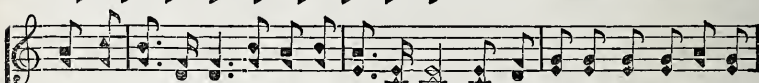
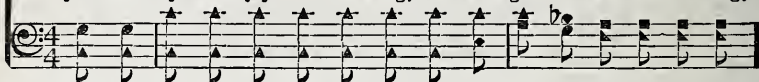
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER HAMMONTREE. USED BY PERMISSION.

Julia H. Johnston.

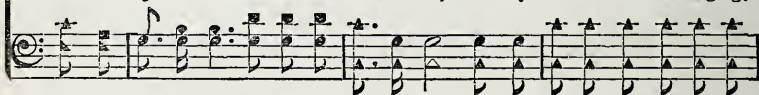
J. W. Henderson.



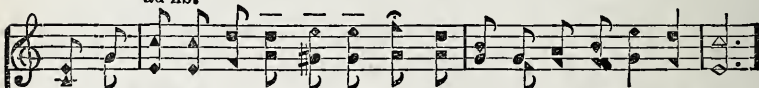
1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry of the Christ who came from glo-ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and gladness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto-ry;
4. By and by with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat-i - tude un-ceas-ing,



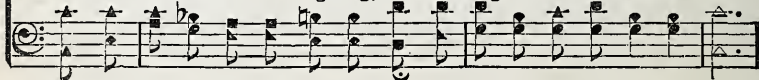
Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er - y; He in loving kindness sought me,  
 Je - sus lift-ed me, in mercy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,  
 Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,  
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be; I will join the hosts there singing,



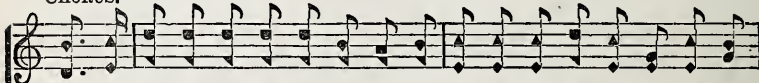
ad lib.



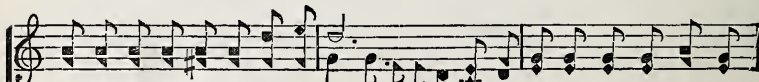
And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus ransomed me.  
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ransomed me.  
 Tro - phies of His grace vic-to-rious, Ev - er-more re-joic-ing here be - low.  
 In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of love who ransomed me.



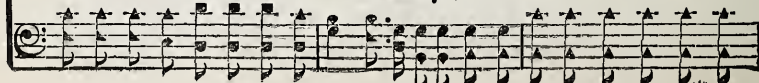
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu-jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him



from the mi-ry clay and set him free; I will ev - er tell the sto - ry,  
 Hal-le-lu-jah



# He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

Shout-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.

No. 197

## Step Out on the Promise.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. F. MILLER.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. F. Miller.

1. O mourn-er of Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is
2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? O poor, troub-led
4. The prom-ise don't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait-ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re-ly on the  
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the  
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the  
un-der that cleans-eth us thro'; It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.  
ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.  
bos-om of God, Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.  
lu-jah to God, I rest on the promise,—I'm un-der the blood.

## Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY MRS. W. R. LUNK. RENEWAL.  
NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous  
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple  
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear with-

grace that bro't me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of  
thronged a-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the brok-en-  
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My  
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In  
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

## CHORUS.

theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,  
love for e-ven me.  
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,  
Sweet-er as the years go by;



# Sweeter As the Years Go By.



Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

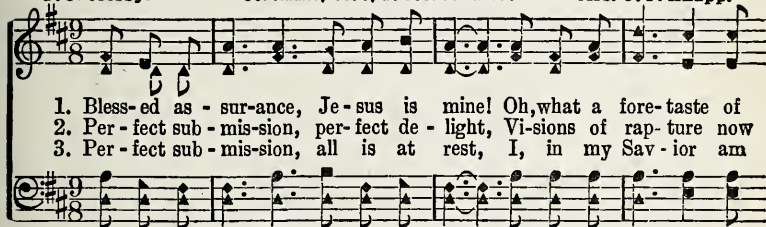
No. 199

## Blessed Assurance.

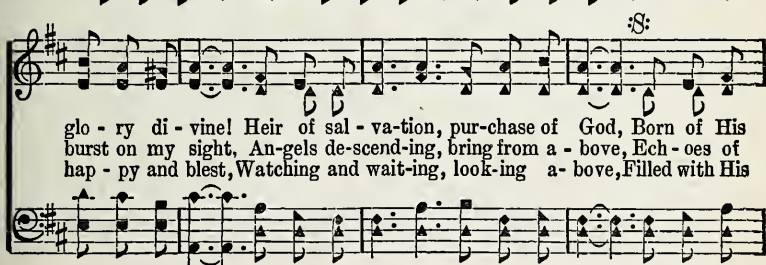
F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

D.S.—Prais - ing my

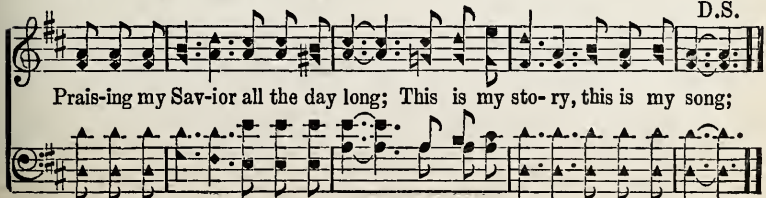
### FINE. CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my song,  
 good - ness, lost in His love.

Sav - ior all the day long.

D.S.



Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

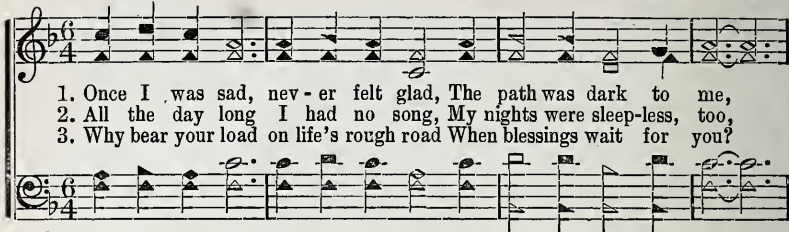
# No. 200 Jesus Taught me How to Smile

Arr. Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

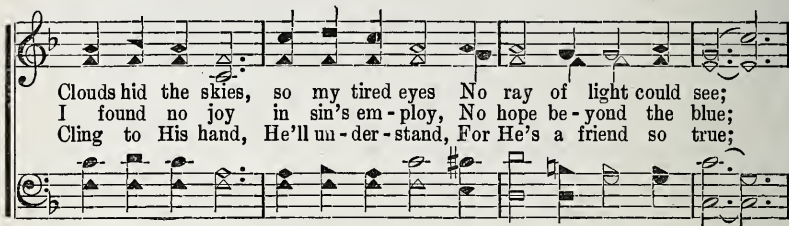
J. R. Baxter, Jr.

"in Calvary Songs"

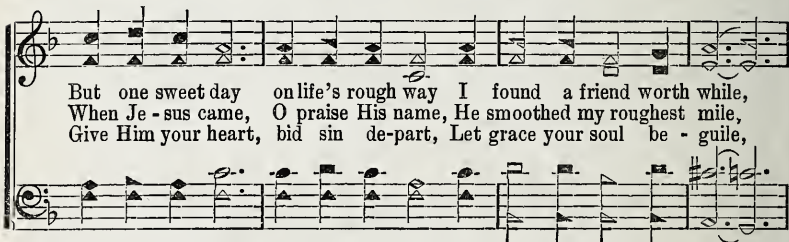
Virgil O. Stamps



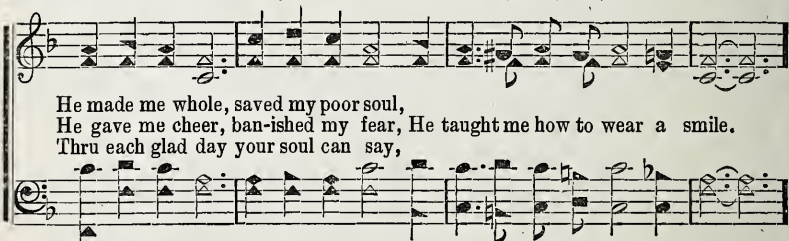
1. Once I was sad, nev - er felt glad, The path was dark to me,  
 2. All the day long I had no song, My nights were sleep-less, too,  
 3. Why bear your load on life's rough road When blessings wait for you?



Clouds hid the skies, so my tired eyes No ray of light could see;  
 I found no joy in sin's em - ploy, No hope be - yond the blue;  
 Cling to His hand, He'll un - der - stand, For He's a friend so true;

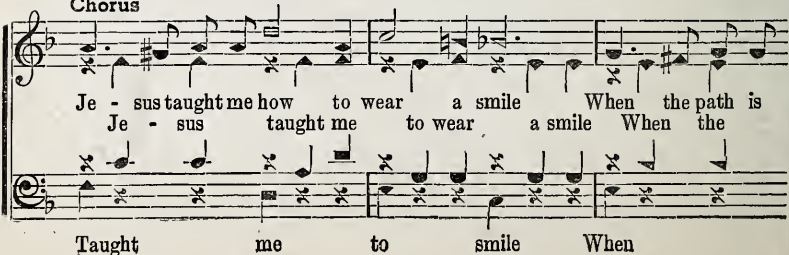


But one sweet day on life's rough way I found a friend worth while,  
 When Je - sus came, O praise His name, He smoothed my roughest mile,  
 Give Him your heart, bid sin de - part, Let grace your soul be - guile,



He made me whole, saved my poor soul,  
 He gave me cheer, ban-ished my fear, He taught me how to wear a smile.  
 Thru each glad day your soul can say,

## Chorus



Je - sus taught me how to wear a smile When the path is  
 Je - sus taught me to wear a smile When the  
 Taught me to smile When

# Jesus Taught Me How to Smile



dark path and drear, Made me see the  
 path is dark and drear - y, Made me see things  
 path drear, Made me see the things so  
 things that are worth while, Drove a-way my doubt and fear;  
 that are worth while, Drove 'way doubt  
 worth while, Drove 'way doubt and fear and  
 Now I can fol - low where He leads a - long life's way,  
 Fol - low Him all a - long life's way,  
 Now I can tread life's path - way,  
 Strength He gives for ev - 'ry mile, When to Him I pray,  
 Strength He gives for ev - 'ry rough mile,  
 Strength gives for each rough mile,  
 then I can tru - ly say: Je - sus taught me how to smile.  
 Je - sus taught me to wear a sun - ny smile.  
 Christ taught me to smile,

# No. 201

# Resurrection

MATTHEW 28: 1, 7

H. F. Morris

PROPERTY OF T. S. MOSLEY AND H. F. MORRIS

T. B. Mosley

QUARTET *p*

{ They cru-ci-fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God In death's  
 { The Man of grief and toil There in silence lies; Death has within its coil God of

DUET

sa-ble gloom. } But, behold, there was an earth-quake, For from heav'n there came an an-gel,  
 earth and skies. }

SEMI-CHORUS

With a countenance like lightning, And a raiment white as snow. When at dawn came Mary

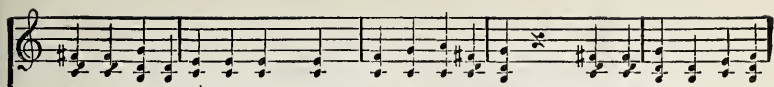
Magdalene, 'Twas the angel's voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris-en!"  
 the voice which said:

BASS SOLO

Christ is ris-en from the dead. He who for the world's salvation bled, Now is ris-en, ris-en



# Resurrection

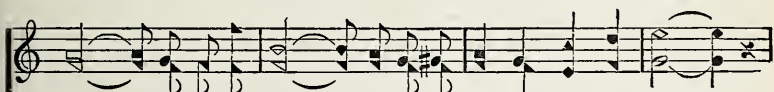


from the dead; Glóry, hon-or we will ev - er sing, Praise to our ris-en, ris - en King.

FULL CHORUS *Accel.*



Hal - - le-lu-jah, sing, . . with hearts to heav'n and voi-ces raise, . .  
Hal-le-lu - jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voi - ces, voi-ces raise, And



Ev - er shout, ye ran - somed ones, for you His blood was shed;  
ev - er shout, ye ransomed ones, for you His blood was shed;



Sing . . a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise,  
Sing a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise.

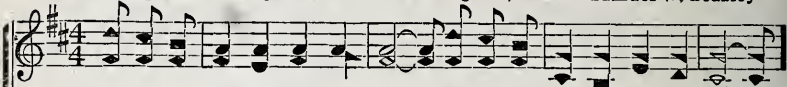


Christ the Lord is ris'n . . indeed, is ris - en from the dead.  
Christ the Lord is ris'n in - deed, is ris - en from the dead.

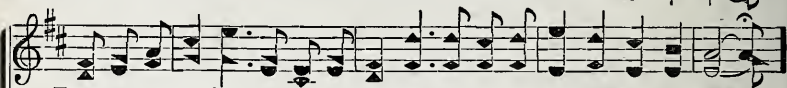
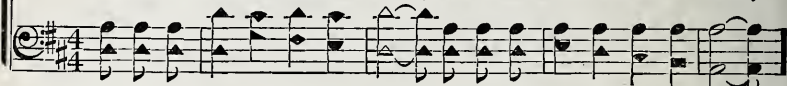
## Great is the Lord

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley

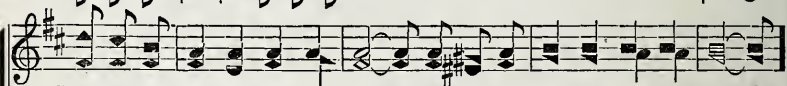
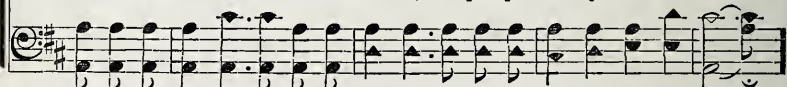
Laurene Highfield Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners Samuel W. Beazley



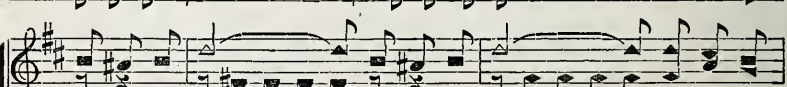
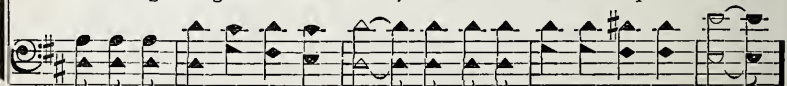
1. Great is the Lord and strong His hand; He made the sea, He shaped the land;
2. He formed a pathway in the sea To set His favored people free;
3. Great is the Lord up - on His throne, To Him all mys-ter-ies are known;
4. He rides the wave, He rules the storm, He soothes all fear and wild a - larm;



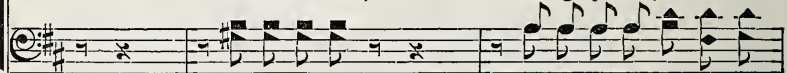
From ev - er - last - ing to ev - er - last - ing The heaven's shall His praises swell:  
 O'er hills and mountains, by dales and fountains, From danger they were guarded well:  
 Wise prophets hoary declared His glo - ry, And strove His maj - es - ty to tell:  
 Tho rocks are shaken and for - ests tak - en, His peo - ple safe - ly in Him dwell:



Clothed in au - thor - i - ty He stands, The u - ni - verse heeds His commands:  
 He quenched their thirst, their hunger fed, By fire and cloud His chosen led:  
 Far great - er He than all their speech, Be - yond the pow'r of tho't to reach:  
 His sov'reign will gave mortals breath; Im - mor - tal life has conquered death:



Great is the Lord, . . . . . the might-y Lord, . . . . . The ho - ly  
 Great is the Lord, . . . . . the mighty Lord, . . . . .



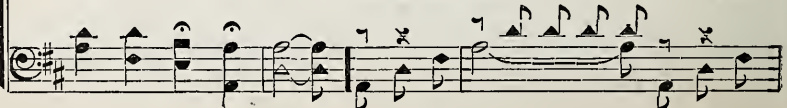
## Chorus



Lord of Is - ra - el.

Great is the Lord

Great is the Lord . . . . . who rides the



# Great is the Lord

who rides the storm, Who guides the stars up - on their way;  
storm,..... Who guides the stars..... upon their way;.....

Ex-cel-lent is His name, boundless His pow'r and fame, Endless His roy - al  
Endless His roy-al might, His

sway. Great is the Lord, a might-y Rock,  
matchless sway. Great is the Lord,..... a might-y Rock,.....

A sure de-fense in times of stress; Un-to the  
A sure de-fense ..... in times of stress;

Lord be praise, since He has crowned our days With His own right-eous - ness.  
With His own perfect, perfect righteousness.

With His own perfect righteousness.

1. Here you pass me on the highways in this un-friend-ly land, Nev-er  
 2. We will all love one an-oth-er when in heav-en we meet, In the  
 3. There will be no sep-a-ra-tion in that home of the soul, There will

hav-ing just a mo-ment to spare; But some morning when we all move  
 shel-ter of the ci - ty foursquare; We will all live close to-geth-er  
 be no dis-ap-pointment or care; Ev-ry-bod - y will be sing-ing

up to heaven's bright strand, You will be my clos-est neigh-bor up  
 on a neigh-bor - ly street,  
 while the a - ges shall roll, closest

**Chorus**

there. Meet me as a stranger on the  
 neighbor up there. Here you meet me as a stranger on the highways,

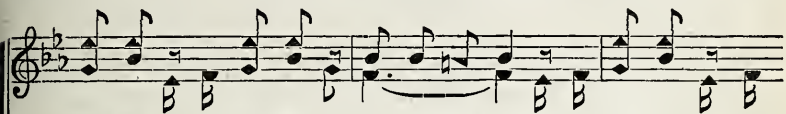
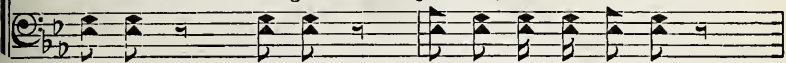
highways. Stopping, nev-er ask-ing my name,  
 Nev-er stopping, nev-er ask-ing my name, But in



## You Will be my Closest Neighbor



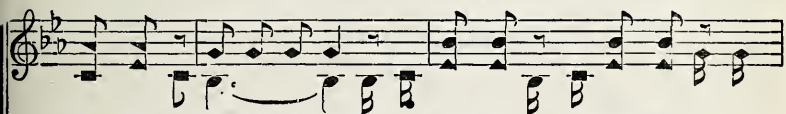
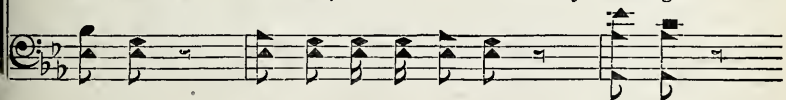
Heav-en when we all get well ac-quaint-ed,  
heav-en we will all get well ac-quaint-ed, You will



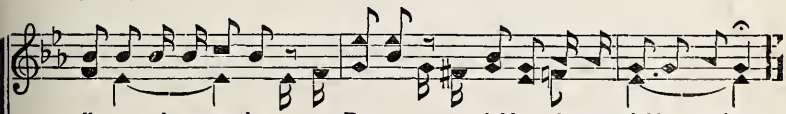
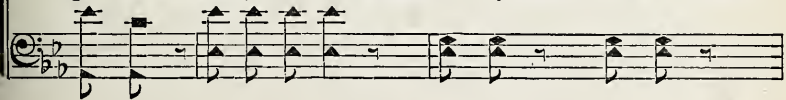
Love me and I'll love you the same; "Hail you"  
love me and I'll love you the same; I will "hail you" and you'll



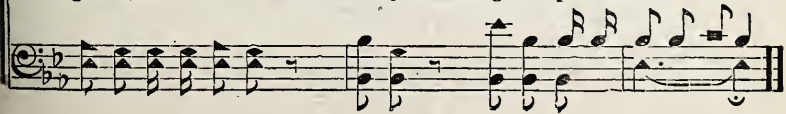
and you'll an - swer like a bro - ther, Bless - ings  
an - swer like a bro - ther, Man - y bless - ings in the



in the gar - den we'll share; Ci - ty when we  
gar - den we'll share, In that ci - ty when we all move close to-



all move close together,      Be my      neighbor, closest neighbor up there.  
gether,      You will      be my closest neighbor up      there.

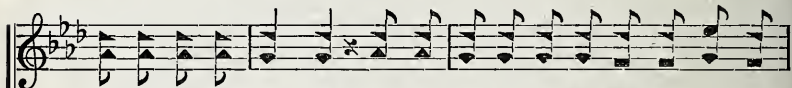
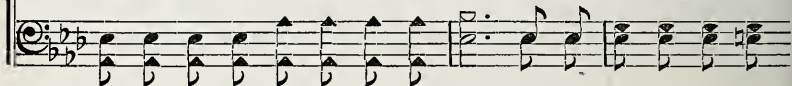




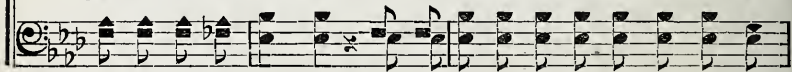
1. You have heard of lit - tle Mo - ses in the bul - rush, You have  
 2. Man - y things will there be miss - ing, in that meet - ing, For the  
 3. There the doubt - ers will be miss - ing al - to - geth - er, All the



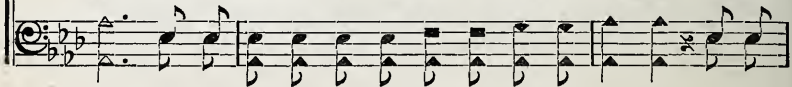
heard of fear - less Da - vid and his sling; You have heard the sto - ry  
 mourner's bench will have no place at all; There will nev - er be a  
 skep - tics will be ab - sent on that day; There will be no grumblers



told of dreaming Jo - seph, And of Jo - nah and the whale you oft - en  
 sermon preached to sin - ners, For the sin - ner had re - fused to heed the  
 pres - ent to dis - turb us, And the Achans will be bus - y far a -



sing. There are man - y, man - y oth - ers thru the Bi - ble, I should  
 call. There will be no mourning o - ver way - ward loved ones, There will  
 way. There the saints will have His "seal up - on their foreheads," "Dressed in



like to meet them all, I do de - clare! By and by the Lord will  
 be no lone - ly nights of plead - ing pray'r; All our bur - dens and our  
 rai - ment none but ransomed ones can wear; All who have the wed - ding



# The Meeting in the Air

Chorus

sure - ly let us meet them  
an - guish will be lift - ed At the meet - ing in the air. There is  
gar - ments will be pres - ent

go - ing to be a meeting in the air, In the sweet, sweet by and by;

I am go - ing to meet you, meet you there In that home be - yond the sky, Such

singing you will hear, nev - er heard by mortal ear 'Twill be glorious, I do de -

clare! And God's own Son will be the leading One At the meet - ing in the air.

## No. 205

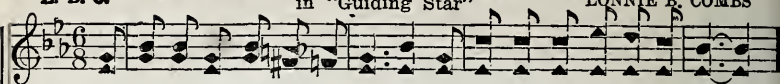
## No Shadows in Heaven

Copyright, 1938, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

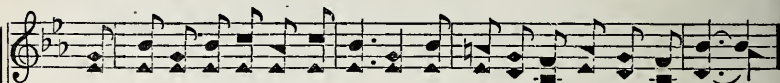
L. B. C.

in "Guiding Star"

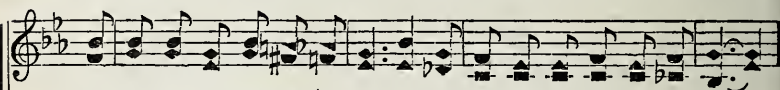
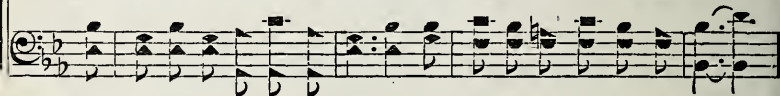
LONNIE B. COMBS



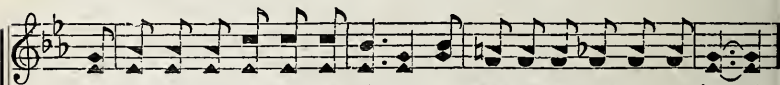
1. There'll be no dark shadows in heav-en, No storm clouds to darken the way,
2. The shad-ows of even-ing are fall-ing, Life's sun will soon sink in the west,
3. How oft - en I'm burdened with sorrow While trav'ling this rough thorny road,



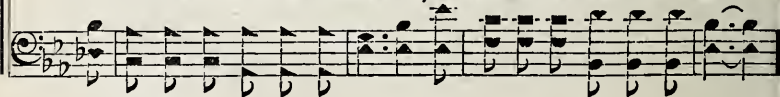
The sun will be shining for - ev - er, For night has been turned into day;  
 Some morning I'll wake in true glad-ness To live with the true and the blest;  
 Here shadows may hover a-round me, Make heavy my wea-ri-some load;



No false-hoods nor failures can en - ter, No wor-ries nor doubts to an-oy,  
 I dream of that won-der-ful ci - ty Where loved ones are happy, I know,  
 I still shall have faith in my Savior, Keep trusting His prom-ise so true,



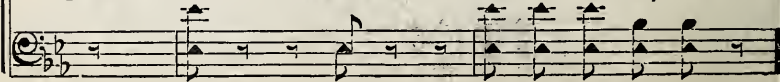
I'm long-ing to live in that ci - ty Where sadness is turned in - to joy.  
 Just af - ter my work here is fin-ished, I'll leave this dark valley be - low.  
 He said He would nev-er for-sake me, I know He will lead me on thru.



## Chorus



Be no shad - ows in heav - en,  
 There will be no dark shad-ows in heav - en, No





# No Shadows in Heaven

No more heart aches to bear, Sun will be  
trou-les nor heartaches to bear, There the sun will be shin-ing for-

shin-ing for-ev-er For all will be glad-ness, true gladness up there;  
ev - er all will be Sweet-est

Sweet songs there will be ring-ing, Play on the  
mu-sic up there will be ring-ing, I'll play on the harps of pure

harps of pure gold, Go-ing to live in that ci - ty Where  
gold, I am go-ing to live in that ci - ty,

Coda

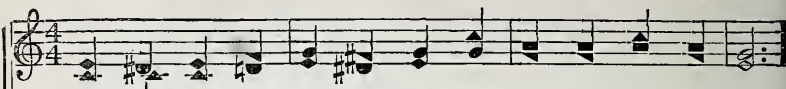
noth-ing shall ev - er, shall ev - er grow old. No shadows in heav-en.  
noth - ing grows old.

## Walking In the Light of God


Laurene Highfield

Copyright, 1912, by Beazley &amp; Vaughan


Samuel W. Beazley



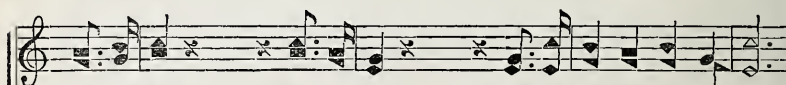
1. Like a lamp un - to your feet, A light from heav - en glows.  
 2. Like a lamp un - to your feet, The ho - ly light-beams shine,  
 3. Like a lamp un - to your feet, The light makes plain the way,



From the land which needs no sun or moon Nor ev - er dark-ness knows,  
 With the bright-ness of a cloud-less sun, A glo - ry all di - vine;  
 Turn-ing not a - side where shad-ows lin - ger, Lest a - far you stray;



And ra - dian't with a liv - ing splen-dor Makes the way so bright,  
 Tho you must go 'mong bri'rs and bram-bles, Noth - ing shall you fear,  
 Keep in the path, tho it is ston - y, Nev - er need you fall,



You can walk, ..... safe-ly walk, ..... On the up-ward path of right.  
 Ev - er walk, ..... safe-ly walk, ..... In the light so white and clear.  
 Ev - er walk, ..... safe-ly walk, ..... In the light that shines for all.

## Chorus



O walk, walk, walk in the light of God; In the light ... the per-fect  
 Walk, walk, walk, walk,

# Walking In the Light of God

light,..... Mak-ing plain ..... the path of right, ..... Walk in  
in the light, Walk, walk,walk,walk, the path of right,

faith,..... walk in trust..... Up the slope where saints have  
Walk in faith, walk in trust,

trod; Keep ..... the nar-row way, ..... Lead-ing  
brave-ly trod; Walk,walk,walk the nar-row way, Walk,

on..... to end-less day,..... Walk in hope,  
walk,walk,walk to end-less day, glow-ing hope,

walk in peace, In the per-fect light of God.....  
calm and peace, light of God.

1. There stood the Savior scourged and bound In Pilate's hall, No fault in Him by  
 2. Here stands the Savior as of yore Call-ing for you, He gen-tly knocks at

Pi-late found, No guilt at all; False wit-ness-es did not a-gree  
 your heart's door, What will you do? Your guilt-y soul from sin to save,

What He had done, Then Pi-late sought to set Him free—God's own dear son.  
 He bled and died; His life on Calv'ry's cross He gave—Was cru-ci-fied.

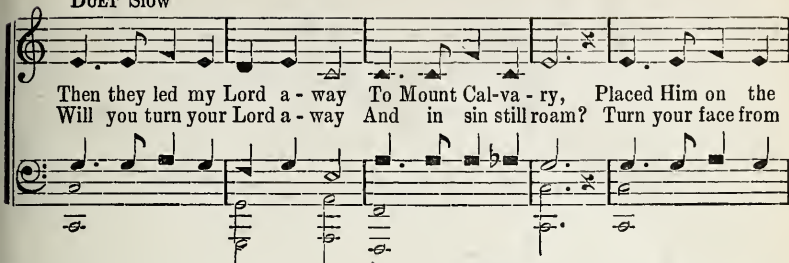
But from the mob there a-rose this cry: "Cru-ci-fy Him!"  
 Will you a-gain re-new this cry; "Cru-ci-fy Him!"

But from the mob there a-rose this cry: "Cru-ci-fy Him! Cru-ci-fy Him!"  
 Will you a-gain re-new this cry: "Cru-ci-fy Him! Cru-ci-fy Him!"



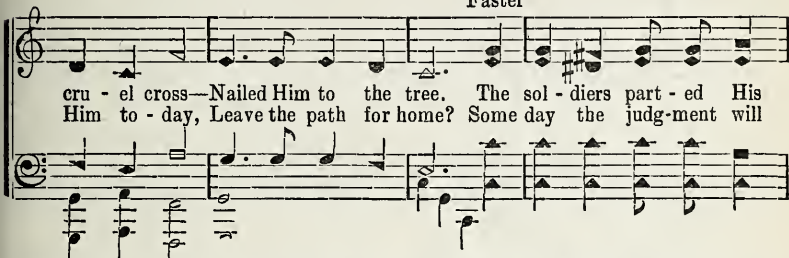
# Crucifixion

## DUET Slow

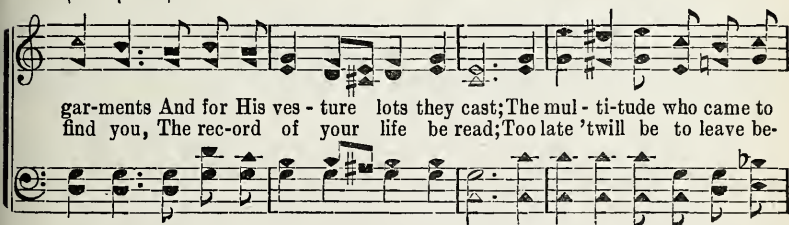


Then they led my Lord a - way To Mount Cal - va - ry, Placed Him on the  
Will you turn your Lord a - way And in sin still roam? Turn your face from

## Faster

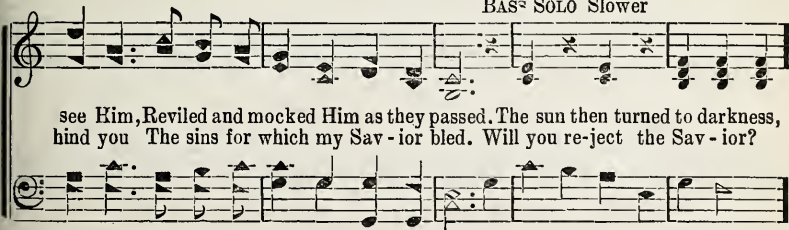


cru - el cross—Nailed Him to the tree. The sol - diers part - ed His  
Him to - day, Leave the path for home? Some day the judg - ment will

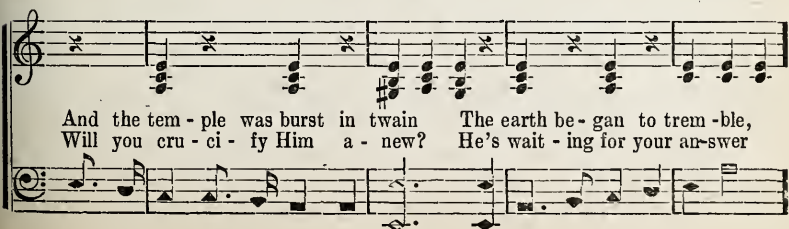


gar - ments And for His ves - ture lots they cast; The mul - ti - tude who came to  
find you, The rec - ord of your life be read; Too late 'twill be to leave be -

## BAS<sup>S</sup> SOLO Slower



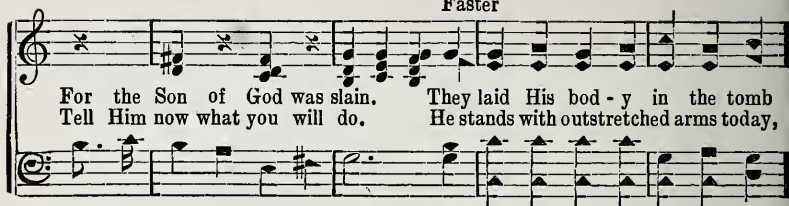
see Him, Reviled and mocked Him as they passed. The sun then turned to darkness,  
hind you The sins for which my Sav - ior bled. Will you re - ject the Sav - ior?



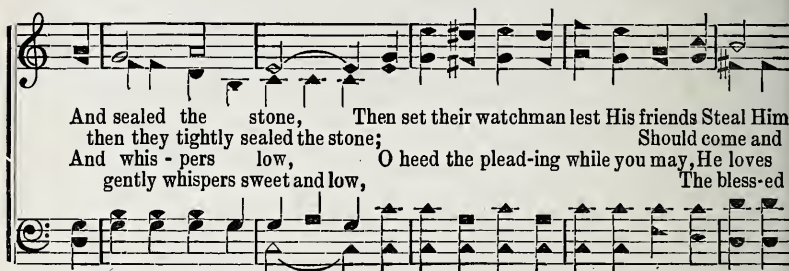
And the tem - ple was burst in twain The earth be - gan to trem - ble,  
Will you cru - ci - fy Him a - new? He's wait - ing for your an - swer

# Crucifixion

Faster

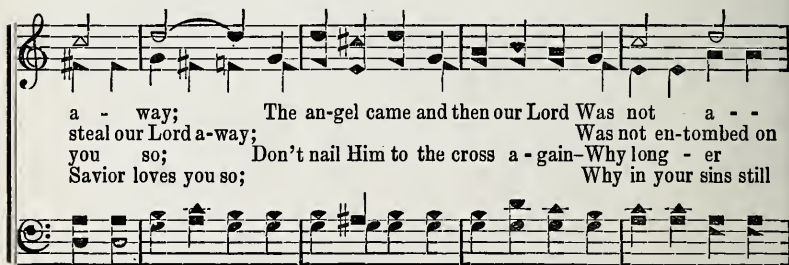


For the Son of God was slain. They laid His bod - y in the tomb  
Tell Him now what you will do. He stands with outstretched arms today,



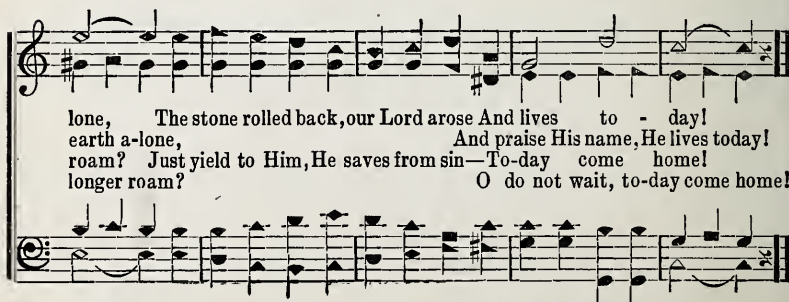
And sealed the stone, Then set their watchman lest His friends Steal Him  
then they tightly sealed the stone; Should come and  
And whis - pers low, O heed the plead - ing while you may, He loves  
gently whispers sweet and low, The bless - ed

then they sealed the stone,  
whis - pers sweet and low,



a - way; The an - gel came and then our Lord Was not a - -  
steal our Lord a - way; Was not en - tombed on  
you so; Don't nail Him to the cross a - gain - Why long - er  
Savior loves you so; Why in your sins still

Was not en - tombed a -  
Why in your sins still



lone, The stone rolled back, our Lord arose And lives to - day!  
earth a - lone, And praise His name, He lives today!  
roam? Just yield to Him, He saves from sin - To - day come home!  
longer roam? O do not wait, to - day come home!

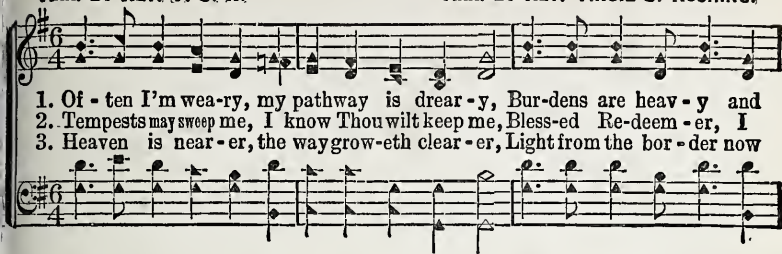
lone,  
roam?

And lives and reigns to - day!  
O do not wait, come home!

# No. 208 JESUS, I'LL FOLLOW THEE THROUGH.

ARR. BY REV. V. S. R.

ARR. BY REV. VIRGIL S. RUSHING.



1. Of - ten I'm wea-ry, my pathway is drear-y, Bur-dens are heav-y and  
 2. Tempests may sweep me, I know Thou wilt keep me, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, I  
 3. Heaven is near-er, the way grow-eth clear-er, Light from the bor-der now



I am so blue; But I keep sing-ing, the joy-bells are ring-ing,  
 mean to be true; On-ward I'm go-ing, so hap-py in know-ing  
 dawns on my view: Glo-ry for-ev-er, I'll doubt Him no nev-er,

## CHORUS.



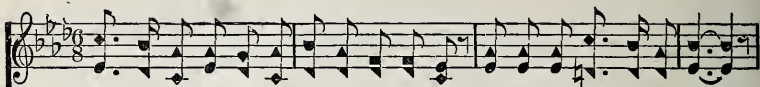
Je-sus is say-ing, "Come fol-low me thru."  
 I am de-ter-mined to fol-low Thee thru. Je-sus I'll fol-low, I'll  
 Je-sus I'll fol-low, I'll fol-low Thee thru.



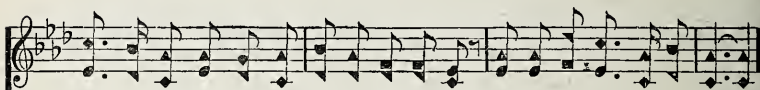
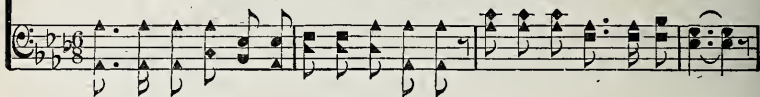
fol-low Thee, Tho' my com-pa-nions and friends may be few; Help me to



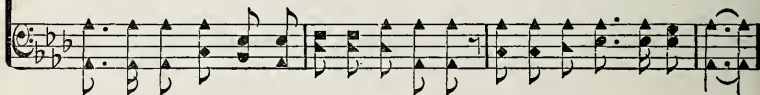
pray Lord and stay in the way Lord, I am de-ter-mined to fol-low Thee thru.



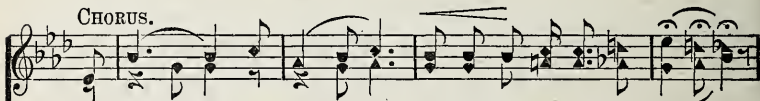
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass - ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



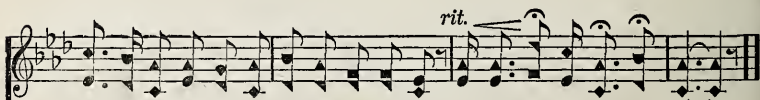
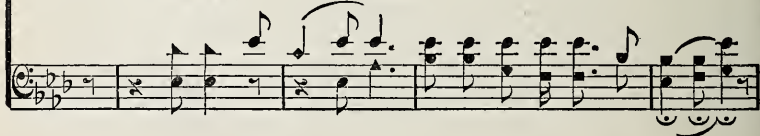
See, on the por - tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gath - er - ing, death beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



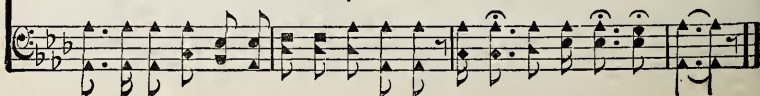
## CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home!  
 Come home, come home,



Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

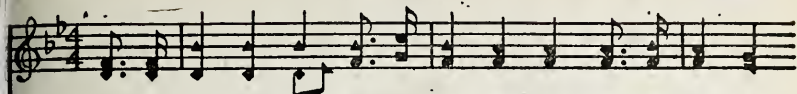




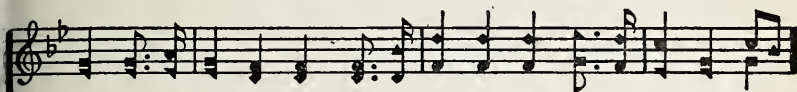
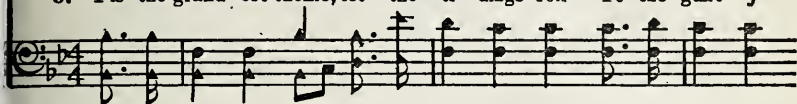
W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

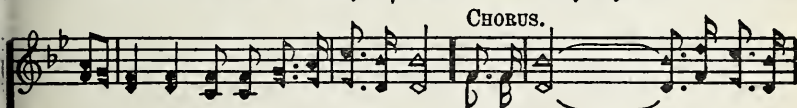
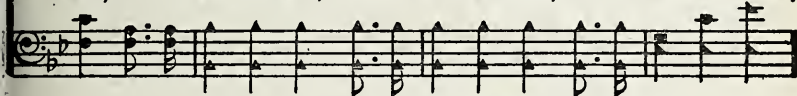
W. A. Ogden.



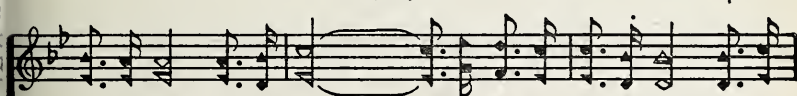
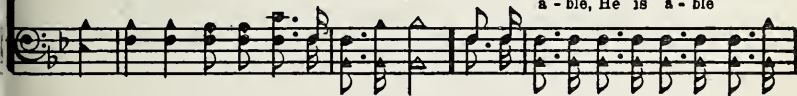
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings- roll To the guilt - y



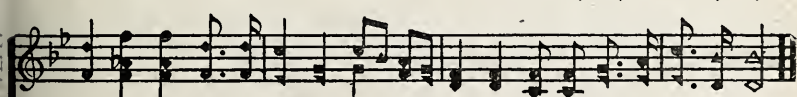
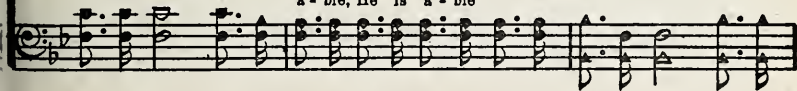
theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,  
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,  
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,



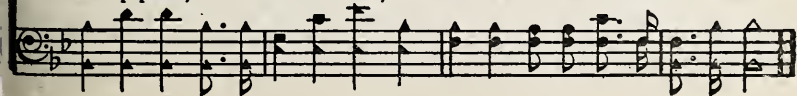
"Our God is a - ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-  
a - ble, He is a - ble



liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by  
a - ble, He is a - ble



sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."



W. H. BELLAMY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. O trou-bled heart, there is a home, Be-yond the reach of toil and care;  
 2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heaven al-lowed, thine earth-ly lot;  
 3. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh un-heard, one prayer for-got;

A home where chang-es nev - er come: Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 Look up! thou'lt reach that blest a - bode; Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not.

## CHORUS

O wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O

wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O wait, meek - ly wait,

O wait, meek - ly wait, O wait, and mur - mur not. O mur-mur not.



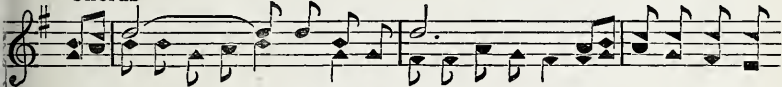
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed;
3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,



Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deemed.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed.



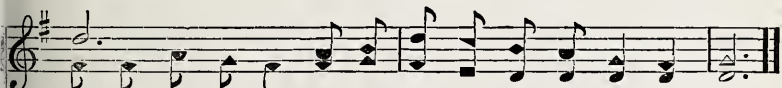
Chorus



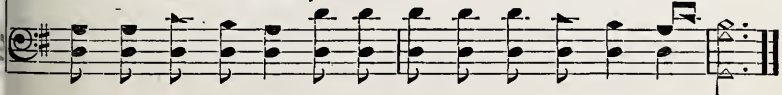
Since I ..... have been redeemed, Since I have been re-  
 Since I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

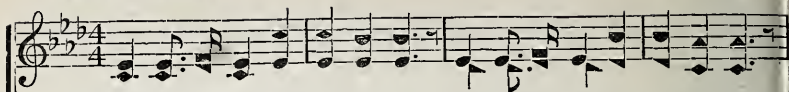


doemed, I will glo - ry in His name; Since I ..... have been re-  
 Since I have been redeemed, since

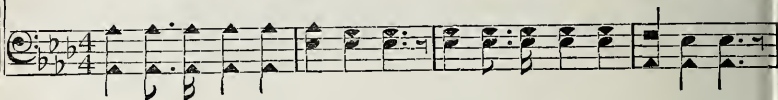


doemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.  
 I have been re-deemed,





1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;



Call-ing the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.  
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
 Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher-e'er they be,"



## Chorus



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.



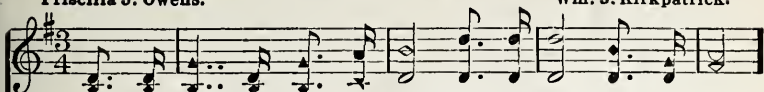


## Jesus Saves.

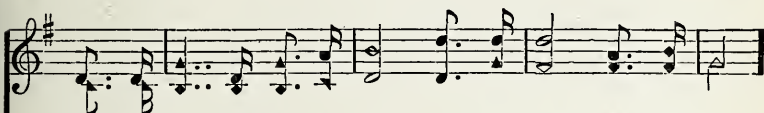
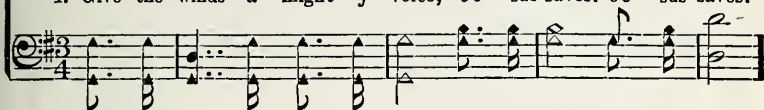
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. IN RENEWAL.

Priscilla J. Owens.

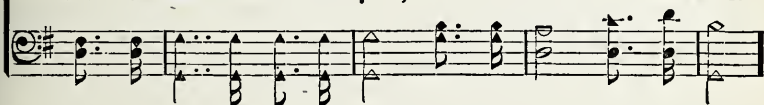
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



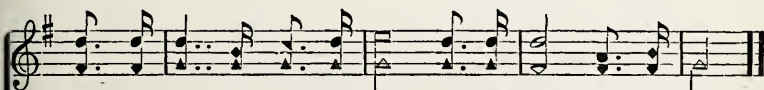
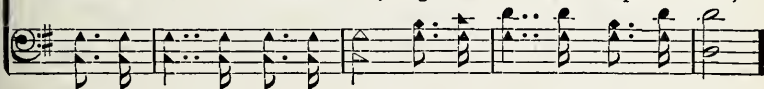
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



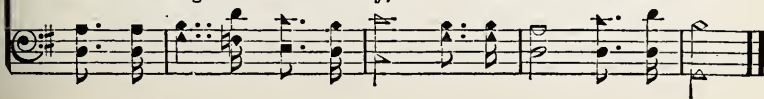
Spread the ti - dings all a - round; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;



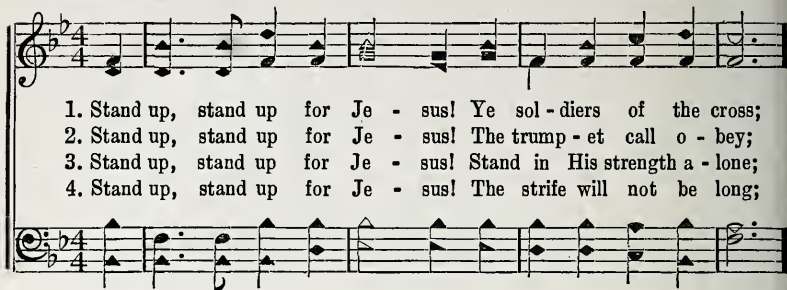
On - ward! — 'tis our Lord's command; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



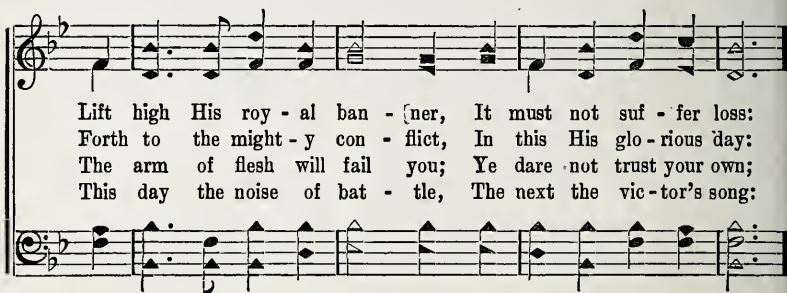
# No. 215 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!

George Duffield, Jr.

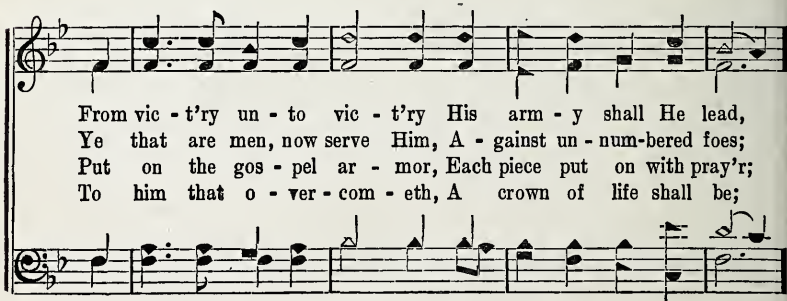
George J. Webb



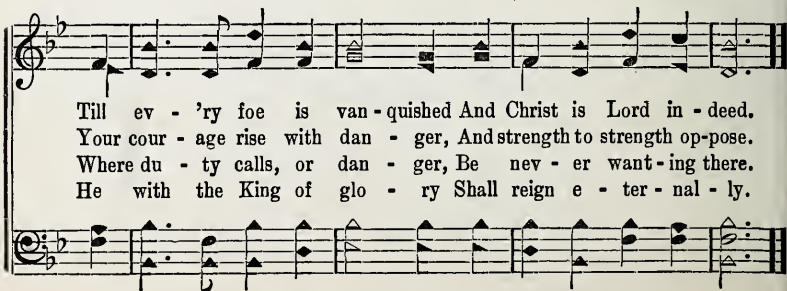
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



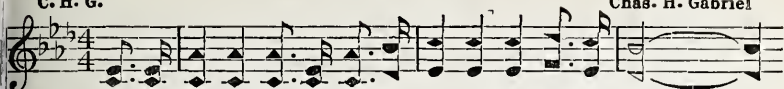
Lift high His roy - al ban - [ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:  
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;  
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,  
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;  
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;  
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

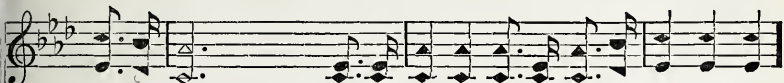


Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.  
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!.....
2. We have heard the Mac-e - do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!.....
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where abound; "Send the light!.....
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!.....

Send the light!



Send the light!"  
 Send the light!"  
 Send the light!"  
 Send the light!"

There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,  
 And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,  
 And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,  
 Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

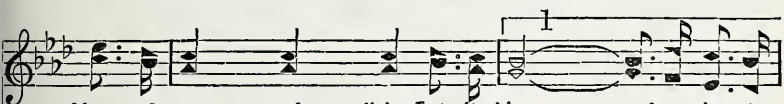
Send the light!



## Chorus



Send the light!..... Send the light!..... Send the light!..... the  
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!



1  
 bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine..... from shore to  
 the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine



2  
 shore!..... shine..... for-ev-er more .....  
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er more.



Fanny J. Crosby.

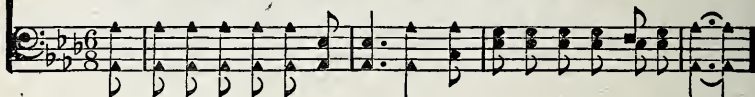
COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

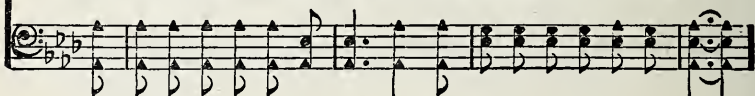
M. 63 = ♩.



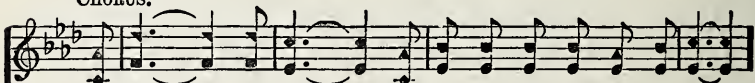
1. Redeemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed and so hap-py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yonder bright mansion for me;



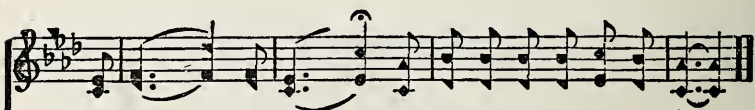
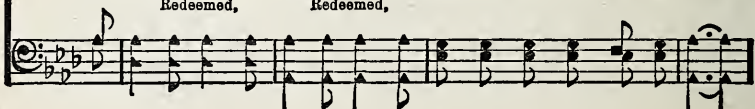
Redeemed thro' His in-fi-nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.  
 I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth contin-u-ally dwell.  
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.  
 And soon with the spirits made per - fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



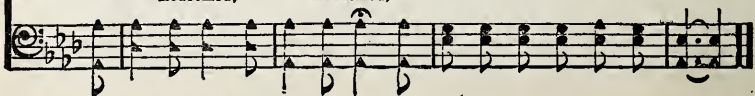
## CHORUS.



Re - deemed, Re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 Redeemed, Redeemed,



Re - deemed, Re - deemed, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.  
 Redeemed, Redeemed,





# No. 218

# Meet Me There

H. E. BLAIR

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are in vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away In-to  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the river sparkling bright, In the  
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

D.S. — Storms of life are o'er, On the FINE

pure and perfect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

meet me there.

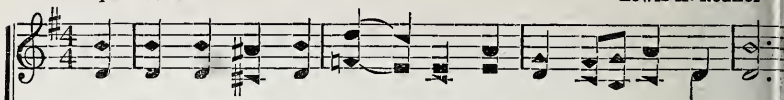
hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS

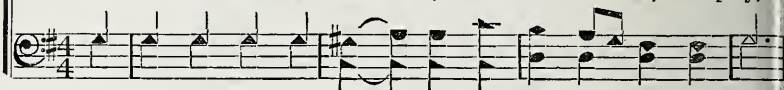
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

D. S.

tree of Life is bloom-ing, Meet me there, Meet me there, When the



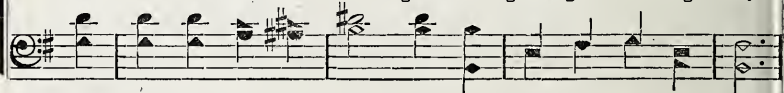
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor-tals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

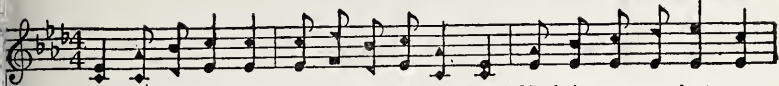



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
 Nor ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell,



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

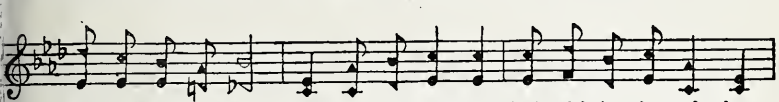


- 
1. Sweet is the prom-ise—"I will not for-get thee," Noth-ing can mo-lest or
  2. Trusting the prom-ise—"I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I go with
  3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



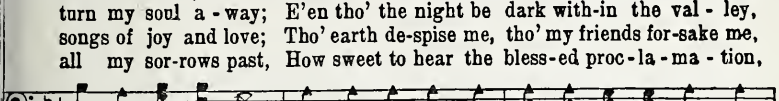
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,  
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,  
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

## CHORUS

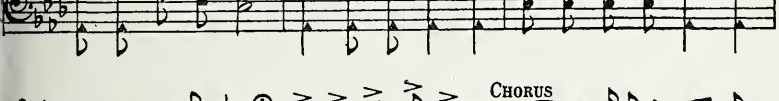


Just be-yond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I . . . will not for-get thee or  
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.

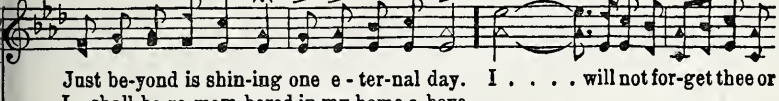
"En-ter, faith-ful seryant, wel-come home at last!" I will not for-get thee, I will nev-er



leave thee; In My hands I'll hold thee, in My arms I'll fold thee; I . . . will  
leave thee; I will not for-get



not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.  
thee, for-get



## No. 221

## Friendship With Jesus

Rev. J. C. Ludgate

1. A friend of Je - sus, O what bliss That one so weak as I Should ev - er  
 2. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way; A friend to  
 3. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near; A friend as

## Chorus

have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.  
 steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay. Friendship with Jesus, Fellow-  
 thru the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.

ship di - vine; O what blessed sweet com-mun-ion, Je-sus is a friend of mine.

## No. 222

## Jesus Only

Elias Nason

I. B. Woodbury

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn - ing Beams up - on the path I tread,  
 2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll,  
 3. Je - sus on - ly, when, a - dor - ing, Saints their crowns be-fore Him bring,

Je - sus on - ly, when the dark - ness Gath - ers round my wea - ry head.  
 Je - sus on - ly, when the trum - pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.  
 Je - sus on - ly, I will, joy - ous, Thru e - ter - nal a - ges sing.



## No. 223

## O Come All Ye Faithful

Tr. by F. Oakley

M. Simas

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joy-ful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye, To  
 2. O sing choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta-tion, O sing all ye bright host Of  
 3. And yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, O Jesus, to Thee be All

**Chorus**

Beth - le-hem; Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels.  
 heav'n a-bove; Glo-ry to God, all Glo-ry in the high - est. O come, let us a-  
 glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Father Now in flesh ap-pear-ing.

dore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

## No. 224

## To Us a Child of Hope is Born

John Morrison

Lowell Mason

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n,  
 2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For - ev - er - more a-dored,  
 3. His pow'r, in-creas - ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.  
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The great and might - y Lord.  
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove And peace a - bound be - low.

## No. 225

## I Would Be True

H. A. Walter

J. Y. Peek

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are  
 2. I would be friend of all, the foe, the friendless; I would be giving and for-  
 3. I would be pray'r-ful thru each bus-y mo-moment, I would be con-stant-ly in

those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suf-fer; I would be  
 get the gift; I would be hum-ble for I know my weakness; I would look  
 touch with God; I would be tuned to hear the slightest whis-per; I would have

brave, for there is much to dare; I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 up and laugh and love and lift; I would look up and laugh and love and lift.  
 faith to keep the path Christ trod; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

## No. 226

## Now the Day Is Over

S. Baring-Gould

Joseph Barnby

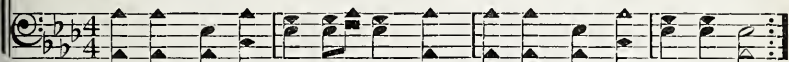
1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,  
 2. Je-sus give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose,  
 3. Thru the long night watch-es May Thine an-gels spread  
 4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise

Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.  
 Their white wings a-bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.  
 Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.

Fine



1. { Breth-ren we have met to wor-ship And a - dore the Lord our God,  
Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the word?
2. { Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe,  
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. { Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth-er, too,  
Let us love and pray for sin-ners Till our God makes all things new.



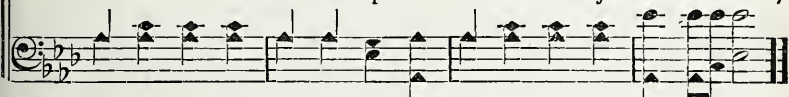
D.C.—Breth-ren, pray and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a-round.

Chorus

D.C.



All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho-ly One comes down,

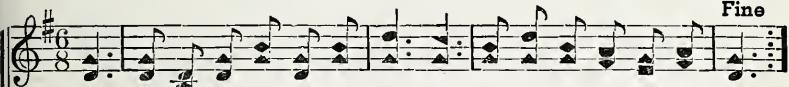


## No. 228 How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

John Newton

De Fleury

Fine



1. { How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see,  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me;
2. { His name yields the sweetest per-fume And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice,  
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom And makes all with-in me re-joice;
3. { Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,  
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind;



D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

D.C.—And pris-ons would pal-ac-es prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.



D.C.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;  
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;





## No. 229

## Pray

Copyright, 1922, by J. A. Brown

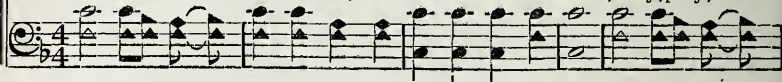
J. A. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co., owners

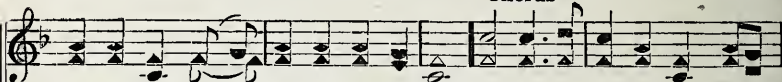
J. A. Brown



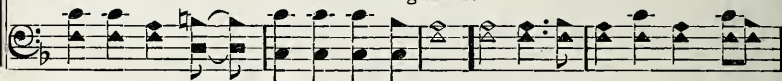
1. Pray, pray in the old-time way, Come, Christians, gather round; Pray, pray as they
2. Pray, pray where two or three Are gathered in His name; Pray, pray, for
3. Pray, pray and seek His face, And turn from all your sin; Pray, pray for
4. Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands; Pray, pray, e'en



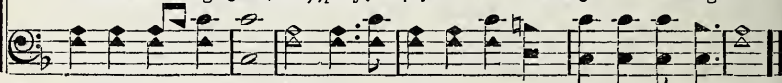
## Chorus



used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.  
 Je - sus said, I am in the midst of them. Pray, pray, the on - ly way, To  
 grace to go And bring the wand'ers in.  
 now their feet Are on death's sinking sands.



reach the sants' high ground; Pray, pray, the pray'r of faith Will bring God's blessings down.

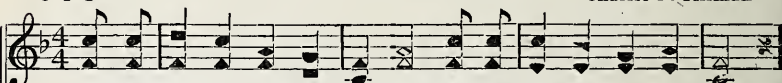


## No. 230

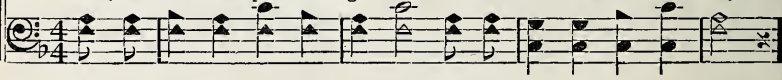
## Old Time Power

C. T. D.

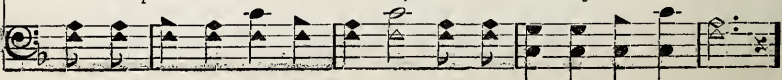
Charlie D. Tillman



1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descend - ed With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

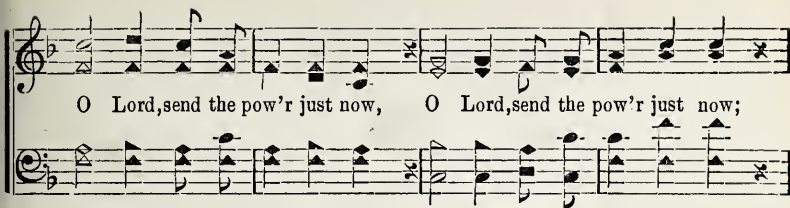


When the Ho - ly Ghost de - send - ed, As was prom - ised by our Lord.  
 Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.  
 This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

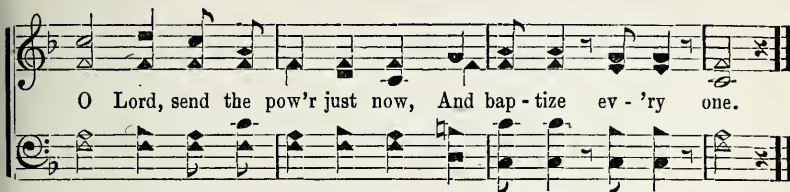




# Old Time Power



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now;



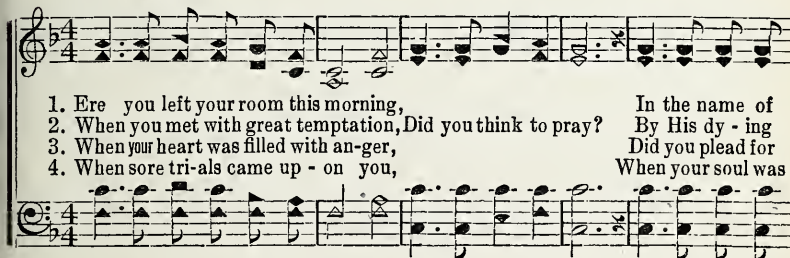
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

No. 231

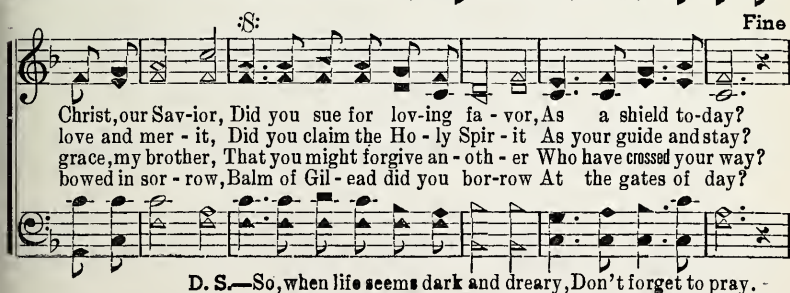
## Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder

W. O. Perkins

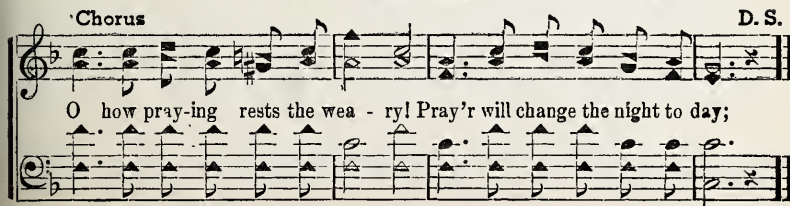


1. Ere you left your room this morning, In the name of  
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy - ing  
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you plead for  
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, When your soul was

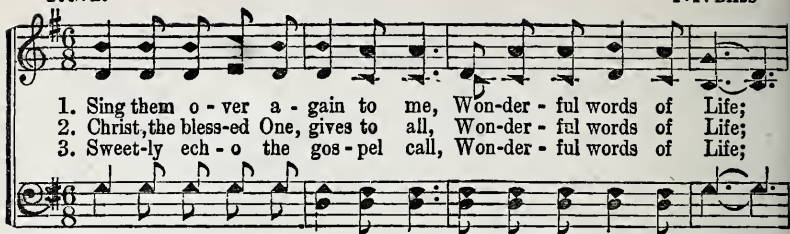


Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?  
love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?  
grace, my brother, That you might forgive an - oth - er Who have crossed your way?  
bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row At the gates of day?

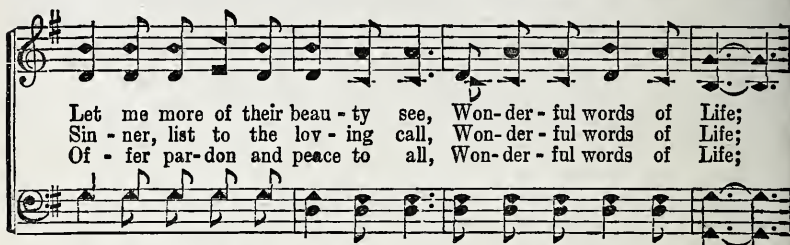
D. S.—So, when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray. -



Chorus D. S.  
O how pray - ing rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;



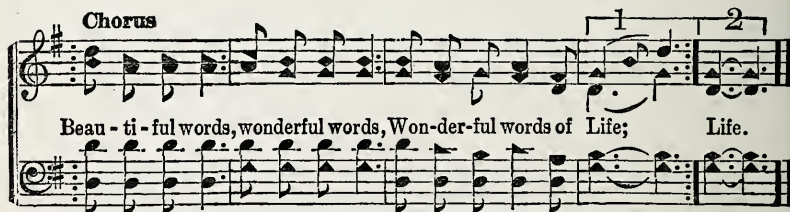
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;

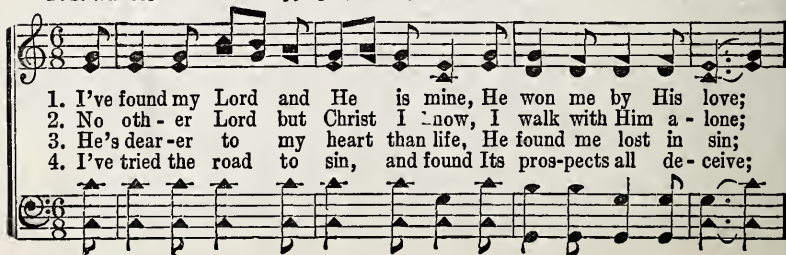


Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



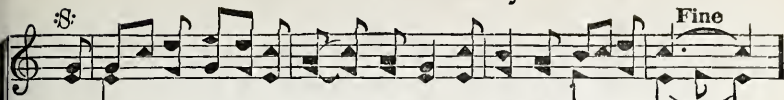
**Chorus**

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life.

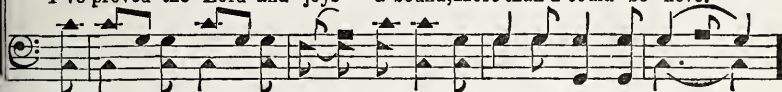


1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;  
 2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;  
 3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;  
 4. I've tried the road to sin, and found Its pros - pects all de - ceive;

# His Yoke Is Easy



I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.  
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With-in my heart, His throne.  
He calmed the sea of in - ward strife, And bade me come with Him.  
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could be - lieve.



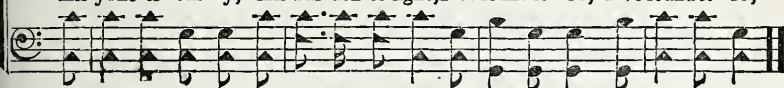
D.S. His ser - vice is my sweet-est de-light, His blessings ev - er flow.

**Chorus**

**D.S.**



His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;



**No. 234**

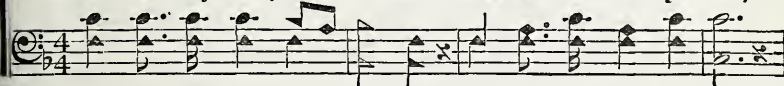
## Who at My Door is Standing

M. B. C. Slade

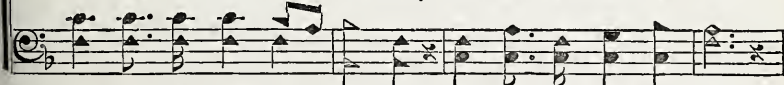
A. B. Everett



1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa - tient - ly draw-ing near,  
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stand-ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;  
3. All thru the dark hours drear - y, Knock-ing a - gain is He;  
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;



En-trance with-in de - mand-ing? Who is the voice I hear?  
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?  
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait-ing so long for me?  
Tho He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.



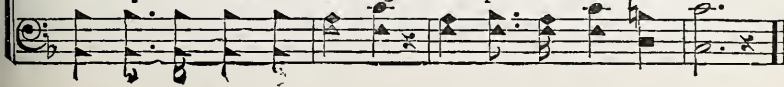
D.S.—If thou will heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

**Chorus**

**D.S.**



Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— O - pen the door for me!





## No. 235

## Come Just As You Are

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

J. Henry Showalter

1. Shall I come just as I am, Come with all my guilt and sin? If I  
 2. Shall I come, vile as I am, And bend low at Je-sus' feet? Shall I  
 3. Shall I come with all my fear, Lest my sins have been too great? Shall I  
 4. Shall I come, tho far a-way From the lov-ing Shepherd's fold? Will He

## Chorus

o - pen wide my heart, Will He en - ter in?  
 plead His pard'ning grace, And His love entreat? As you are, just as you are,  
 break thru all my doubts To sweet mercy's gate?  
 bless me if I firm To His pro-mise hold?

Come to Je -sus, come today; He will kindly welcome you, Take your sins a-way.

## No. 236

## Jesus Is Calling To-day

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing to - day;  
 2. Je-sus is pleading, pleading, pleading, Why should I wan-der in sin,  
 3. Je-sus is waiting, waiting, waiting, O - pen now scandeth the door,

**Fine**

D.S. - Why should I linger, lin-ger, lin-ger, I will a-rise and a - way.  
 While to His glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glad would He welcome me in?  
 Soon the night fall-eth, fall-eth, fall-eth, Closed are the gates evermore.



# Jesus Is Calling To-day

Chorus

D. S.

They are so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, Who do their Savior o -bey;(o-bey;)

No. 237

## Step Over The Line

Copyright, 1941, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

G. W. Lyon

Homer F. Morris

1. Step o - ver the line to - day, And leave the side of sin;
2. Temptations may lure you on Till death shall seal your fate,
3. Oh! list to the voice of friends Who love and pray for you;
4. The Spir - it and Bride say "come;" The Lord your soul will bless,

Lay all of your fol - lies down, A new life now be - gin.  
In an-guish your soul may cry, "Too late! too late! too late!"  
Step o - ver the line just now, Stand with the good and true.  
If you will but heed the call, And claim His right-eous-ness.

Chorus

Step o - ver the line, step o - ver the line, No long-er in doubt de - lay;

Step o - ver the line, step o - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to - day.

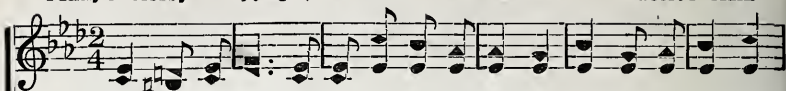
## No. 238

## Hold Thou My Hand

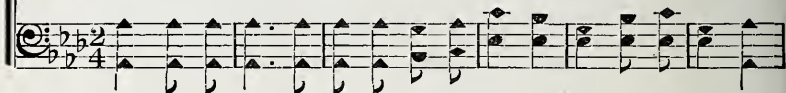
Fanny J. Crosby

Copyright, 1903, Hubert P. Main, Renewal

Hubert P. Main



1. Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one
2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear self, my
3. Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark be-fore me With-out the sun-light
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone riv-er



step with-out Thine aid; Hold Thou my hand, for then, O lov-ing  
 hope, my joy my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should  
 of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant  
 Thou didst cross for me; A heav'n-ly light may flash a-long its



Sav-ior, No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.  
 wan-der; And miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet shall fall.  
 glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapt-'rous songs are mine!  
 wa-ters And ev-'ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be. A-men.



## No. 239

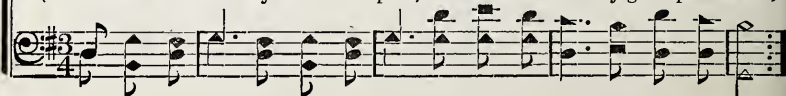
## O Happy Day

Philip Doddridge

E. F. Rimbault



- 1 { O hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God. }
- 2 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
- 3 { 'Tis done this great trans-ac-tion's done, I am the Lord's and He is mine. }
- 4 { He drew me, and I fol-low-ed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
- 5 { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest. }
- 6 { Nor ev-er from my Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. }



# 0 Happy Day

**8: Chorus** **Fine** **D. S.**

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away. He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live re-joicing ev-'ry day.

## No. 240

## I Know My Name Is There

D. S. Warner

Controlled by R. E. Winsett

R. E. Warren

1. My name is in the Book of life, O bless the name of Je - sus!
2. My name once stood with sin - ners lost, And bore a pain - ful rec - ord;
3. Yet in - ward trou - ble oft - en cast A shad - ow o'er my ti - tle;
4. While oth - ers climb thro' worldly strife, To carve a name of hon - or,

I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.  
But by His blood the Sav - ior crossed, And placed it on His roll.  
But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! it's ev - er clear.  
High up in heav - en's Book of Life, My name is writ - ten there.

**Chorus**

I know,..... I know,..... My name..... is there;  
I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;

I know,..... I know..... My name is writ - ten there.  
I know my name is there,

## No. 241

## Some Day

To my friend, L. D. Huffstutler—W. H. W.  
 Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
 E. O. Sellers - in "Calvary Songs" W. H. Williams

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, Some day my Lord will call for me;  
 2. Some day, no more shall wars pre-vail, Some day no woes nor pains as-sail;  
 3. Some day, be-yond the blue I'll see His face and from all sin be free;

Some day, o'er peaceful seas I'll sail To an-chor safe within the vale.  
 Some day, all doubts and cares will flee, Some day, my hopes ful-filled shall be.  
 Some day, with Him be free from care, Transformed and like Him over there.

## Chorus

Some day, heav'n's joys with Him I'll share, Some day, behold His glo-ries fair;

Some day, I'll join heav'n's ju-bi-lee To sing His praise e-ter-nal-ly.

## No. 242

## Where the Roses Never Fade

Copyright, 1942, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
 E. J. & J. in "Blessed Hope" Elsie Jack & Jim

1. I am go-ing to a ci - ty Where the streets with gold are laid,  
 2. In this world we have our trou-bles, Sa-tan's snares we must e - vade;  
 3. Loved ones gone to be with Je - sus, In their robes of white ar-rayed,



# Where the Roses Never Fade

8:

Fine

Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the ros-es nev-er fade.  
We'll be free from all temp-ta-tions Where the ros-es nev-er fade.  
Now are wait-ing for my com-ing Where the ros-es nev-er fade.

D.S.-I am go-ing to a ci - ty Where the ros-es nev-er fade.

Chorus

D. S.

Here they bloom but for a sea-son, Soon their beau-ty is de-cayed;

No. 243

# Blessed Jesus Loves You Too

Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

A. E. B.

in "Anchored Faith"

Albert E. Brumley

1. On the rug-ged cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus gave His life for you,
2. When the burdens press on ev - 'ry hand, When you know not what to do;
3. Come and seek His precious, ten - der care, He will save and pardon you;

8:

Fine

Tho the vil-est sin-ner you may be,  
Just re-mem-ber Christ will un-der-stand, Bless-ed Je-sus loves you too.  
Ev - 'ry sor-row He will glad - ly bear,

D. S.—Tho the vil-est sin-ner you may be,

Chorus

D.S.

Bless-ed Je - sus dear-ly loves you, He's a friend so kind and true;

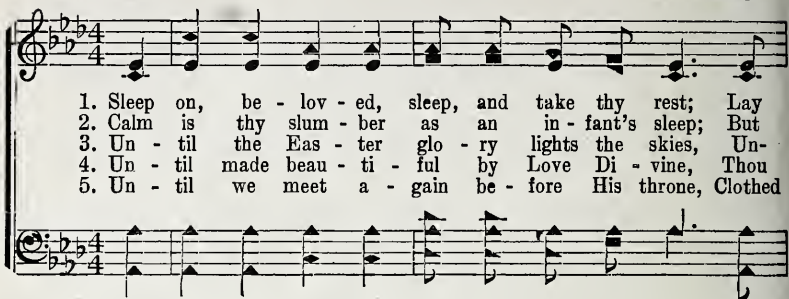
## No. 244

## The Christian's Goodnight

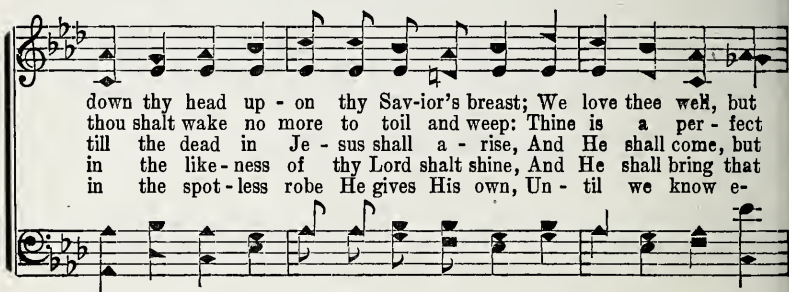
Copyright, 1912, Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owners

Sarah Doudney

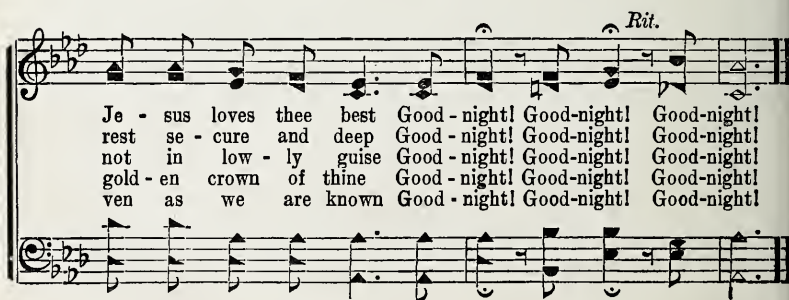
Ira D. Sankey



1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay  
 2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep; But  
 3. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un -  
 4. Un - til made beau - ti - ful by Love Di - vine, Thou  
 5. Un - til we meet a - gain be - fore His throne, Clothed



down thy head up - on thy Sav - ior's breast; We love thee well, but  
 thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect  
 till the dead in Je - sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but  
 in the like - ness of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that  
 in the spot - less robe He gives His own, Un - til we know e -



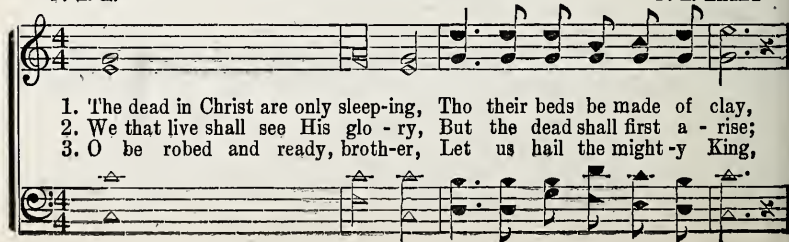
*Rit.*  
 Je - sus loves thee best Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!  
 rest se - cure and deep Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!  
 not in low - ly guise Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!  
 gold - en crown of thine Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!  
 ven as we are known Good - night! Good - night! Good - night!

## No. 245

## Only Sleeping

F. L. E.

F. L. Eiland



1. The dead in Christ are only sleep - ing, Tho their beds be made of clay,  
 2. We that live shall see His glo - ry, But the dead shall first a - rise;  
 3. O be robed and ready, broth - er, Let us hail the might - y King,

# Only Sleeping

They shall rise and joy-ful meet Him When He comes in that great day,  
Then together we will hail Him King Im-man-el in the skies,  
Singing, "Grave, where is thy vic-t'ry, And O death, where is thy sting?"

No. 246

## Beautiful Valley of Eden

Walter O. Cushing

William F. Sherwin

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;  
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,  
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There with the blood - washed throng,

O - ver the heart of the wea - ry Breathing thy waves of balm.  
Waft - ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
O - ver the high - lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

### Chorus

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How  
the pure and blest,

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!

1 { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run, }  
 { My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun! }  
 2 { I know I'm near - ing ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear; }  
 { I brush the dew of Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }  
 3 { I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings; }  
 { The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come! I hear the noise of wings. }  
 4 { O bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me; }  
 { Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry. }

Chorus *f*

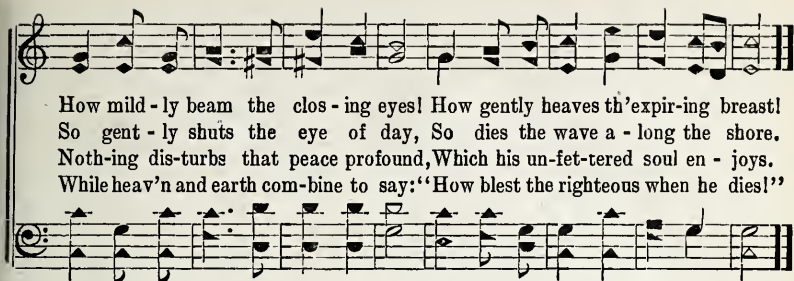
O come, an - gel band, come and around me stand, O bear me a - way on your

snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home, my im - mor - tal home.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;  
 2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
 3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round, A calm which life nor death destroys;  
 4. Life's du - ty done, as sinks the day, Light from its load the spir - it flies;



# Zephyr



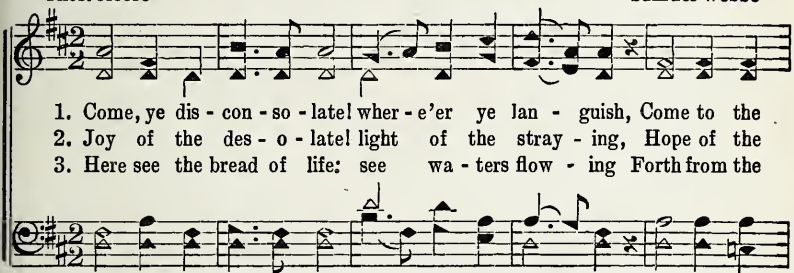
How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gently heaves th'expir - ing breast!  
So gent - ly shuts the eye of day, So dies the wave a - long the shore.  
Noth - ing dis - turbs that peace profound, Which his un - fet - tered soul en - joys.  
While heav'n and earth com - bine to say: "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

No. 249

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

Thos. Moore

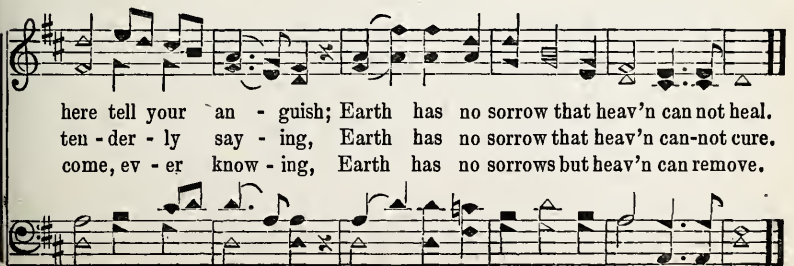
Samuel Webbe



1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the  
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the  
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the



mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,  
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,  
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;



here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.  
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can - not cure.  
come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

## No. 250

## Golden Harps

May be used as Soprano and Tenor Duet

Palmer Hartsough

Used by per.

J. H. Fillmore

1 { O'er the dark and si-lent stream Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the  
And our loved ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that  
2 { We must hear the sol-ern knell, We must say the last fare-well, While with-  
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet re - lief Of a  
3 { Soon the ev'-ning shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our  
But the hand that led us here, Will not fail us in our fear, It will

D.S.—And our loved ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that

## Fine Chorus

light and beau-ty of the far-thershore, }  
sun - ny land to dwell for-ev-er-more. } Gold-en harps are loud - ly  
in this land of part-ing we a-bide, }  
Friend that standeth ev - er at our side. }  
fra - gile bark must launch in-to the night, } Golden harps are loud-ly  
bear us safe - ly to the shores of light. }

sun - ny land to dwell for-ev-er-more.

D.C.

ring - ing o - ver there, An-gel choirs are sweet-ly sing-ing, o - ver there,  
An-gel choirs

## No. 251 Rest, While Loved Ones Deplore Thee

Mary Harding

Used by permission

C. E. Leslie

1. Calm-ly rest, serenely, while loved ones deplore thee; Rest, O rest, the  
2. Calm-ly rest, while teardrops are gleaming above thee; Rest, O rest, we  
3. Calm-ly rest, the night will go by with its weeping; Rest, O rest, soon

# Rest, While Loved Ones Deplore Thee

Rit. Dim. pp

heav-ens beam ten-der-ly o'er thee; Rest, O rest, Rest, O rest.  
 love thee, yes, fond-ly we love thee; Rest, O rest, Rest, O rest.  
 vig - ils no more we'll be keep-ing; Rest, O rest, Rest, O rest.

No. 252

## Christ Will Lead Me Thru the Valley

Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

F. P. Morris

F. P. M.

in "Comfort and Consolation"

Arr. H. F. M.

1. Who will lead me thru the val-ley, When I near cold Jor-dan's lea?  
 2. Who will com-fort me when dy-ing? Who will soothe and light-en pain?  
 3. When to that bright land of glo-ry, I in tri-umph shall as-cend,

Who will com-fort and sup-port me? Who will steer me o'er death's stormy sea?  
 Will I hear my Sav-ior say-ing "I in death am your e - ter-nal gain?"  
 I shall sing Re-demption's sto-ry, All my tri-als there shall have an end.

### Chorus

Christ will lead me thru the val-ley, Take me to my home a - bove, .....

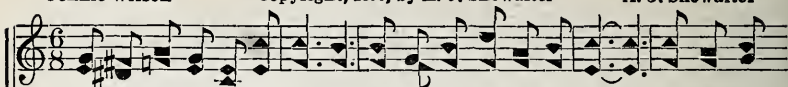
To the land of light and glo-ry, There to praise Him in that land of love.

# No. 253 There Will be Light at the River

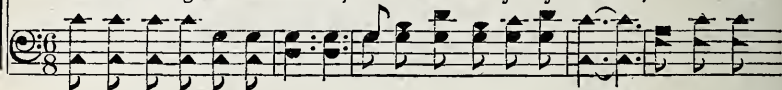
Jennie Wilson

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter

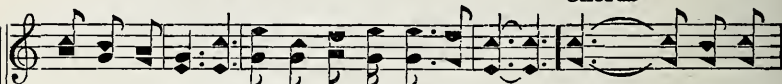
A. J. Showalter



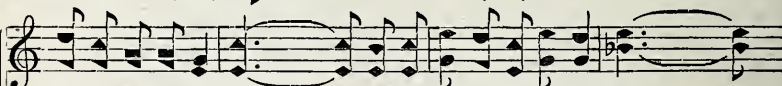
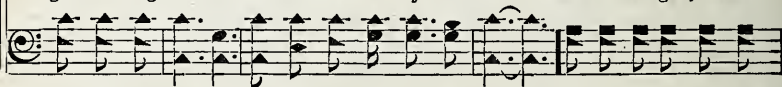
1. Af-ter the life-paths we're treading End upon time's solemn shore, There will be
2. There will be light for the spir-its Who thru deep shadows have come, Fadeless light
3. There will be light for the wea-ry Who thru sore trials have passed, Ra - di - ant
4. There will be light for the faithful, What-e'er the way they have trod, Glo - ri - ous



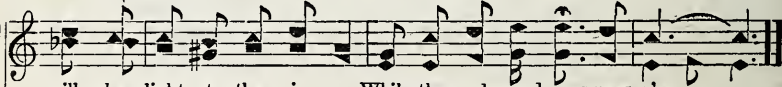
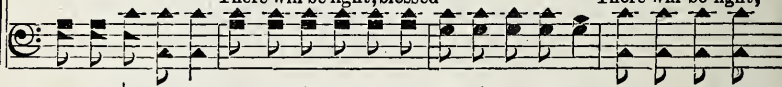
## Chorus



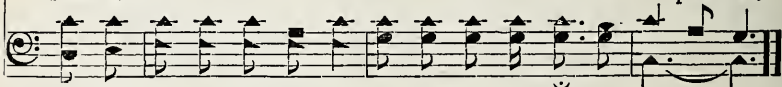
light at the riv - er While the redeemed ones pass o'er. There will be  
shin-ing glad welcome Out from the windows of home.  
light as they en - ter Peace that for-ev - er shall last.  
light sent to guide them Safe to the ci - ty of God. There will be light, blessed



light at the riv-er, There will be light at the riv-er, There  
There will be light, blessed There will be light,



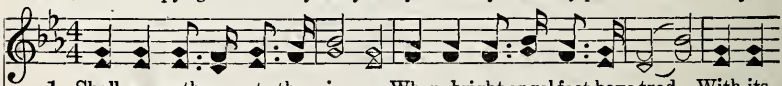
will be light at the riv - er, While the redeemed ones pass o'er.  
bless - ed pass o'er.



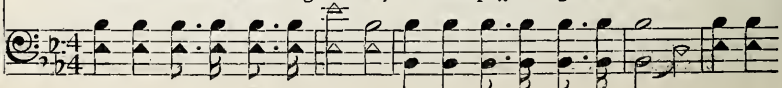
# No. 254 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

Copyright owned by Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. Robert Lowry



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray, We shall
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease, Soon our



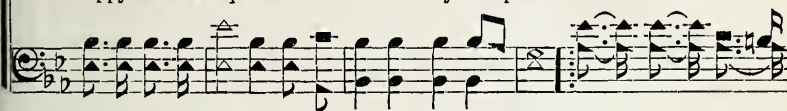


# Shall We Gather at the River?

Chorus



crystal tide for-ev - er, Flowing from the throne of God?  
walk and worship ever, All the hap-py, gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er  
spir-its will de-liv - er, And provide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints  
happy hearts will quiver With the mel-o - dy of peace.



at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,  
at the riv-er, That (Omit.....) flows by the throne of God.

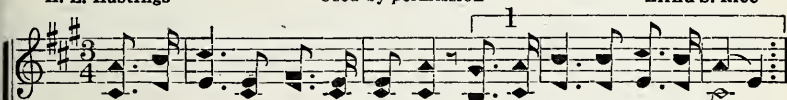


## No. 255 Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

H. L. Hastings

Used by permission

Elihu S. Rice



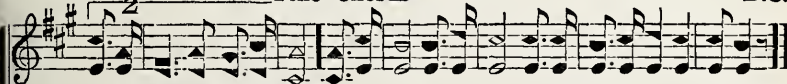
1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;  
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, (Omit.....)
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, (Omit.....)
3. { Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine;  
Where the walls are all of jas-per, (Omit.....)
4. { Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, (Omit.....)



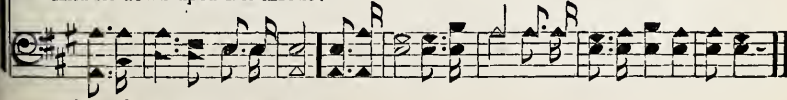
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, (Omit.....)

Fine Chorus

D.C.



Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
By the bright celestial shore? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet beyond the river?  
Built by workmanship divine?  
And sit down upon His throne?



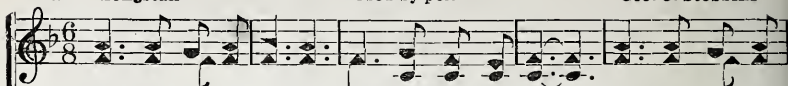
Where the surges cease to roll?

# No. 256

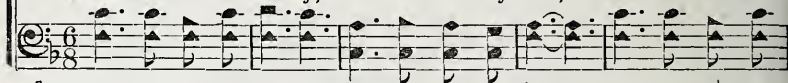
# Take Time to be Holy

Copyright, 1918. Renewal, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Hope Pub. Co., owner  
W. D. Longstaff Used by per.

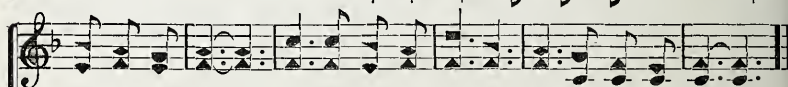
Geo. C. Stebbins



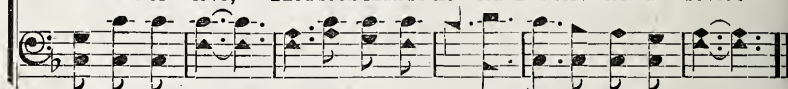
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each



al - ways, And feed on His word. Make friends of God's chil-dren; Help  
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone. A - bid - ing in Je - sus, Like  
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol. Thus led by His Spir - it To



those who are weak, For-get-ting in noth-ing His blessings to seek.  
Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con-duct His likeness shall see.  
fountains of love, Thou soon shall be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.



# No. 257

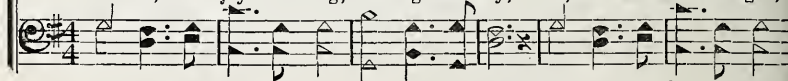
# Nearer My God to Thee

Sarah F. Adams

Lowell Mason



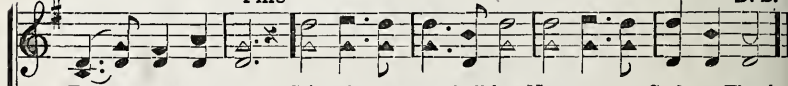
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,



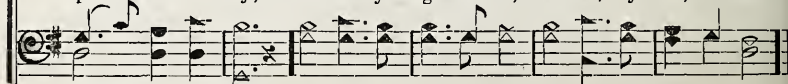
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine

D. S.



That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!  
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!



Near - er, to Thee!

# No. 258 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.

1 { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come  
2 { When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
3 { To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on His breast Till He conducts me home?  
3 { I sought at once my Savior's side, No more my steps shall roam;  
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home!  
We'll work, We'll work,

# No. 259 Work For the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the  
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon: Fill bright-est  
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies, While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,  
hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute,  
tints are glow-ing, Work for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad-eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.  
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

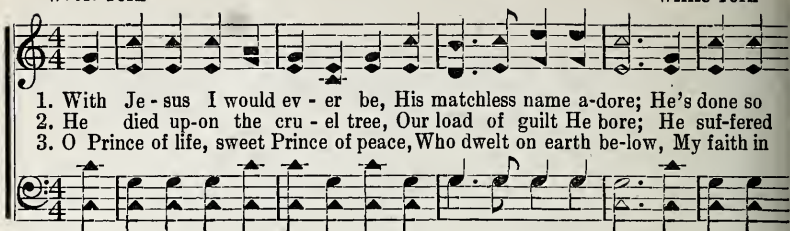
# No. 260

# I Want to Love Him More

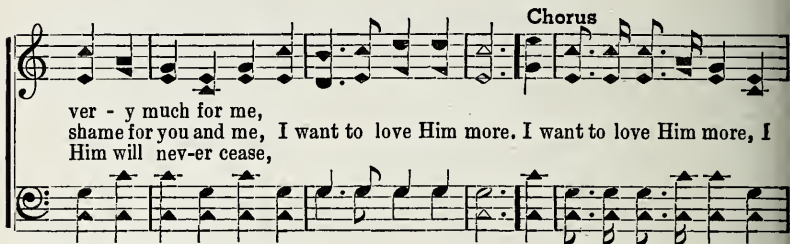
W. M. York

Willie York and J. H. Stanley, owners

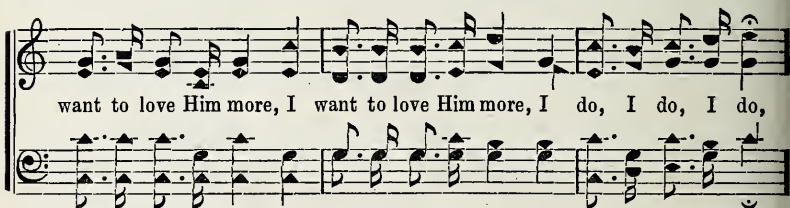
Willie York



1. With Je - sus I would ev - er be, His matchless name a-dore; He's done so  
 2. He died up-on the cru - el tree, Our load of guilt He bore; He suf-fered  
 3. O Prince of life, sweet Prince of peace, Who dwelt on earth be-low, My faith in



Chorus  
 ver - y much for me,  
 shame for you and me, I want to love Him more. I want to love Him more, I  
 Him will nev-er cease,



want to love Him more, I want to love Him more, I do, I do, I do,



I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more, He's done so much for me.

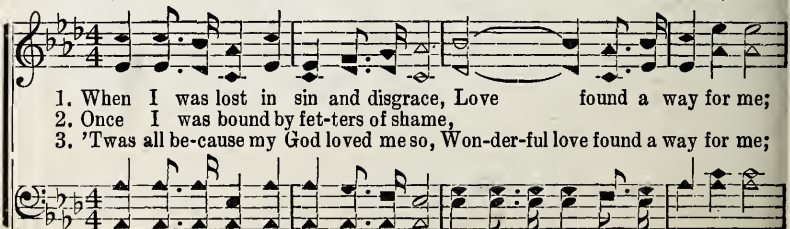
# No. 261

# Love Found a Way for Me

J. R. B., Jr.

Copyright, 1927, by J. R. Baxter, Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.




1. When I was lost in sin and disgrace, Love found a way for me;  
 2. Once I was bound by fet-ters of shame,  
 3. 'Twas all be-cause my God loved me so, Won-der-ful love found a way for me;



# Love Found a Way for Me

**Fine**



Now I can find in heav-en my place, Love found a way for me.  
 Now I am free, O praise His dear name,  
 Now I can sing as homeward I go, Won-der-ful love found a way for me.

**D.S.**—"Once I was blind but now I can see," Love found a way for me. **D. S.**  
**Chorus**



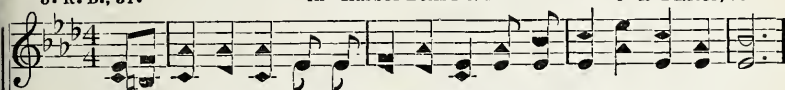
Love found a way for me, Love found a way for me;  
 Won-der-ful love Won-der-ful love

## No. 262 I'll Never Turn Back Any More


Copyright, 1933, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
 in "Harbor Bells No. 2"

J. R. B., Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.




1. Like A-bra-ham from the plains of sin Pitched his tent in days of yore,
2. Like Dan-iel brave near the palace grand Prayed before an o - pen door,
3. Like all the faith-ful gone on a-bove, Tho the bil-lows mad-ly roar,



**Fine**



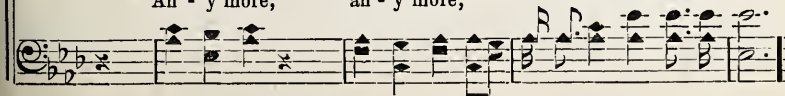
I've start-ed out heaven's prize to win,  
 For Je - sus now I will take my stand, I'll nev-er turn back an - y more.  
 I place my trust in a friend I love,



**D. S.**—I've turned my face to the ho - ly hills, I'll nev-er turn back an - y more. **D. S.**  
**Chorus**



An - y more, an - y more, I'll nev-er turn back an - y more;  
 An - y more, an - y more,



## No. 263

## I Need Thee, Dear Lord

Copyright, 1942, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

R. W. &amp; B. B. E.

in "Lasting Peace"

Roy Wheeler

1. I'm striv-ing to live, true ser-vice to give, Ac-cord-ing to Thy ho-ly  
 2. Temp-ta-tions in life are caus-ing me strife, The e-vil is try-ing so  
 3. When wea-ry and worn, in spir-it for-lorn, Keep me with Thy will in 'ac-

word; I want to be true the whole jour-ney thru, And that's why I  
 hard To lead me a-stray, from day un-to day, And that's why I  
 cord; O hold Thou my hand and help me to stand, I need Thee, I

D.S.—I need Thee, I

## Fine Chorus

need Thee, dear Lord. I need Thee, dear Lord, I need Thee each day, The

D.S.

pow'r of Thy word drives evil a-way, O stay Thou near by, the foe press-es hard,

## No. 264

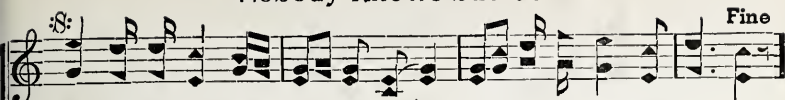
## Nobody Knows but Jesus

G. W. Lyon

Homer F. Morris

1. No - bod - y knows the depth of love, Of Him whose eye e'er sees us;  
 2. No - bod - y knows the pains He bore, By which from sin He frees us;  
 3. No - bod - y knows how rich the grace, The joys which He de-crees us;

# Nobody Knows but Jesus



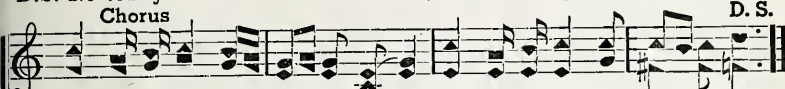
No mor-tal tongue he half can tell, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.  
 How dark the way to Cal-va-ry, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.  
 Bought with His blood up-on the cross, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.



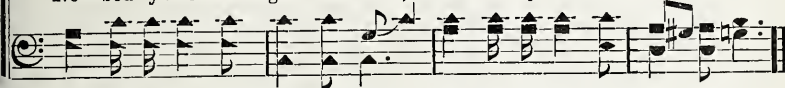
D.S.—No-bod-y knows but Him who died, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.

## Chorus

D.S.



No-bod-y knows how great the cost; No-bod-y knows the sor-row borne;



# No. 265 Hand In Hand With Jesus

Copyright, 1940, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
 Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. in "Golden Key" L. D. Huffstutler



1. Once from my poor sin-sick soul Christ did ev-'ry bur-den roll,  
 2. In my night of dark de-spair, Je-sus heard and answered pray'r,  
 3. From the straight and nar-row way, Praise the Lord, I can-not stray,  
 4. When the stars are back-ward rolled And His home I shall be-hold,

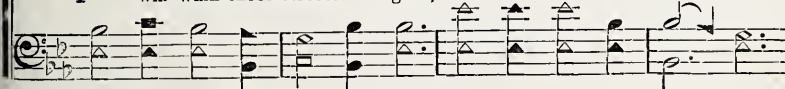


:S:

Fine



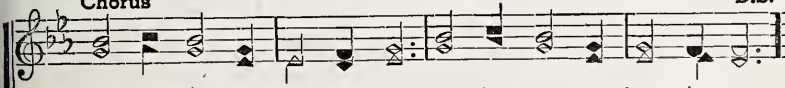
Now I walk re-deemed and whole,  
 Now I'm walk-ing free as air, Hand in hand with Je-sus.  
 For I'm walk-ing ev-'ry day,  
 I will walk those streets of gold,



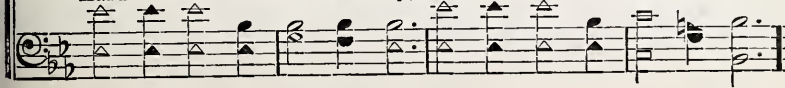
D.S.—Walk-ing thus I can-not stray,

## Chorus

D.S.



Hand in hand me walk each day, Hand in hand a-long the way,



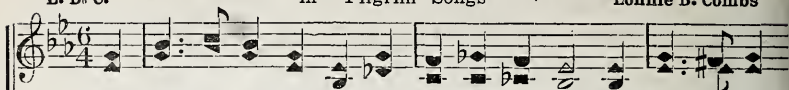
## No. 266

## My Dreams Will Come True

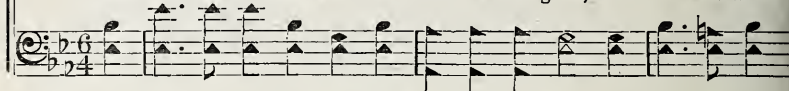
L. B. C.

Copyright, 1941, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.  
in "Pilgrim Songs"

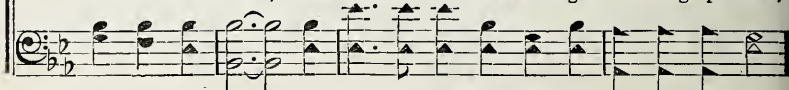
Lonnie B. Combs



1. So oft - en I dream of my heav - en - ly home, Where man - y dear  
 2. I dream of a home where no sad part - ings come, Where noth - ing shall  
 3. When shad - ows have fled and all bur - dens have gone, I'll bid this world



- loved - ones have gone, In fan - cy I see them and hear their sweet voice  
 ev - er grow old, It seems I can hear the glad an - gels now play  
 fi - nal a - dieu, When I shall a - wake some glad morn - ing up there,

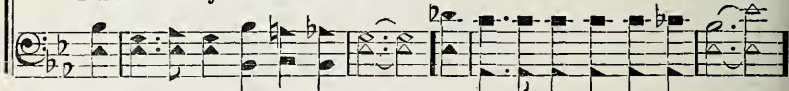


S:

Fine Chorus

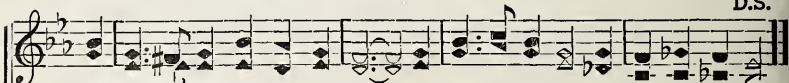


- In glo - ry land sing - ing a song.  
 Their beau - ti - ful harps of pure gold. I know that my dreams will come true,  
 I know that my dreams will come true.

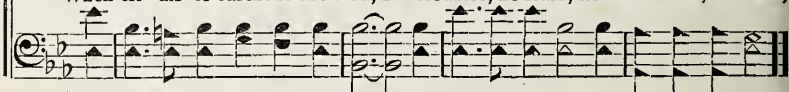


D.S.—I know that my dreams will come true.

D.S.



- When tri - als of earth life are thru, No troubles, no fears, no heartaches, no tears,



## No. 267

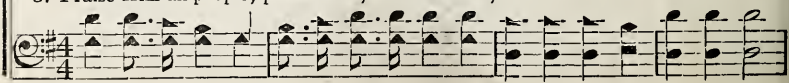
## Grace is Free

S. J. P.

S. J. Perry

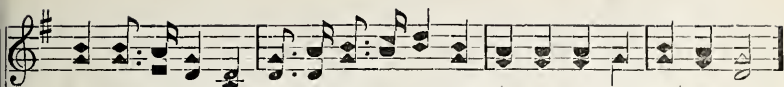


1. Praise ye the Lord, O praise Him ev - 'ry na - tion,  
 2. Praise ye the Lord, ye is - lands of the o - cean, Grace is free, yes, grace is free;  
 3. Praise Him all people, praise Him, all cre - a - tion,

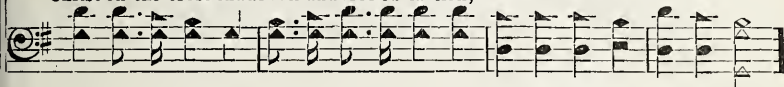




# Grace is Free



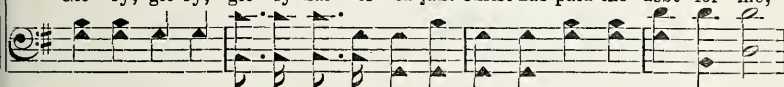
Je - sus hath wro't a won - der - ful sal - va - tion,  
Come with your hearts o'er flowing with devotion, Grace is free, yes, grace is free.  
Christ on the cross made full and free ob - la - tion,



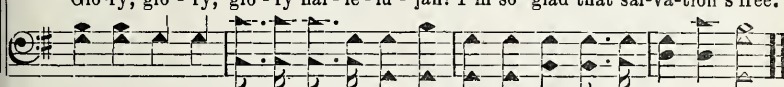
## Chorus



Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has paid the debt for me;



Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad that sal - va - tion's free.



No. 268

## On Wings of Love

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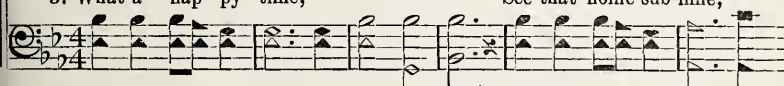
J. R. B., Jr.

in "Starlit Crown"

J. R. Baxter, Jr.



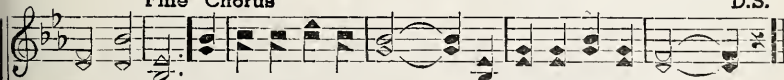
- |   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. I'll go home some day,                   | Swift-ly fly a - way,      |
| 2. I'll go sweeping thru, On wings of love; | With the good and true, On |
| 3. What a hap - py time,                    | See that home sub-lime,    |



D.S.—Swift-ly fly a - way, On

## Fine Chorus

D.S.



wings of love. On shin - ing wings of love To that glad home a - bove,  
shin - ing wings of love that glad home a - bove,



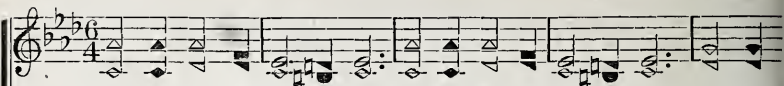
wings of love,

# No. 269

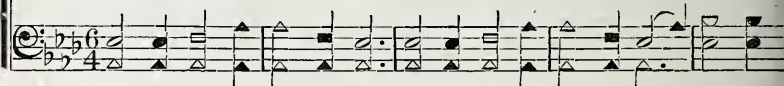
# Day Is Dying in the West

Mary A. Lathbury

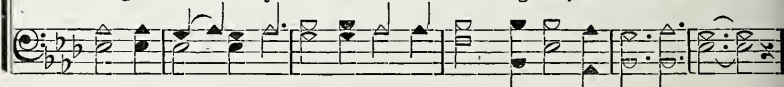
William F. Sherwin



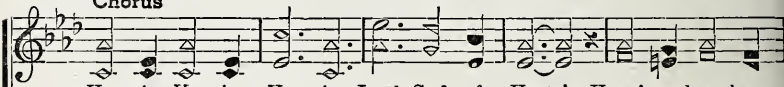
1. Day is dy-ing in the west, Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day the night, Lord of



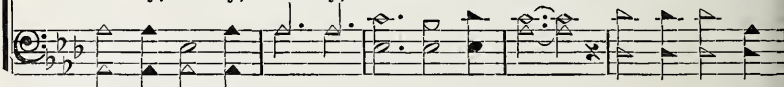
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.  
 who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.  
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.  
 an - gels on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end!



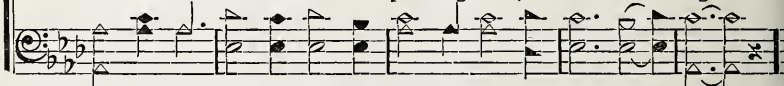
## Chorus



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!



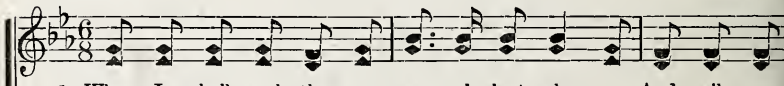
# No. 270

# I Shall be Like Him

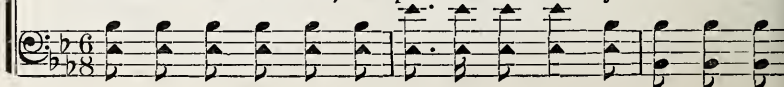
W. A. S.

Copyright, 1897, by W. A. Spencer

W. A. Spencer



1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the
3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry O - ver and



# I Shall be Like Him

tri - als are past, I shall be - hold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!  
vi - sion so fair; Now we may wel - come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,  
o - ver a - gain; Changed by His Spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

*S:* **Fine Chorus**

I shall be like Him at last.  
Now we His im - age may bear. I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him,  
I shall be sat - is - fied then.

**D.S.**—Je - sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.

**D.S.**

And in His beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him,

## No. 271

## On Harps of Gold

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.  
in "Starlit Crown"

J. R. B., Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

*S:*

- |                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. Sometime we shall play   | Mu - sic will hold sway                     |
| 2. Play with that glad band | On harps of gold, Con - cords will be grand |
| 3. Join the hap - py song   | On Swell it loud and long                   |

**D.S.**—Some day we shall play On

**Fine Chorus**

**D.S.**

harps of gold. On harps of pur - est gold, Where we shall not grow old;  
of pur - est gold, shall not grow old;

# No. 272

# No Night There

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1907 by J. B. Herbert

J. B. Herbert

1. In yon-der ci - ty, Cloud-less and fair, Comes dark-ness nev-er;  
 2. Here we have dark-ness, Long nights of care; No dark-ness yon-der,  
 3. Here we have sor - row, Each one his share; No tears in heav-en,  
 4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri - als yon-der,  
 5. That Light up yon - der, Ra-diant and fair, Is Christ, our Sav-ior!

## Chorus Brighter

No night there. No night there, no night there! no night there!  
 Light ev - er-last-ing! no night there, No night there! no night there!  
 no night there! God's ho - ly ci - ty; no night there!

# No. 273

# He's More Than That to Me

F. L. Snider

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter

Howard E. Smith

1. This world with all that's bright and gay, And all its pleas-ures ev - 'ry day,  
 2. A mil - lion friends to help you thru Who would a fa - vor glad - ly do;  
 3. An earth-ly man-sion or a throne, If I could call it all my own,



# He's More Than That to Me

Fine

Can ne'er com-pare with Christ I say, He's more than that to me.

I tell you frank-ly what is true,

I'll tell it out in clear-est tone,

to me.

D.S.—What tho' there were a thou-sand worlds,

Chorus

D.S.

He's more than that to me,

He's more than that to me;

to me,

to me;

## No. 274

## He's My Savior, Too

J. R. B., Jr.

Copyright, 1924, by J. R. Baxter, Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. When all the world en-slaved by sin Did oth-er gods pur-sue, Christ came to
2. In days of old at Pen-te-cost They wait the whole night thru, His Spirit
3. The dy-ing thief sought just in time With all the faith he knew; Christ saved his
4. O have you found His pre-cious love A light that you can view? And can you

Chorus

earth lost souls to win, And He's my Sav-ior, too.

came to guide the lost, And He's my Sav-ior, too. O He's my Savior, too, Yes,

soul, O tho't sub-lime, And He's my Sav-ior, too.

say with throngs a-bove That "He's my Sav-ior, too?"

He's my Savior, too; He saved my soul and made me whole, And He's my Savior, too.

# No. 275

# Fight On

H. F. Morris

B. F. Sims

1. O Chris - tian sol - diers, hear the call To wage a war with sin,  
 2. Break ev - ry bond that hin - ders you, Dis - miss all doubt and fear,  
 3. Se - cure - ly gird your ar - mor on, Make read - y for the fray,  
 4. Our Cap - tain ev - er leads the way, O'er moun - tain, hill and plain;  
 5. Fight on till death shall give you rest, Till con - flicts all are o'er;

O ral - ly round the stand - ard, all, And help the vic - t'ry win.  
 And dare to be a sol - dier true, When God's com - mand you hear.  
 Stead - fast and strong, march bravely on, And sure we'll win the crown.  
 March to the front with - out de - lay, And the great vic - t'ry gain.  
 Then in the man - sions of the blest, We'll rest for ev - er - more.

D.S.—Soon Sa - tan's host we'll put to flight, Fight on, . . . . . fight on.

**Chorus** Fight on fight on, . . . . . E'er bat - t'ling for the right;  
 Fight on, fight on,

**D. S.**

# No. 276

# Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts

Dr. T. A. Arne

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb;  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

# Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thru blood - y seas?  
 Is this dark world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 277

## Walking In the King's Highway

A. J. S.

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter

A. J. Showalter

1. We're bound for glo - ry land on high,  
 2. This is the way our fa - thers trod,  
 3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walk - ing in the King's high - way;  
 4. No un - clean thing may pass this road,  
 5. We sing glad songs of joy and peace,

**S:** We'll reach its man - sions by and by,  
 The way that leads to heav'n and God,  
 In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk - ing in the King's high - way.  
 But bur - dened souls may here un - load,  
 From doubt and fear we've found re - lease,

**Fine**

**D. S.**—And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk - ing in the King's high - way.

**Chorus** **D. S.**

Walk - ing in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;  
 Walk - ing, yes, walking in the way, Walking, yes, walking in His way;

## No. 278

## No, Not One

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus,  
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly,  
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 4. Did ev - er saints find this Friend for-sake Him?  
 5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav-ior giv - en?

**Fine**

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es,  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly,  
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one, no, not one!  
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him?  
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav-en?

**D.S.**—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one, no, not one!

**Chorus** **D.S.**

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done,

## No. 279

## I Am Bound For the Promised Land

Rev. Samuel Stennet

Rev. 21 : 2

Arr. by Rev. E. M. Parnum

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,  
 2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois' - nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest!

**Cho.**—I am bound for the prom-ised land, I am bound for the promised land;



# I Am Bound For the Promised Land



T'ward Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.  
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are feared and felt no more.  
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?



O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

## No. 280

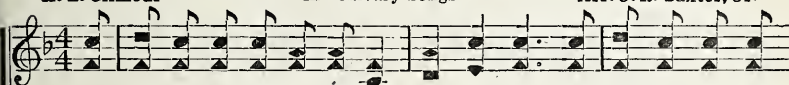
## Love Found Me

Arr. Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

H. L. Gilmour

in "Calvary Songs"

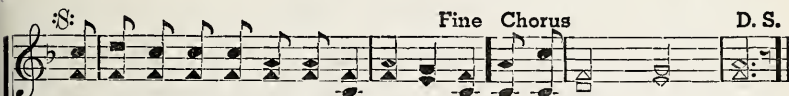
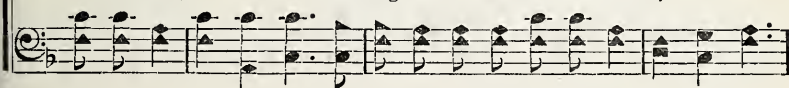
Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.



- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. When out in sin and darkness lost,                    | My faint-ing soul was    |
| 2. The spir - it roused me from my sleep, love found me, | Con-vic - tion seized me |
| 3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,             | For sav - ing from an    |
| 4. And when I reach the gold-en street,                  | I'll sit a - dor - ing   |



tem-pest tossed,	I heard the Sav-ior's words so blest,
strong and deep, love found me;	Al- tho I long withstood His grace, love found me,
end - less death,	Christ is my ad - vo - cate a - bove,
at His feet,	And sing ho-san-nas round the throne,



Fine Chorus

D. S.

Come, wea - ry, heav-y la-den, rest,	It was love, love, love,
He wooed me to His kind em-brace, love found me.	
I'm yoked to Him in per-fect love,	
Where I shall know as I am known,	won-drous sav-ing



D.S.-'Twas love that moved the mighty God, love found me.

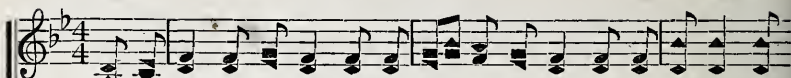
# No. 281

# The Wonderful City of Gold

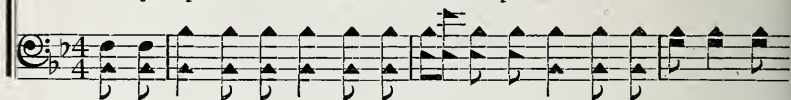
L. McHan

S. J. Perry, owner, 1918

S. J. Perry



1. There's a path-way made straight lead-ing up to the gate
2. Count - less millions have gone on this path-way a-long To the won-der - ful
3. Ev - 'ry step I'll re - new as I on - ward pur-sue

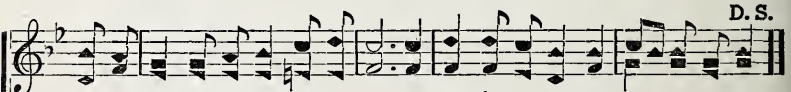
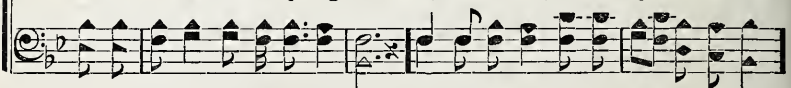


ci - ty of gold, Tho dark a - ges have rolled yet it ends as of old  
 Nev-er more they shall roam they are now safe at home  
 At the gate I'll ex-claim saved by grace thru His name



## Fine Chorus

In that won-der-ful ci-ty of gold. Cheer, brother cheer, drive away doubt and fear



## D. S.

We are trav'ling the pathway of old, 'Tis brighter to-day each step of the way,



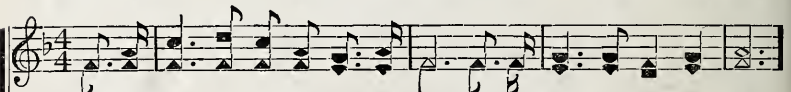
# No. 282

# More Like Thee

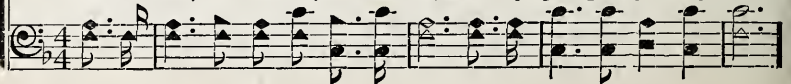
Frank M. Davis

J. Henry Showalter, Used by per:

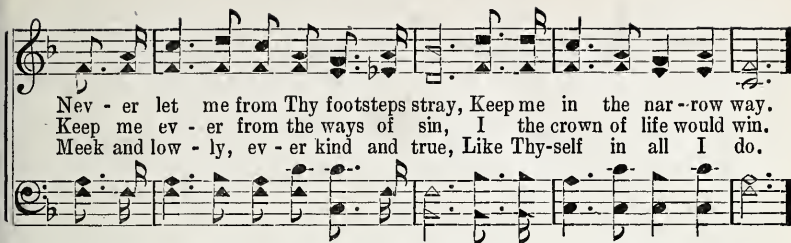
J. Henry Showalter



1. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, More like Thee from day to day;
2. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, Pure with-out, and pure with-in;
3. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, All my pil - grim jour-ney thru;

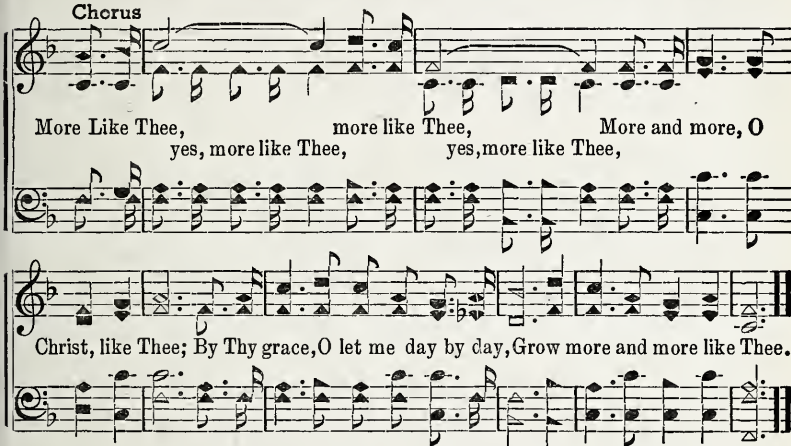


## More Like Thee



Nev - er let me from Thy footsteps stray, Keep me in the nar - row way.  
 Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.  
 Meek and low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy-self in all I do.

### Chorus



More Like Thee, more like Thee, More and more, O  
 yes, more like Thee, yes, more like Thee,

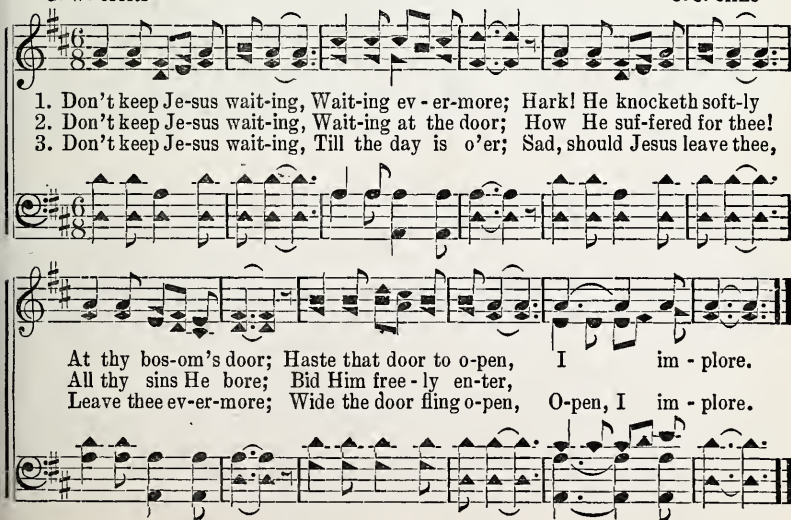
Christ, like Thee; By Thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

## No. 283

## Don't Keep Jesus Waiting

G. W. Crofts

C. C. Cline



1. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing ev - er-more; Hark! He knocketh soft-ly  
 2. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door; How He suf-ered for thee!  
 3. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Till the day is o'er; Sad, should Jesus leave thee,

At thy bos-om's door; Haste that door to o-pen, I im - plore.  
 All thy sins He bore; Bid Him free - ly en-ter,  
 Leave thee ev-er-more; Wide the door fling o-pen, O-pen, I im - plore.

## No. 284

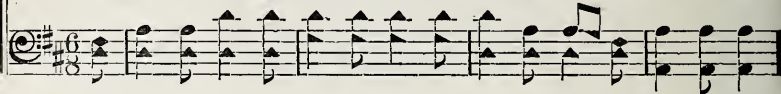
## Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford

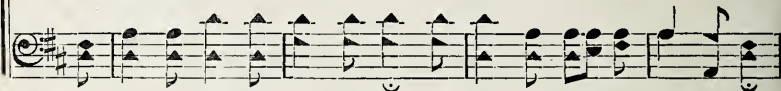
Wm. B. Bradbury



1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!  
Of those whose anx-i-ous spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!  
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:



D. S.—And oft es-apes the tempter's snare By the re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.  
D. S.—And glad-ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.  
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
With such I has - ten to the place, Where God, my Savior, shows His face,  
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

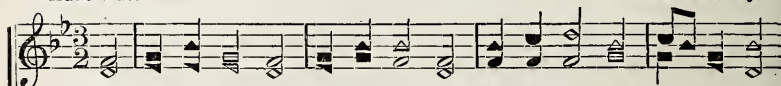


## No. 285

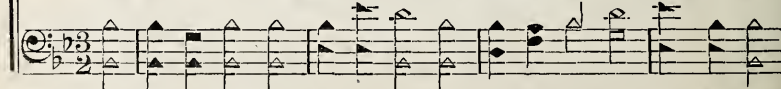
## Show Pity, Lord

Isaac Watts

Old Southern Melody



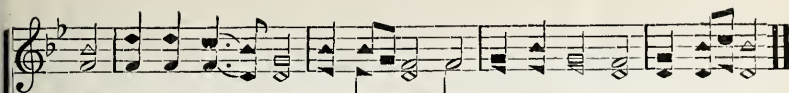
1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
- 4 Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



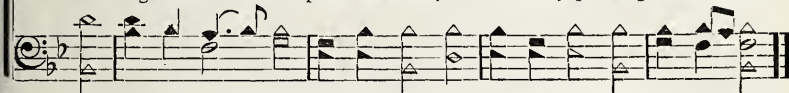
Cho. - O depth of mer - cy! can it be That mer-cy's still re - served for me?



# Show Pity, Lord



Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?  
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.  
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.  
Would light on some sweet prom-ise there, Some sure sup-port a-against de-spair.



Ah, can my God His wrath for-bear, And me the chief of sin - ners spare?

## No. 286

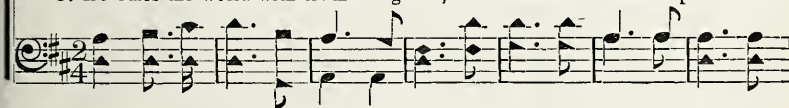
## Joy to the World

Isaac Watts

Geo. F. Handel



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,  
fields and floods rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sound-ing joy,  
glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love,  
And heav'n, and heav'n and na-



and heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.  
and won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.  
ture sing.....



sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

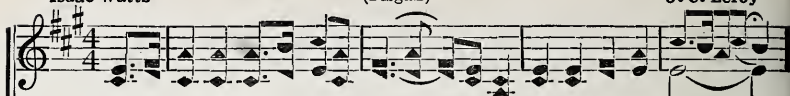
## No. 287

## When I Can Read My Title Clear

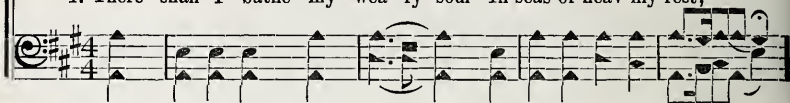
Isaac Watts

(Pisgah)

J. C. Leroy



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let care like a wide del - uge come And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

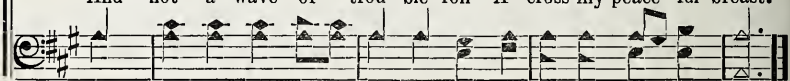


D.C.—And wipe my weep - ing eyes,      And wipe my weeping eyes;  
 D.C.—And face a frown - ing world,      And face a frowning world;  
 D.C.—My God, my heav'n, my all,      My God, my heav'n, my all;  
 D.C.—A - cross my peace - ful breast,      A - cross my peaceful breast;

D.C.



I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown - ing world.  
 Thru Christ I'll safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
 And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.



## No. 288

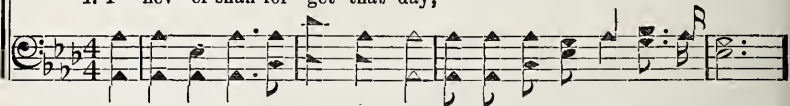
## Blessed Be the Name

Charles Wesley

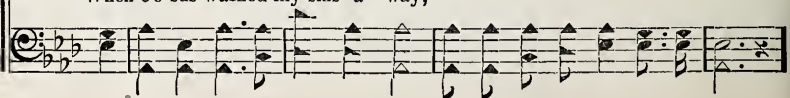
Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing,
2. Je - sus the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. He broke the pow'r of can - cled sin,
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day,



The glo - ries of my God and King,  
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ners ears, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord.  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean,  
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way,



# Blessed Be the Name

## Chorus

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

## No. 289

## Almost Persuaded

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" Now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now your soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,  
Turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here; An-gels are  
Doom comes at last; "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most," is

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."  
ling-ring near; Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come!  
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail "Al-most but lost."

# No. 290

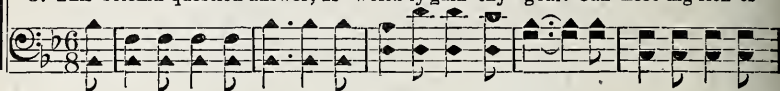
# What Shall It Profit?

Copyright, 1916, Hildebrand-Burnett Co. Controlled by L. O. Sanderson  
Johnson Oatman

J. B. Herbert



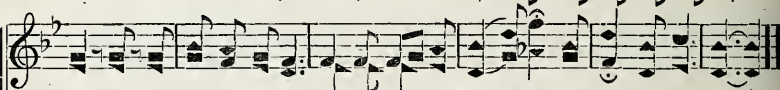
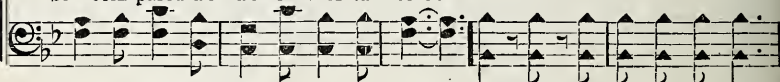
1. Not all earth's gold and silver Can make a sin-ner whole; What shall it prof-it
2. The heap-ing up of rich-es To man-y seems life's goal; But in the e-a-g-e-r
3. This solemn question answer; Is world-ly gain thy goal? Can fleet-ing rich-es



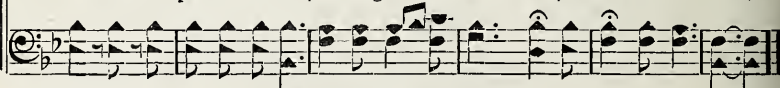
## Chorus



thee, O man, If thou should'st lose thy soul?  
rush for wealth, For-got-ten is my soul. What shall it prof-it a man,  
be com-pared To an im-mor-tal soul?



What shall it prof-it a man, If he gain the whole world, And lose his own soul?



# No. 291

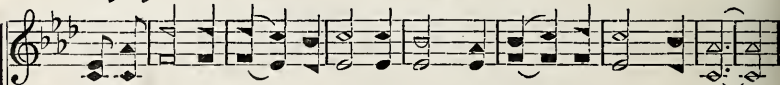
# The Broken Heart

T. D.

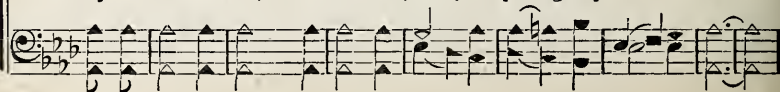
T. Dennis



1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Jesus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up-on His brow for you,
3. Have you read how He saved the dy-ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read that He looked to heav'n and said, "Tis finished?" 'Twas for thee!



Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?  
When He prayed, "for-give them, O for-give; They know not what they do?"  
When He looked with pity-ing eyes and said, "Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me?"  
Have you ev-er said, "I thank Thee, Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me?"





# The Broken Heart

## Chorus

He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;  
for thee;

O won-drous love! it was for thee He died of a bro - ken heart.

## No. 292 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Copyright, 1935, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner  
Adelaide A. Pollard

Geo. C. Stebbins

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me  
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,  
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er, all pow - er,  
be - ing, Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.  
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.  
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!  
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

## No. 293

## Hide Me

F. J. Crosby

Copyright, 1913, by W. H. Doane Renewal

W. H. Doane

1. Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide me In Thy ho - ly place; Rest - ing  
 2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's trou - bled sea; Like a  
 3. Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe; When in

Fine Chorus

there be - neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face. Hide me,  
 dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.  
 tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow. Hide me, hide me,

D.S.— Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.

D.S.

hide me, O bless - ed Sav - ior, hide me; O Sav - ior, keep me  
 safe - ly hide me, O my Sav - ior, keep Thou me,

## No. 294

## Amazing Grace

John Newton

Wm. Walker

1. A - maz - ing grace how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 3. Thru man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;  
 4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,

# Amazing Grace

I once was lost but now am found; Was blind but now I see.  
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.  
'Twas grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun.

No. 295

## Hiding in Thee

Rev. William O. Cushing

Ira D. Sankey

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its  
2. In calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-  
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I've fled to my

con-flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine  
ta - tions cast o'er me its pow'r; In tem - pest of life, on its wide  
Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when tri - als like sea-

### Chorus

would I be; Thou blest Rock of A - ges, I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
heav-ing sea, Thou blest Rock of A - ges, I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid-ing in  
bil - lows roll, I've hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Thee, Hid-ing in Thee, Thou blest Rock of A - ges, I'm hid-ing in Thee.

## No. 296

## How Firm a Foundation

Geo. Keith

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness, in health; In pov - er - ty's  
 3. "Fear not, I am with Thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy  
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to  
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and  
 will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 land, on the sea, "As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev - er be."  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right-eous, om-nip-o - tent hand.  
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake.

## No. 297 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd

Geo. N. Allen

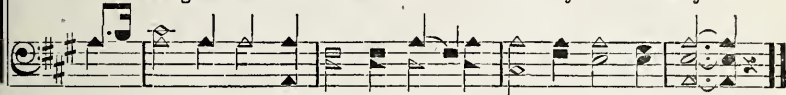
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, 'Till death shall set me free,  
 3. Up - on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,  
 4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!



# Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.



## No. 298

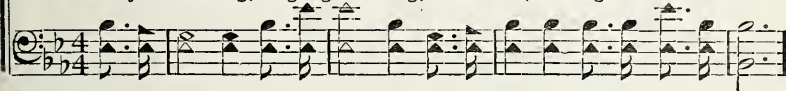
## Hear Him Calling

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

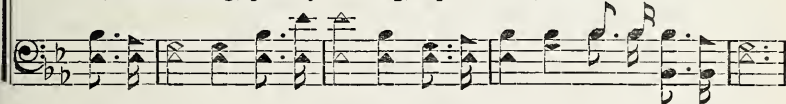
Dr. A. B. Everett



1. Are you stay-ing, safe-ly stay - ing, In the tender Shepherd's peaceful fold?
2. Are you hear-ing, glad-ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed flock re-joice?
3. Are you roam-ing, long-ing roam-ing, In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?



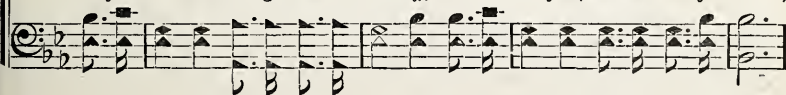
No, I'm stray-ing, sad - ly stray-ing, On the lone-ly mountains, dark and cold.  
No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have fol-lowed far the stranger's voice.  
No, I'm com-ing, quick-ly com - ing, Ope the door, make haste to let me in.



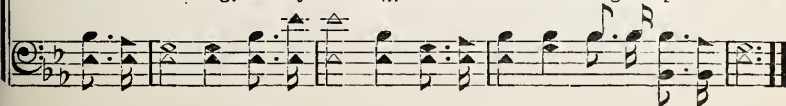
### Chorus



On your ear his lov-ing tones are fall-ing, For he seeks you, wheresoe'er you roam;



Hear him call-ing, sweetly call - ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.



## No. 299

## Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am - poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,  
 5. Just as I am - Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse relieve;  
 6. Just as I am - Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with - in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## No. 300

## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure - ly  
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow: Plunge now into the  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Be - lieve in Him with  
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce -

D. S.—He will save you,

*Fine.* CHORUS. *D. S.*  
 give you rest, By trusting in His word.  
 crimson flood That washes white as snow.  
 out de - lay, And you are full - y blest. Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now:  
 les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

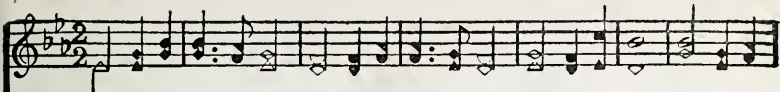
He will save you, He will save you now.

## No. 301

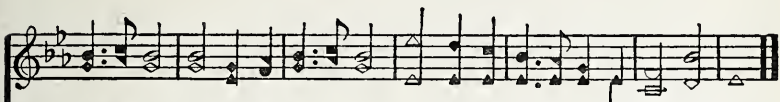
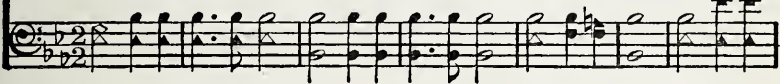
## My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

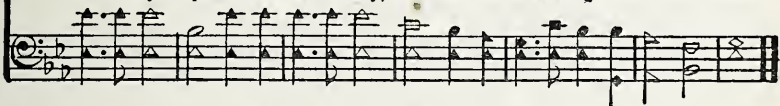
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
 died for me O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv-ing fire!  
 turn to day Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.



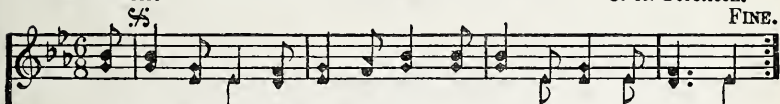
## No. 302

## The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

FINE.



1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }  
 { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus. }  
 2. { Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus; }  
 { Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

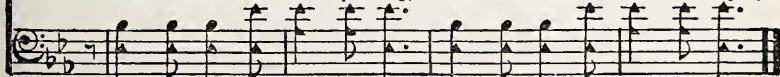


D. S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

REFRAIN



Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,



- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Savior's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus,

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

## No. 303

## While Jesus Whispers to You

W. E. Witter

H. R. Palmer

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y - la - den! Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. O hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,  
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

## No. 304

## Don't Wait Too Long

T. S. T.

Controlled by W. W. Slater

Tillit S. Teddlie

1. O soul why stay a - way from Je - sus, Don't wait . . . . too long;  
 2. To - day may be the last one giv - en,  
 3. While we in love for you are praying, don't wait

De - cide to - day and come re - pent - ing,  
 De - cide to - day for home and heav - en, O soul don't wait too long.  
 Ac - cept His word and come o - bey - ing,

D. S.—De - cide to - day and come to Je - sus, O soul don't wait too long.



# Don't Wait Too Long

Chorus

D.S.

Don't wait ..... too long! ..... Don't wait ..... too long! .....  
don't wait too long! don't wait too long!

No. 305

## Why Do You Wait?

Copyright, 1906, by the John Church Co.

G. F. R.

Used by per.

Geo. F. Root

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not know, dear broth-er, This life you should sure-ly be - gin? O
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?  
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

Chorus

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

## No. 306

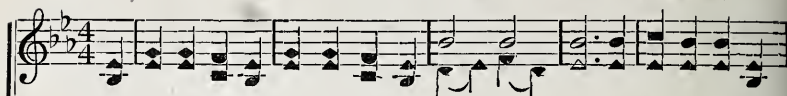
## Not Made With Hands

Arr. Copyright, 1943, by Stamps-Baxter Music &amp; Ptg. Co.

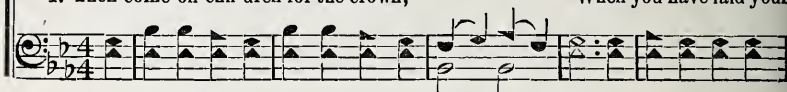
Arr.

"Calvary Songs"

Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.



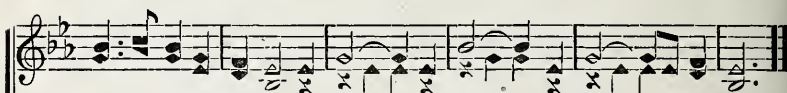
1. Christ went a build-ing to pre-pare, It will be decked with
2. Put on the ar-mor of our God, Not made with hands; And take the path the
3. With shield of faith de-fy the foe, Un - til you hear the
4. Then come on chil-dren for the crown, When you have laid your



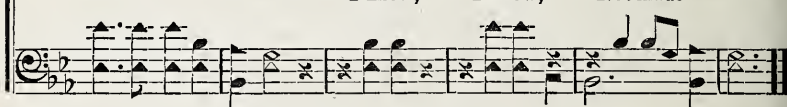
## Chorus



jew-els rare, Not made with hands. I know I know, I  
 Captain trod,  
 trumpet blow,  
 ar-mor down, Not made I know, I know,



have an oth-er building, I know, I know, Not made with hands.  
 I know, I know, Not made



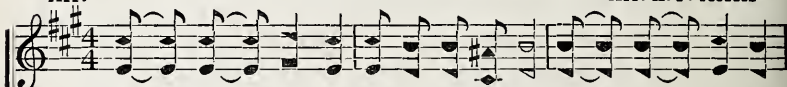
## No. 307

## I Shall Not Be Moved

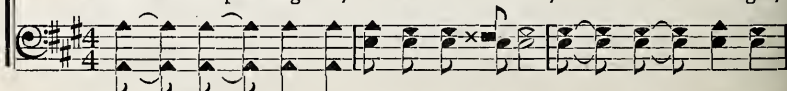
Arr. Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Arr.

Arr. H. F. Morris



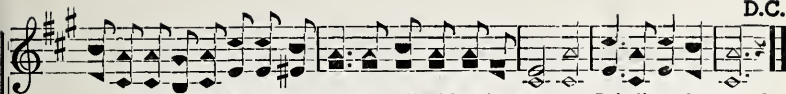
1. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I shall not be moved; Anchored in Je - ho - vah,
2. In His love a - bid - ing, I shall not be moved; And in Him con - fid - ing,
3. Tho all hell as - sail - me, I shall not be moved; Je - sus will not fail me,
4. Tho the tem - pest rag - es, I shall not be moved; On the Rock of A - ges,



D.C.—I shall not be, I shall not be moved; I shall not be,

# I Shall Not Be Moved

D.C.



I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the waters, I shall not be moved.



I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the waters, I shall not be moved.

## No. 308

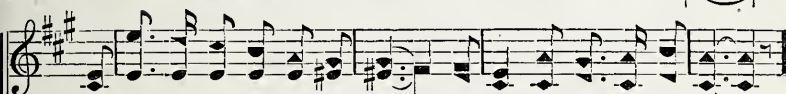
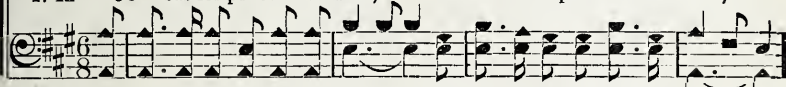
## Sweet Peace

P. P. B.

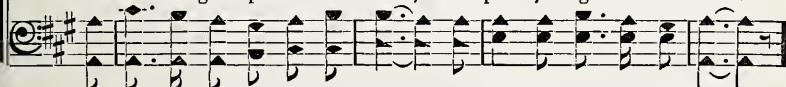
P. P. Bilhorn



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re-frain;
2. Tho' Christ on the cross peace was made; My debt by His death was all paid;
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound;
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to His side,

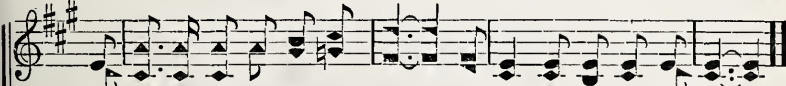


I sing it a - gain and a - gain: Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
In Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



### Chorus

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove (a - bovel)



O won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

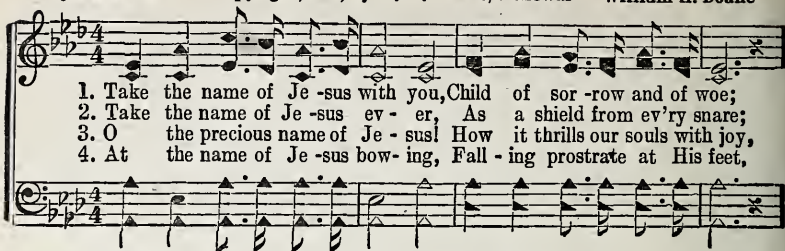


# No. 309 Take the Name of Jesus With You

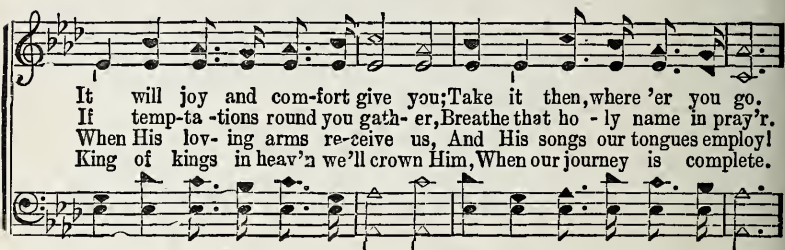
Lyaña Baxter

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane, Renewal

William H. Doane

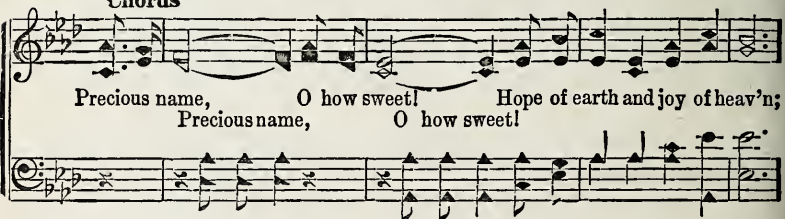


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;  
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

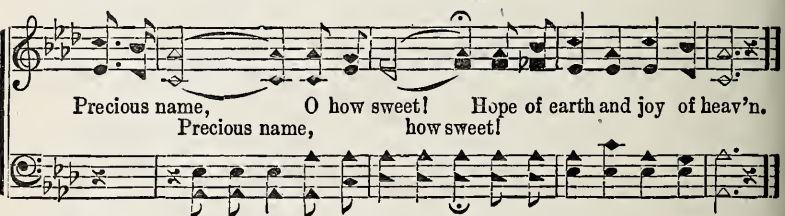


It will joy and com - fort give you; Take it then, where'er you go.  
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

## Chorus



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;  
 Precious name, O how sweet!



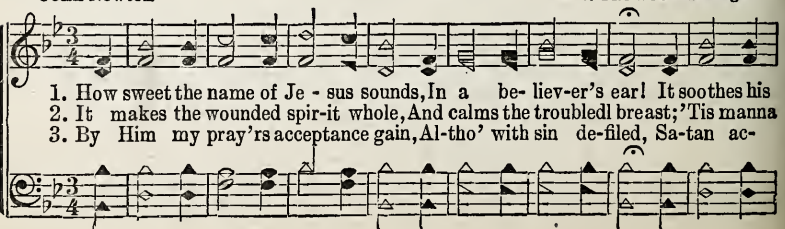
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, how sweet!

# No. 310

## Ortonville

John Newton

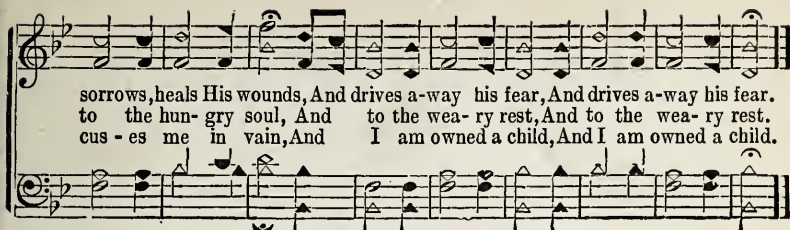
Dr. Thomas Hastings



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his  
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna  
 3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed, Sa - tan ac -



# Ortonville



sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.  
to the hun- gry soul, And to the wea- ry rest, And to the wea- ry rest.  
cus- es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

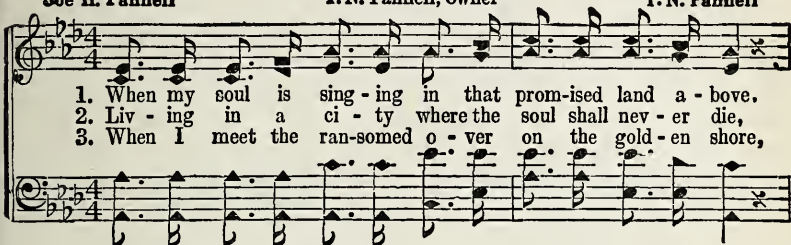
No. 311

## I'll Be Satisfied

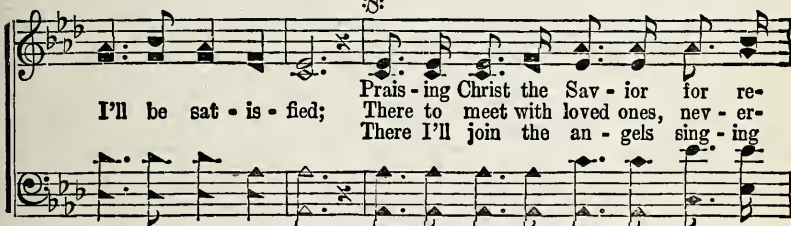
Joe H. Pannell

T. N. Pannell, owner

T. N. Pannell



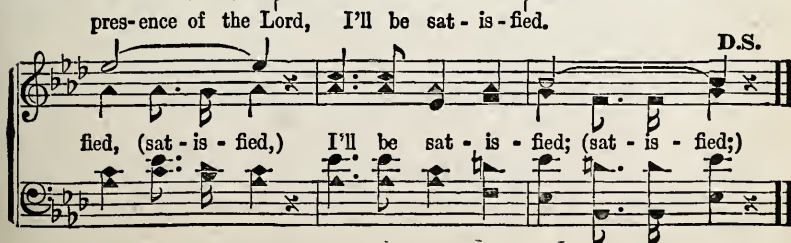
1. When my soul is sing - ing in that prom - ised land a - bove.  
2. Liv - ing in a ci - ty where the soul shall nev - er die,  
3. When I meet the ran - somed o - ver on the gold - en shore,



I'll be sat - is - fied; Prais - ing Christ the Sav - ior for re -  
There to meet with loved ones, nev - er  
There I'll join the an - gels sing - ing



D.S.—When my soul is rest - ing in the  
Fine Chorus  
deem - ing grace and love,  
more to say good - by, I'll be sat - is - fied. I'll be sat - is -  
prais - es ev - er - more,



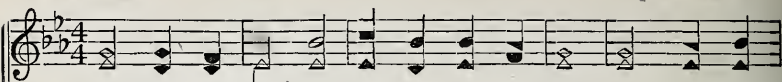
pres - ence of the Lord, I'll be sat - is - fied.  
D.S.  
fied, (sat - is - fied,) I'll be sat - is - fied; (sat - is - fied;)

## No. 312

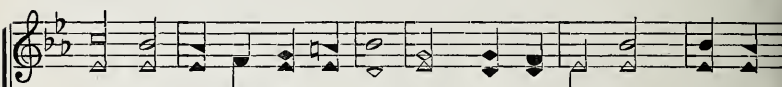
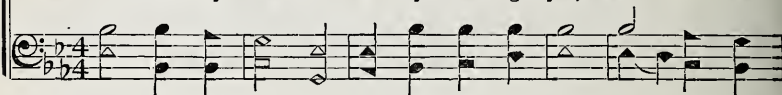
## Abide With Me

H. F. Lyte

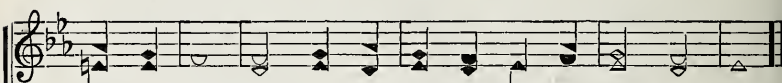
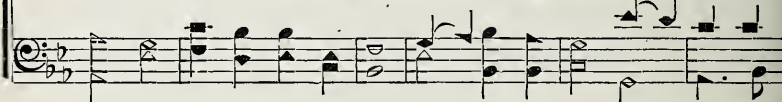
W. H. Monk



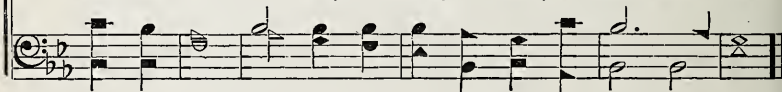
1. A - bid e with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thru the



- deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid e! When oth - er help - ers fail, and  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my Guide and  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain



- com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid e with me!  
round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid e with me!  
stay can be? Thru cloud and sun - shine, O a - bid e with me!  
shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid e with me!



## No. 313

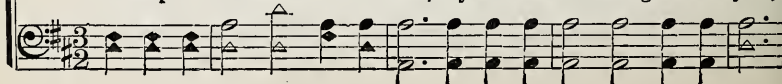
## Asleep in Jesus

Margaret Mackay

Wm. B. Bradbury



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me, May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5. A - sleep in Je - sus! time nor space Af - fects this pre - cious hid - ing place;
6. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee, Thy kin - dred and their graves may be;



# Asleep In Jesus

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes!  
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its ven - omed sting!  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.  
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.  
 On In - dian plains, on Lap - land snows, Be - liev - ers find the same re - pose.  
 But thine is still a bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 314

## Lead, Kindly Light!

J. H. Newman

Rev. J. B. Dpkes

1 { Lead, kindly Light! a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; }  
 { The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.....) }  
 2 { I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; }  
 { I loved to choose and see my path; but (Omit.....) }  
 3 { So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on }  
 { O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (Omit.....) }

home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not  
 now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and  
 till The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel

ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.  
 fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

## No. 315

## I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE

Frances R. Havergal

P. P. Bliss

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne,  
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a-bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;  
 I left for earth-ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;  
 Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;  
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;

*f*  
 I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't for Me?

## No. 316

## PASS ME NOT

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in  
 3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



# PASS ME NOT

## Chorus

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.  
 deep con-trition, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble  
 brok - en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

## No. 317

## I AM COMING TO THE CROSS

W. H. McDonald

Wm. G. Fischer

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee Friends and time and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

D. C. for Chorus

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er more.  
 I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

Hum-bly at the cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

## No. 318

## FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS

Mrs. M. E. Slade

Dr. A. B. Everett

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come follow me! And we see where Thy  
 2. Tho they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a-long by Si-  
 3. If they lead thru the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the  
 4. By and by thru the shining portals, Turn-ing our feet, We shall walk with the  
 5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will fol-low the

Fine Chorus

D. S.

foot-prints falling, Lead us to Thee.  
 foam's fountains, Helping the weak.  
 poor and low-ly, Serving the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, That makes the pathway glow,  
 glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.  
 steps of Jesus End at His throne.

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go.

## No. 319

## GLORY TO HIS NAME

Rev. E. A. Hoffman

Rev. J. H. Stockton

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-  
 3. Oh, precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.  
 bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.  
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.  
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

D. S. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.

# GLORY TO HIS NAME

D. S.

## Chorus

Glo - ry to His name,

Glo - ry to His name;

No. 320

# NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

R. L.

Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a - way my sins? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don this I see, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 This is all my right-eous-ness, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## Chorus

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## No. 321

## SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Joseph Mohr

Franz Gruber

1 { Si-lent night! } All is calm, all is bright; { Round yon virgin mother and Child, }  
 { Ho-ly night! } { Ho - ly Infant so tender and mild, }  
 2 { Si-lent night! } Shepherds quake at the sight; { Glories stream from heav-en a-far, }  
 { Ho-ly night! } { Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia, }  
 3 { Si-lent night! } Son of God, love's pure light; { Radiant beams from Thy holy face }  
 { Ho-ly night! } { With the dawn of redeeming grace, }

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ the Sav - ior is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

## No. 322

## AWAY IN A MANGER

M. L.

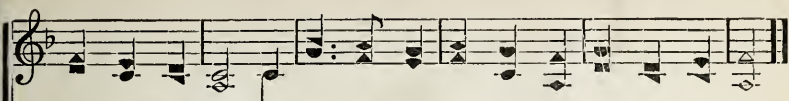
Martin Luther

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The Ba - by a-wakes, But lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

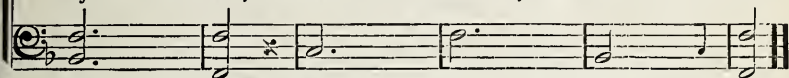
Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky Looked  
 Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look  
 ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In



# AWAY IN A MANGER



down where He lay,—The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.  
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, Till morn - ing is nigh.  
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.



## No. 323 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

Nahum Tate

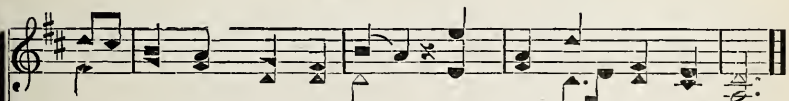
George F. Handel



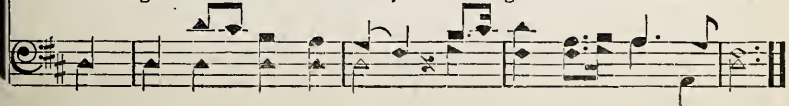
1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed  
2. "Fear not!" said He; for might - y dread Had seized their  
3. To you, in Da - vid's - town, this day Is born, of  
4. All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the



on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
trou - bled mind, Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring,  
Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord;  
earth be peace: Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men,



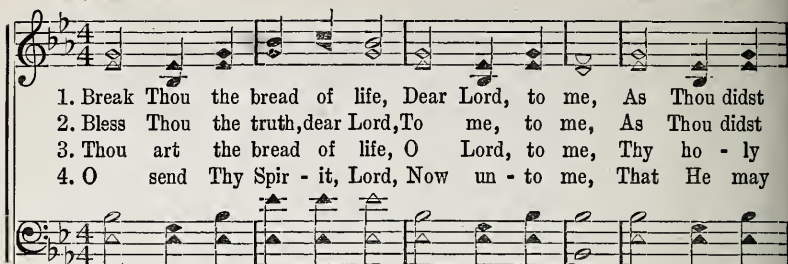
And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.  
And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign:  
Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be - gin and nev - er cease.



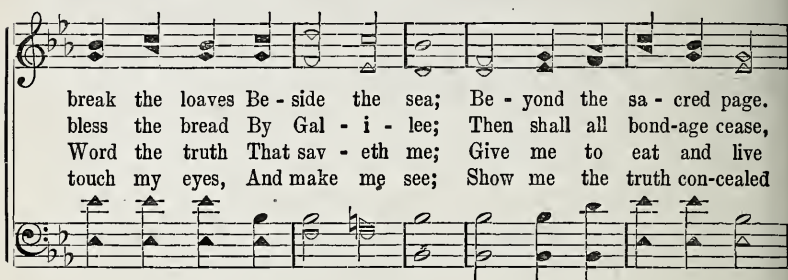
# No. 324 BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE

Mary Ann Lachbury

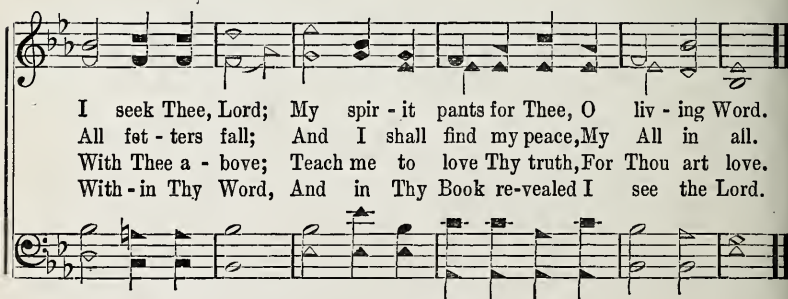
William M. Sherwin



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst  
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly  
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page.  
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,  
 Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live  
 touch my eyes, And make me see; Show me the truth con-cealed

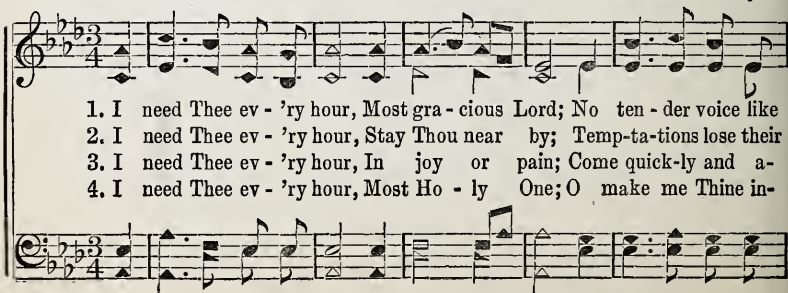


I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.  
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.  
 With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.  
 With - in Thy Word, And in Thy Book re-vealed I see the Lord.

# No. 325 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

Rev. Robert Lowry



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-tations lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a -  
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

# I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

## Chorus

Thine Can peace af - ford.

pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I

bide, Or life is vain.

deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

## No. 326

## PURE IN HEART, O GOD

Mrs. A. L. Davison

J. F. Fillmore

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-  
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to  
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy

vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,  
do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,  
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

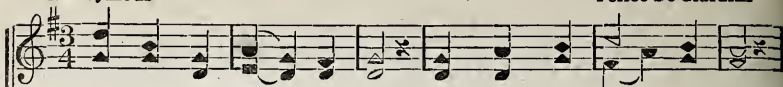
Guide me with coun-sel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.  
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.  
Reign Thou my soul with - in; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

## No. 327

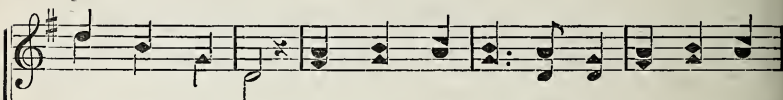
## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Anonymous

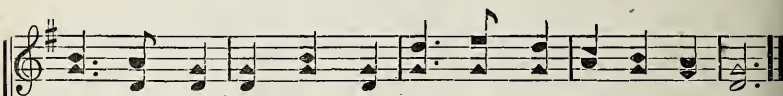
Felice De Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear  
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-  
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou who al-might - y art, Now rule in  
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.



## No. 328

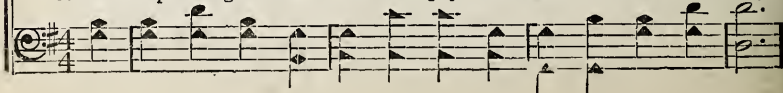
## HE LOVES ME

Rev. Isaac Watts

Arr.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my sov - 'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;





# HE LOVES ME

**8:** Fine

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A-maz-ing pit-ty! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!  
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

D.S.—He gave Him-self to die for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

**Refrain** D.S.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know, I know;

## No. 329

## SAVIOR, MORE THAN LIFE

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;  
 2. Thru this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

**8:** Fine

Let Thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

**Refrain** D.S.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;  
 Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

## No. 330

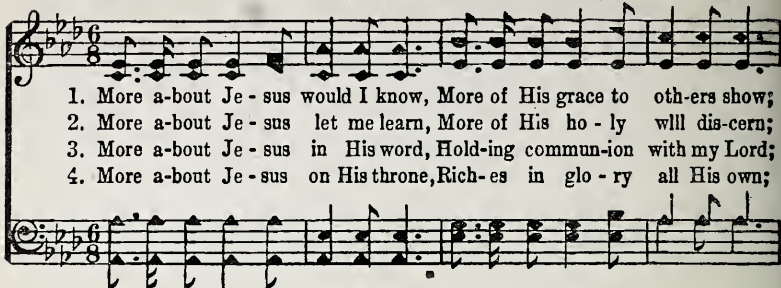
## More About Jesus.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

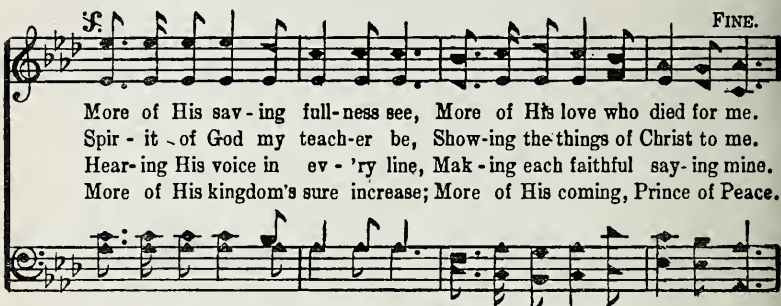
E. E. Hewitt.

Used by per. of L. E. Sweeney, Executrix.

Jno. R. Sweeney.

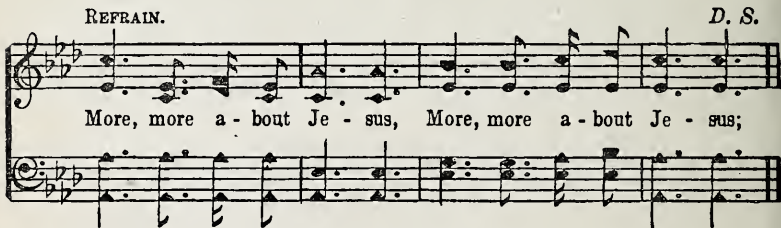


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;  
 2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;  
 3. More a-bout Je - sus in His word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;  
 4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
 Spir - it - of God my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faithful say-ing mine.  
 More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

## No. 331

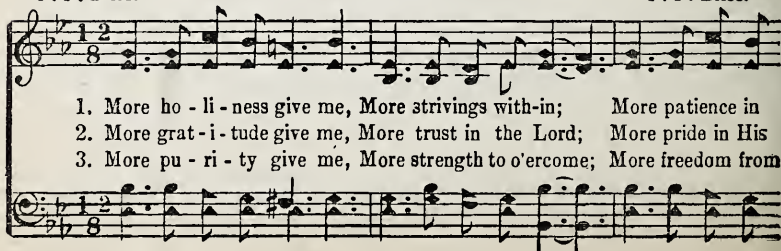
## More Holiness Give Me.

Copyright, 1916, by The John Church Co.

P. P. Bliss.

Renewal.

P. P. Bliss.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More strivings with-in; More patience in  
 2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His  
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from

## More Holiness Give Me.

suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,  
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,  
 earth-stains, More long - ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,

More sense of His care; More joy in His serv - ice, More purpose in pray'r.  
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More use - ful I'd be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Savior, like Thee.

No. 332

## More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

Used by permission.

W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:  
 part - ing cry, My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

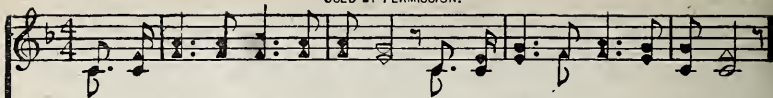
# No. 333

# Where He Leads Me.

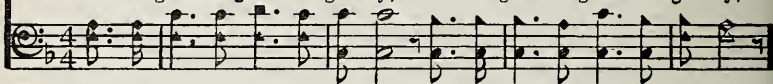
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.  
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. S. Norris.

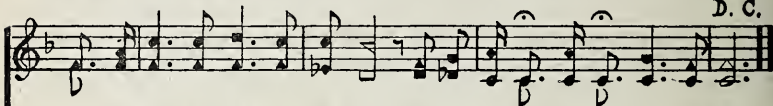


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

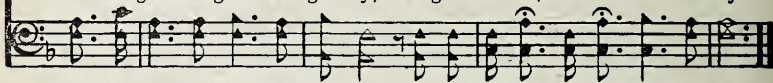


D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D. C.



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."  
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

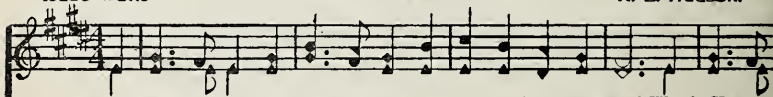
# No. 334

# At the Cross.

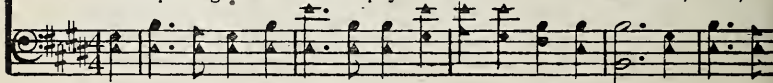
Isaac Watts

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

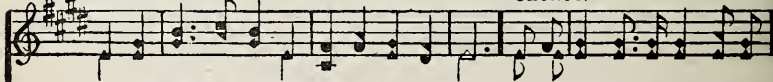
R. E. Hudson.



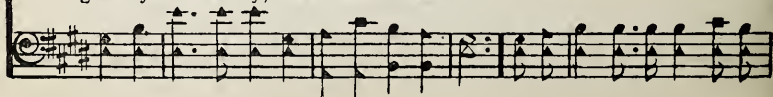
1. A - las, and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz - ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I



CHORUS.

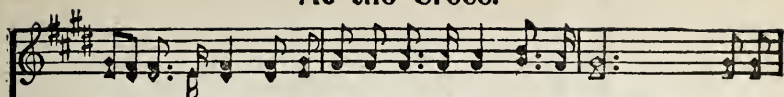


vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?  
pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I  
mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.  
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

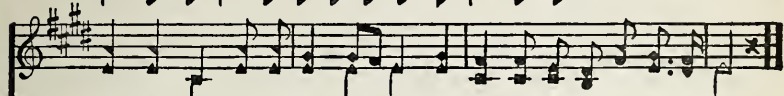
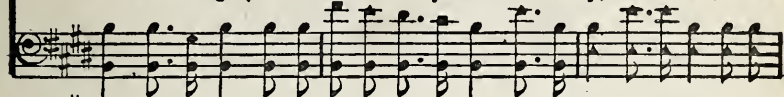




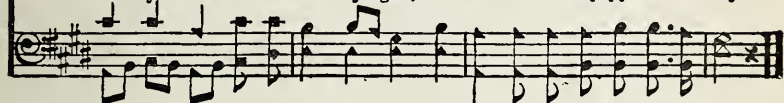
# At the Cross.



first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was



there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!



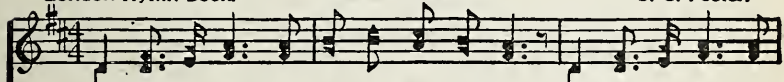
No. 335

## I Love Him.

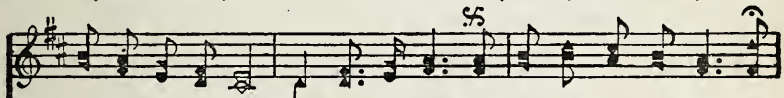
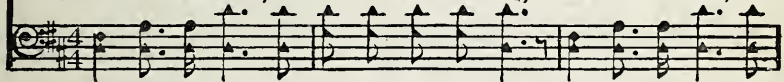
London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.



1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



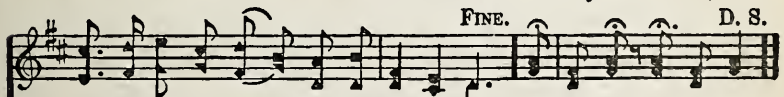
all that would a-larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The  
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To



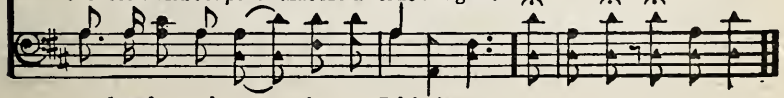
D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And

FINE.

D. S.



pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.  
now my guilt is washed away in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,  
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.



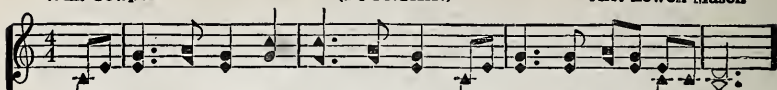
purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

# No. 336 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood

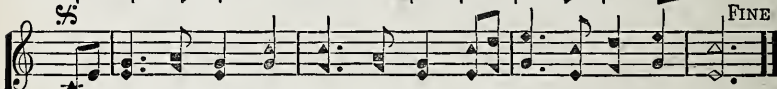
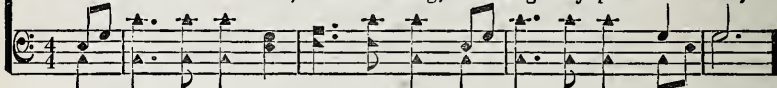
Wm. Cowper

(FOUNTAIN)

Arr. Lowell Mason

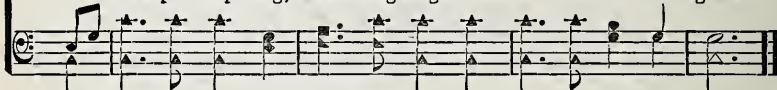


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,



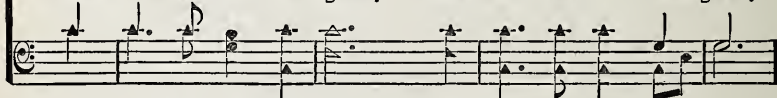
FINE

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.  
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



D. S.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,	Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way,	Wash all my sins a-way,
Are saved, to sin no more,	Are saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die,	And shall be till I die;
Lies si-lent in the grave,	Lies si-lent in the grave;



# No. 337 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

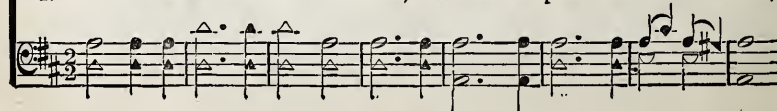
Isaac Watts

(EUCCHARIST)

Isaac B. Woodbury



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 338

## All Hail the Power

Edward Perronet, alt.

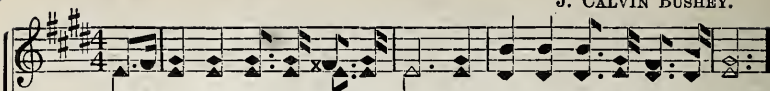
(CORONATION)

Oliver Holden

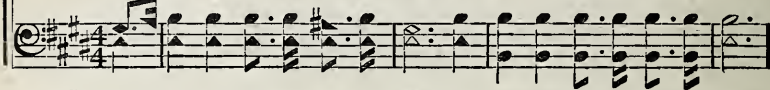
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall!
2. Crown him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!  
 Now hail the Strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all!  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all!  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all!  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!  
 Now hail the Strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him Lord of all!  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all!  
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all!  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all!



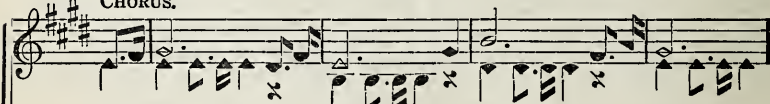
1. Oh, do not let the world de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



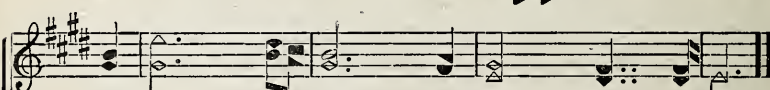
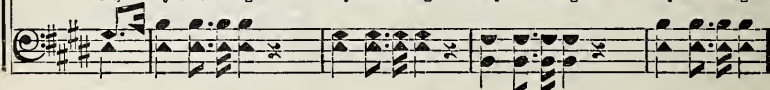
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.



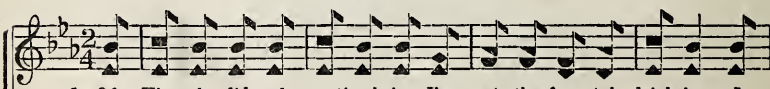
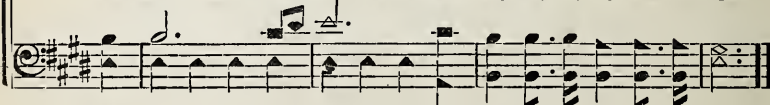
## CHORUS.



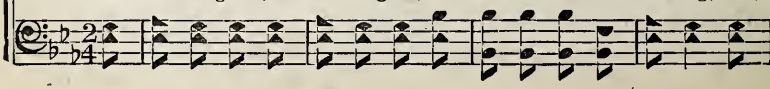
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?  
 Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
 Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?



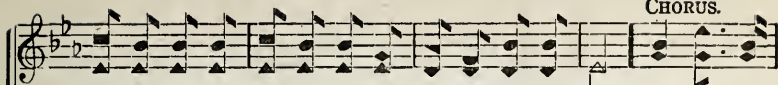
1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; Ask,



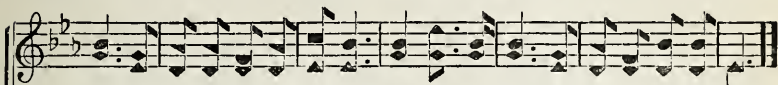


# At the Fountain. Concluded.

CHORUS.



could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour - ney home. Glo - ry to  
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour - ney home.



God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.  
*Last v.*—My soul is sat - is - fied.


- 3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking;  
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,  
I'm on my journey home.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
I'm at the fountain drinking;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry,  
I'm on my journey home.

## No. 341 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART.

Anon.

*Fine.*



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }  
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; }  
{ True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.



Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

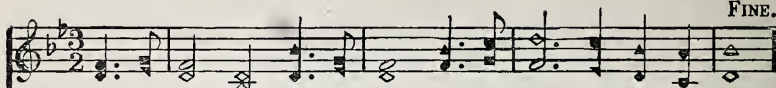
# No. 342

# Rock of Ages.

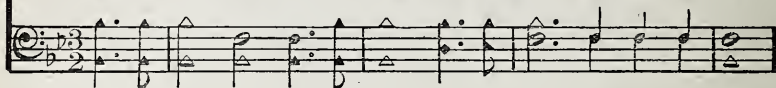
A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

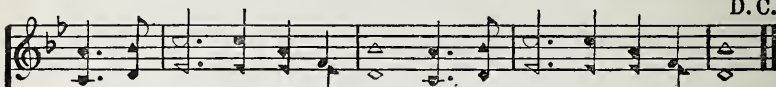
FINE.



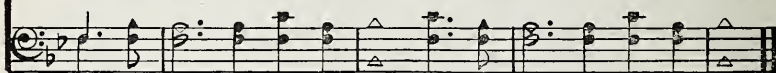
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,



2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

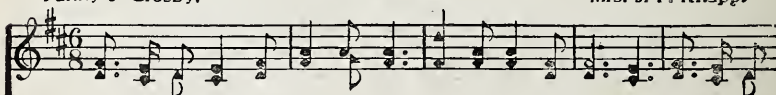
# No. 343

# Nearer the Cross.

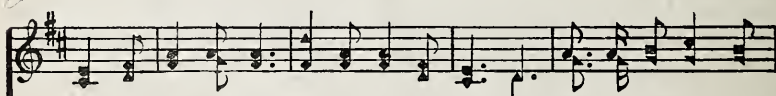
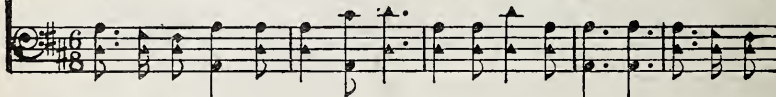
Fanny J Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



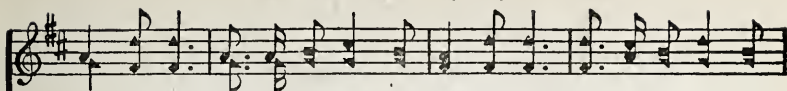
1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the  
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feasting my  
3. Near er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the



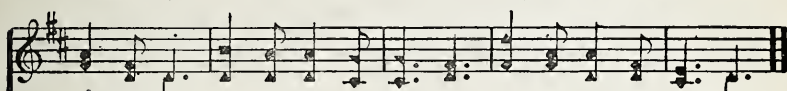
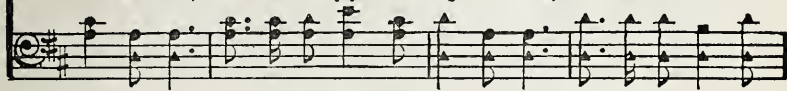
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where  
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more  
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of



## Nearer the Cross.



Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's  
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I  
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.  
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.  
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

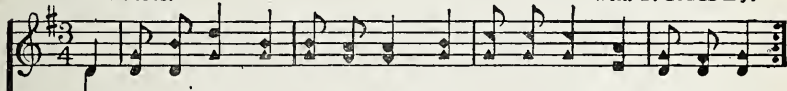


No. 344

## My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



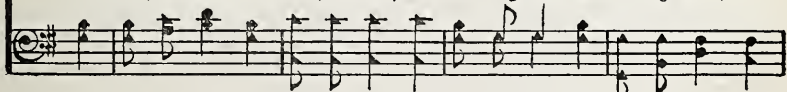
1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; }  
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace; }  
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.



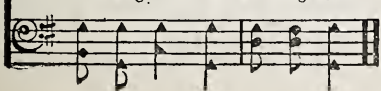
### REFRAIN.



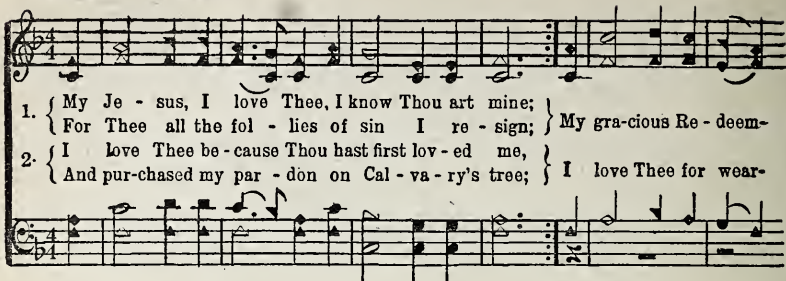
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All



oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in Him be found;  
Dressed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.



1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gra-cious Re - deem-  
 2. { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; }  
 2. { I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, } I love Thee for wear-  
 { And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; }



er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

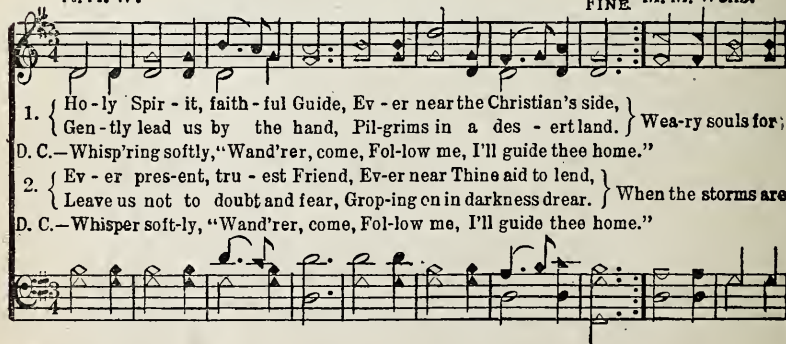
3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

## No. 346

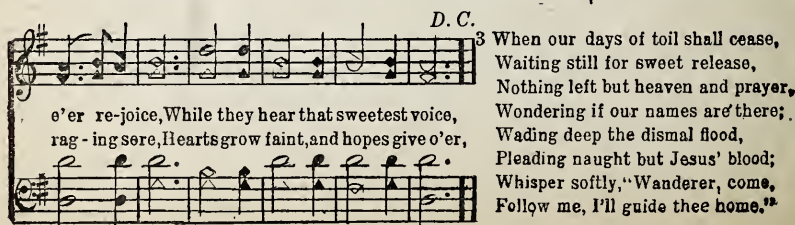
## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE M. M. Wells.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. } Wea - ry souls for;  
 D. C. - Whisper softly, "Wand'r'er, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."  
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }  
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. } When the storms are  
 D. C. - Whisper soft - ly, "Wand'r'er, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."



3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names are there;  
 e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."



## No. 347

## I'LL LIVE FOR HIM

R. E. Hudson

C. R. Dunbar

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. for Chorus

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!  
 And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!  
 I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

## No. 348 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

F. R. Havergal

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti-fui for Thee;  
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;

CHO.-Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er more to be;

D.C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.  
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er more to be.

## No. 349

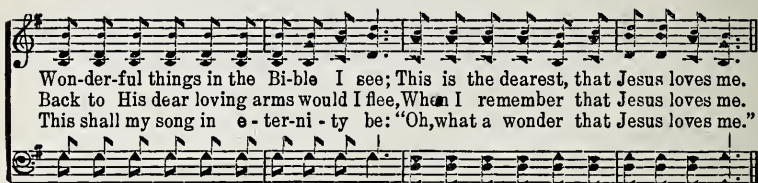
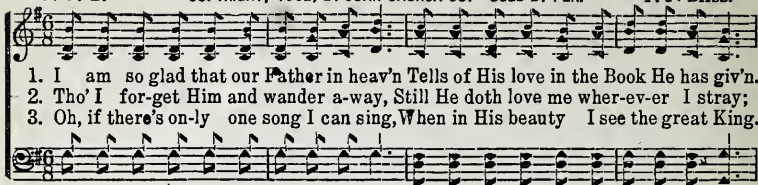
## Jesus Loves Even Me.

God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



## CHORUS.

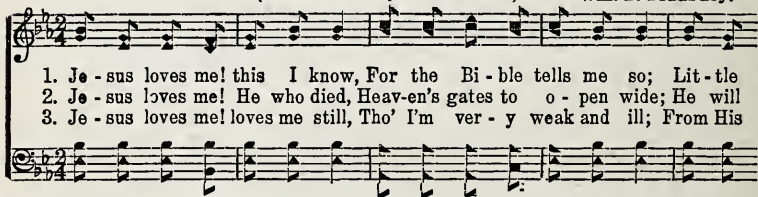


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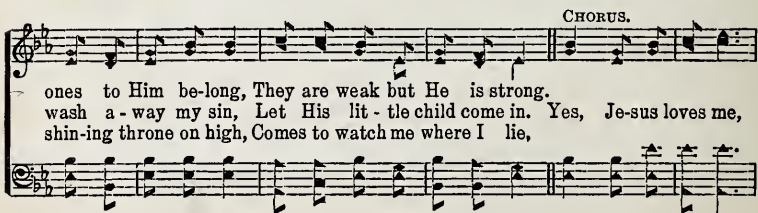
## Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



## CHORUS.

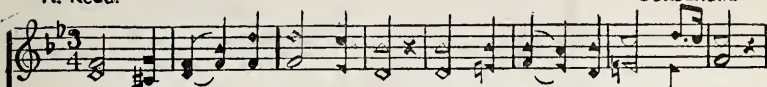


# No. 351

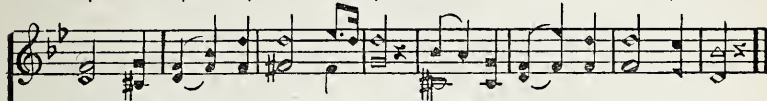
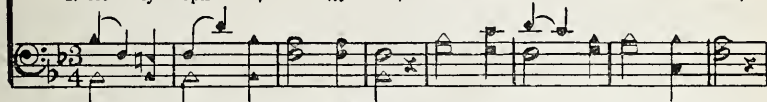
# Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed.

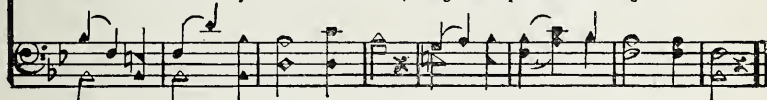
Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme - and reign a - lone



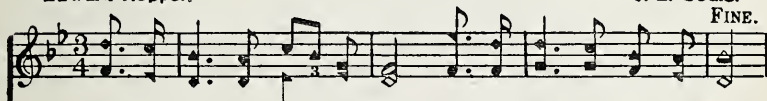
# No. 352

# Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

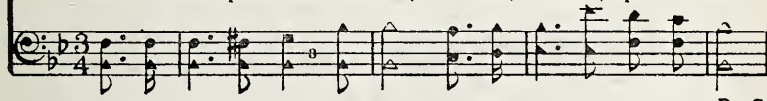
Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

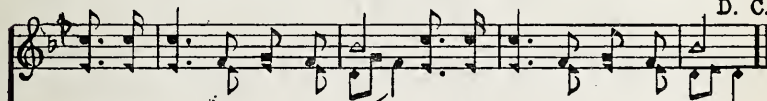
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:  
 D. C. - Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi lot me



D. C.



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;



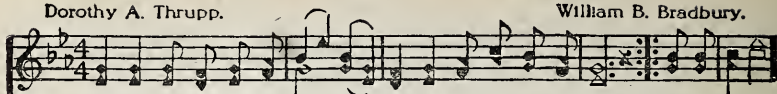
- 2 As a mother stills her child,  
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea.  
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
 May I hear Thee say to me,  
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

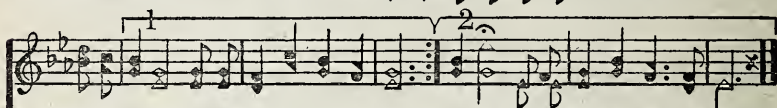
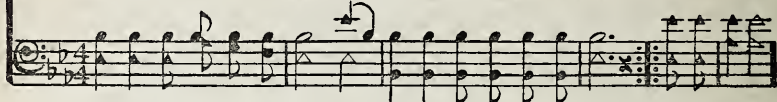
# No. 353 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

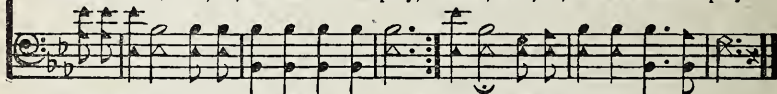
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; } Blessed Je-sus,  
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: }  
 2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; } Blessed Je-sus,  
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: }



Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.



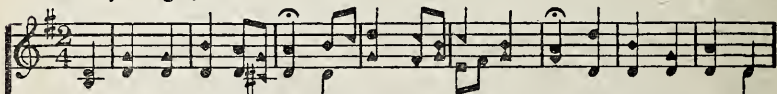
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to Thee.

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
 Early let us do Thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.  
 Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

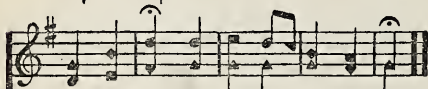
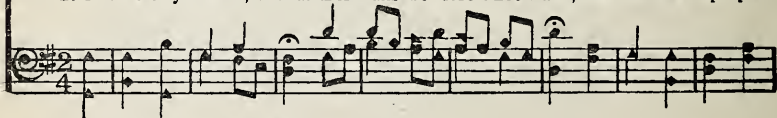
# No. 354 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

Handel.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode; The Church our blest Re-  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple



deem-er saved With His own precious blood.  
 of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.



- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

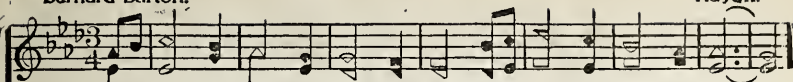


## No. 355

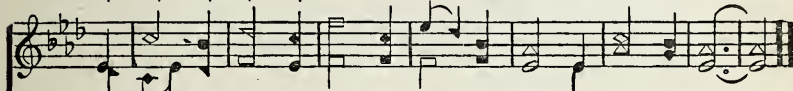
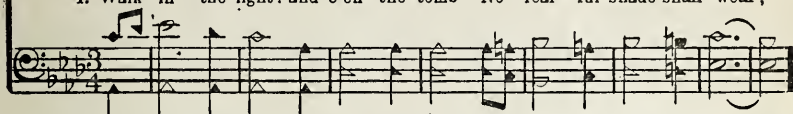
## Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton.

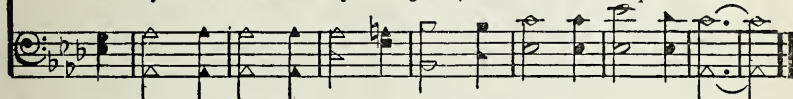
Haydn.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;



His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 Who dwells in cloud - less light en - shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.  
 Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.  
 Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.



## No. 356

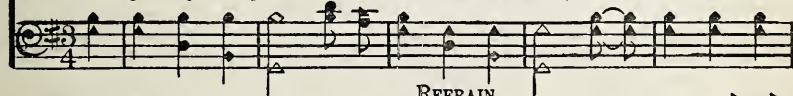
## Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

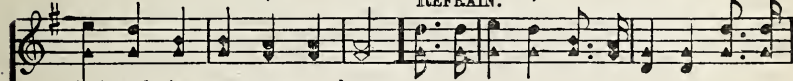
J. J. Husband.



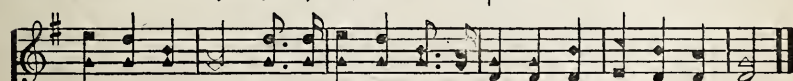
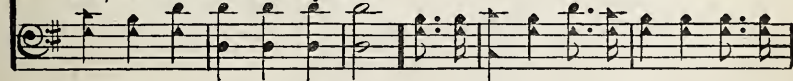
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our



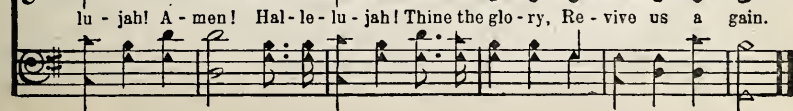
## REFRAIN.



died, and is now gone a - bove.  
 Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -  
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.



lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a gain.



# No. 357

# True Worship

T. S. T.

Copyright, 1944, by Tillit S. Teddlie

Tillit S. Teddlie

1. Oft we come to - geth - er, Oft we sing and pray; Here we bring our  
 2. May we keep in mem - ry, All that Thou hast said, May we tru - ly  
 3. May we all in spir - it — All with one ac - cord, Take this cup of

## Chorus

off - ring On this ho - ly day. Help us Lord, Thy  
 wor - ship As we eat the bread.  
 bless - ing, Giv - en by the Lord. Help us Lord, Help us Lord,

love to see, May we all in truth and spir - it Wor - ship Thee.  
 Help us Lord Thy love to see,

# No. 358

# What Mighty Power

T. S. T.

Copyright, 1944, by Tillit S. Teddlie

Tillit S. Teddlie

1. What might - y pow'r the soul could feel, What wondrous touch the lame to heal,  
 2. What ten - der love the world could see, What matchless words of sympathy,  
 3. What tears, what grief, what mis - er - y, What suf - f'ring, yea, what ag - o - ny,

The deaf could hear, the blind could see, When Je - sus walked thru Gal - i - lee!  
 What wondrous grace, so full, so free, When Je - sus wept at Beth - a - ny!  
 What price was paid to set men free, When Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry!

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# I Want to be a Worker.

1. 8.

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J. Baltzell.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly word,  
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the er-ring in the way,  
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save;  
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me Lord, To lead the lost and er-ring to Thy word.

1. I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day, in the vine-yard of the Lord.  
 That leads to Heav'n-a-bove, where all is peace and love, in the vine-yard of the Lord.  
 All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home, in the vine-yard of the Lord.  
 That points to joys on high, where pleas-ures nev-er die, in the vine-yard of the Lord.

D. 8.—I will work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day, in the vine-yard of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

D. 8.

I will work, I will pray, in the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord; (of the Lord;)  
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray.

# God Be With You

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you; Daily manna still di-vide you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'  
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 till we meet;

- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
 When life's perils thick confound you,  
 Put His arms unfailing round you;  
 God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,  
 God be with you till we meet again.

